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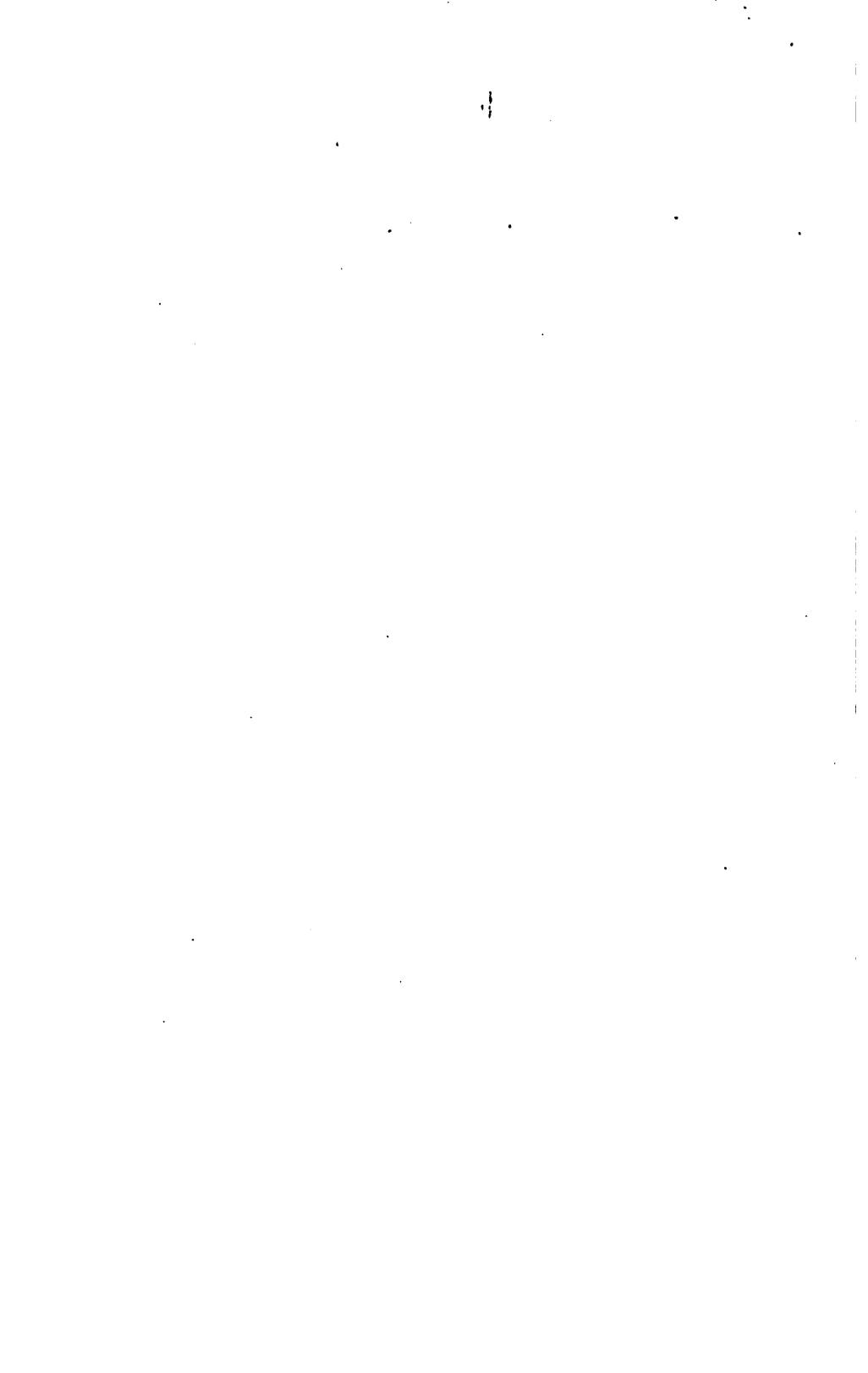
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RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY,
PAUL'S WORK.

RELIQUES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:

CONSISTING OF

555-40
2

Old Heroic Ballads, Songs,
AND OTHER PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS;
TOGETHER WITH SOME FEW OF LATER DATE.

BY

THOMAS PERCY,

LORD BISHOP OF DROMORE.

REPRINTED ENTIRE FROM THE AUTHOR'S LAST EDITION

With Memoir and Critical Dissertation.
THE TEXT EDITED BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

IN THREE VOLUMES,

VOL. III.

^CEDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.
1869.

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An ordinary Song or Ballad, that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers, as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or their ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

ADDISON, in SPECTATOR, No. 70.

AN ESSAY

ON THE

ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES.

THE third volume being chiefly devoted to romantic subjects, may not be improperly introduced with a few slight strictures on the old *Metrical Romances*: a subject the more worthy attention, as it seems not to have been known to such as have written on the nature and origin of Books of Chivalry, that the first compositions of this kind were in verse, and usually sung to the harp.

ON THE ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCES, ETC.

I. The first attempts at composition among all barbarous nations are ever found to be Poetry and Song. The praises of their gods and the achievements of their heroes, are usually chanted at their festival meetings. These are the first rudiments of History.

It is in this manner that the savages of North America preserve the memory of past events: ¹ and the same method is known to have prevailed among our Saxon ancestors, before they quitted their German forests. ² The ancient Britons had their Bards, and the Gothic nations their Scalds or popular poets, ³ whose business it was to record the victories of their warriors, and the genealogies of their princes, in a kind of narrative songs, which were committed to memory, and delivered down from one reciter to another. So long as Poetry continued a distinct profession, and while the Bard, or Scald was a regular and stated officer in the prince's court, these men are thought to have performed the

¹ *Vid.* Lasitëan, *Moeurs des Sauvages*, T. 2. Dr Browne's *Hist. of the Rise and Progress of Poetry*.—² *Germani celebrant carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est) Tuistonem, &c.* Tacit. *Germ.* c. 2.—³ Barth. *Antiq. Dan. Lib.* 1. Cap. 10.—Wormii *Literatura Runica*, ad finem.

functions of the historian pretty faithfully; for though their narrations would be apt to receive a good deal of embellishment, they are supposed to have had at the bottom so much of truth as to serve for the basis of more regular annals. At least, succeeding historians have taken up with the relations of these rude men, and for want of more authentic records, have agreed to allow them the credit of true history.¹

After letters began to prevail, and history assumed a more stable form, by being committed to plain simple prose; these Songs of the Scalds or Bards began to be more amusing than useful. And in proportion as it became their business chiefly to entertain and delight, they gave more and more into embellishment, and set off their recitals with such marvellous fictions, as were calculated to captivate gross and ignorant minds. Thus began stories of adventures with giants and dragons, and witches and enchanters, and all the monstrous extravagances of wild imagination, unguided by judgment, and uncorrected by art.²

This seems to be the true origin of that species of Romance, which so long celebrated feats of Chivalry, and which, at first in metre, and afterwards in prose, was the entertainment of our ancestors, in common with their contemporaries on the continent, till the satire of Cervantes, or rather the increase of knowledge and classical literature, drove them off the stage, to make room for a more refined species of fiction, under the name of French Romances, copied from the Greek.³

That our old Romances of Chivalry may be derived in a lineal descent from the ancient historical songs of the Gothic Bards and Scalds, will be shown below, and indeed appears the more evident, as many of those songs are still preserved in the north, which exhibit all the seeds of Chivalry before it became a solemn institution.⁴ 'Chivalry, as a distinct military order, conferred in the way of investiture, and accompanied with the solemnity of an oath, and other ceremonies,' was of later date, and sprung out of the feudal constitution, as an elegant writer has clearly shewn.⁵ But the ideas of Chivalry prevailed long before in all the Gothic nations, and may be discovered as in embryo in the customs,

¹ See 'Northern Antiquities, or a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the ancient Danes and other northern nations, translated from the Fr. of M. Mallet,' 1770, 2 vol. 8vo. (vol. i. p. 49, &c.)—² *Vid. infra*, pp. xi, xii, &c.—

³ *Viz. Astræa, Cassandra, Clelia, &c.*—⁴ Mallet, *vid. Northern Antiquities*, vol. 1. p. 318, &c. vol. 2. p. 234, &c.—⁵ Letters concerning Chivalry, 8vo. 1763.

manners, and opinions of every branch of that people.¹ That fondness of going in quest of adventures, that spirit of challenging to single combat, and that respectful complaisance shewn to the fair sex, (so different from the manners of the Greeks and Romans), all are of Gothic origin, and may be traced up to the earliest times among all the northern nations.² These existed long before the feudal ages, though they were called forth and strengthened in a peculiar manner under that constitution, and at length arrived to their full maturity in the times of the Crusades, so replete with romantic adventures.³

EVEN the common arbitrary fictions of Romance were (as is hinted above) most of them familiar to the ancient Scalds of the North, long before the time of the Crusades. They believed the existence of Giants and Dwarfs⁴; they entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notion of Fairies,⁵ they were strongly possessed with the belief of spells, and enchantment,⁶ and were fond of inventing combats with Dragons and Monsters.⁷

The opinion therefore seems very untenable, which some learned and ingenious men have entertained, that the turn for Chivalry, and the taste for that species of romantic fiction were caught by the Spaniards from the Arabians or Moors after their invasion of Spain, and from the Spaniards transmitted to the bards of Armo-

^{1 2} Mallet.—³ The seeds of Chivalry sprung up so naturally out of the original manners and opinions of the northern nations, that it is not credible they arose so late as after the establishment of the Feudal System, much less the Crusades. Nor, again, that the Romances of Chivalry were transmitted to other nations, through the Spaniards, from the Moors and Arabians. Had this been the case, the first French Romances of Chivalry would have been on Moorish, or at least Spanish subjects: whereas the most ancient stories of this kind, whether in prose or verse, whether in Italian, French, English, &c. are chiefly on the subjects of Charlemagne, and the Paladines; or of our British Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table, &c. being evidently borrowed from the fabulous Chronicles of the supposed Archbishop Turpin, and of Jeffery of Monmouth. Not but some of the oldest and most popular French Romances are also on Norman subjects, as Richard Sans-peur, Robert Le Diable, &c.; whereas I do not recollect so much as one, in which the scene is laid in Spain, much less among the Moors, or descriptive of Mahometan manners. Even in Amadis de Gaul, said to have been the first Romance printed in Spain, the scene is laid in Gaul and Britain; and the manners are French: which plainly shews from what school this species of fabling was learnt and transmitted to the southern nations of Europe.—⁴ Mallet, North. Antiquities, vol. I. p. 36; vol. II. *passim*. —⁵ Olaus Verel. ad Hervarer Saga, pp. 44, 45. Hickes's Thesaur. vol. II. p. 311. Northern Antiquities, vol. II. *passim*. —⁶ *Ibid.* vol. I. pp. 69, 374, &c. vol. II. p. 216, &c. —⁷ Rollof's Saga. Cap. 35, &c.

rica,¹ and thus diffused through Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and the North. For it seems utterly incredible, that one rude people should adopt a peculiar taste, and manner of writing or thinking from another, without borrowing at the same time any of their particular stories and fables, without appearing to know anything of their heroes, history, laws, and religion. When the Romans began to adopt and imitate the Grecian literature, they immediately naturalized all the Grecian fables, histories, and religious stories; which became as familiar to the poets of Rome, as of Greece itself. Whereas all the old writers of chivalry, and of that species of romance, whether in prose or verse, whether of the Northern nations, or of Britain, France, and Italy; not excepting

¹ It is peculiarly unfortunate, that such as maintain this opinion are obliged to take their first step from the Moorish provinces in Spain, without one intermediate resting place, to Armorica or Bretagne, the province in France from them most remote, not more in situation, than in the manners, habits, and language of its Welsh inhabitants, which are allowed to have been derived from this island, as must have been their traditions, songs, and fables; being doubtless all of Celtic original. See p. 8 of the 'Disertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe,' prefixed to Mr Tho. Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. I. 1774, 4to. If any pen could have supported this darling hypothesis of Dr Warburton, that of this ingenious critic would have effected it. But under the general term *Oriental*, he seems to consider the ancient inhabitants of the North and South of Asia, as having all the same manners, traditions, and fables; and because the secluded people of Arabia took the lead under the religion and empire of Mahomet, therefore every thing must be derived from them to the Northern Asiatics in the remotest ages, &c. With as much reason under the word *Occidental*, we might represent the early traditions and fables of the North and South of Europe to have been the same; and that the Gothic mythology of Scandinavia, the Druidic or Celtic of Gaul and Britain, differed not from the classic of Greece and Rome. There is not room here for a full examination of the minuter arguments, or rather slight coincidences, by which our agreeable Disserter endeavours to maintain and defend this favourite opinion of Dr. W. who has been himself so completely confuted by Mr Tyrwhitt. (See his notes on 'Love's Labour Lost,' &c.) But some of his positions it will be sufficient to mention: such as the referring the Gog and Magog, which our old Christian Bards might have had from Scripture, to the *Jaguiouge* and *Magiougé* of the Arabians and Persians, &c. [p. 13].—That 'we may venture to affirm, that this [Geoffrey of Monmouth's] Chronicle, supposed to contain the ideas of the Welsh Bards, entirely consists of Arabian inventions.' [p. 13].—And that, 'as Geoffrey's history is the grand repository of the acts of Arthur, so a fabulous History ascribed to Turpin is the ground-work of all the chimerical legends which have been related concerning the conquests of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Its subject is the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain, and it is filled with fictions evidently congenial to those which characterise Geoffrey's history.' [p. 17].—That is, as he afterwards expresses it, 'lavishly decorated by

Spain itself;¹ appear utterly unacquainted with whatever relates to the Mahometan nations. Thus with regard to their religion, they constantly represent them as worshipping idols, as paying adoration to a golden image of Mahomet, or else they confound them with the ancient pagans, &c. And indeed in all other respects they are so grossly ignorant of the customs, manners, and opinions of every branch of that people, especially of their heroes, champions, and local stories, as almost amounts to a demonstration that they did not imitate them in their songs or romances: for as to dragons, serpents, necromancies, &c., why should these be thought only derived from the Moors in Spain so late as after the eighth century, since notions of this kind appear too familiar to the northern Scalds, and enter too deeply into all the northern mythology to have been transmitted to the unlettered Scandinavians, from so distant a country, at so late a period? If they may not be allowed to have brought these opinions with them in their original migrations from the north of Asia, they will be far more likely to have borrowed them from the Latin poets after the Roman conquests in Gaul, Britain, Germany, &c. For, I believe one may challenge the entertainers of this opinion, to produce any Arabian poem or history, that could possibly have been then known in

the Arabian fablers.' [p. 58.]—We should hardly have expected, that the Arabian fablers would have been lavish in decorating a history of their enemy: but what is singular, as an instance and proof of this Arabian origin of the fictions of Turpin, a passage is quoted from his IVth chapter, which I shall beg leave to offer, as affording decisive evidence that they could not possibly be derived from a Mahometan source. Sc. 'The Christians under Charlemagne are said to have found in Spain a golden idol, or image of Mahomet, as high as a bird can fly.—It was framed by Mahomet himself of the purest metal, who, by his knowledge in necromancy, had sealed up within it a legion of diabolical spirits. It held in its hand a prodigious club; and the Saracens had a prophetic tradition, that this club should fall from the hand of the image in that year when a certain king should be born in France, &c.' [Vid. p. 18, Note.] —¹ The little narrative songs on Morisco subjects, which the Spaniards have at present in great abundance, and which they call peculiarly *Romances*, (see vol. I. Book III. No. XVI. &c.) have nothing in common with their proper *Romances* (or histories) of Chivalry; which they call *Historias de Cavallerias*: these are evidently imitations of the French, and shew a great ignorance of Moorish manners: and with regard to the Morisco, or Song-Romances, they do not seem of very great antiquity: few of them appear, from their subjects, much earlier than the reduction of Granada, in the fifteenth century: from which period, I believe, may be plainly traced among the Spanish writers, a more perfect knowledge of Moorish customs, &c.

Spain, which resembles the old Gothic romances of Chivalry half so much as the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid.

But we well know that the Scythian nations situate in the countries about Pontus, Colchis, and the Euxine sea, were in all times infamous for their magic arts: and as Odin and his followers are said to have come precisely from those parts of Asia; we can readily account for the prevalence of fictions of this sort among the Gothic nations of the North, without fetching them from the Moors in Spain; who for many centuries after their irruption, lived in a state of such constant hostility with the unsubdued Spanish Christians, whom they chiefly pent up in the mountains, as gave them no chance of learning their music, poetry or stories; and this, together with the religious hatred of the latter for their cruel invaders, will account for the utter ignorance of the old Spanish romancers in whatever relates to the Mahometan nations, although so nearly their own neighbours.

On the other hand, from the local customs and situations, from the known manners and opinions of the Gothic nations in the North, we can easily account for all the ideas of Chivalry, and its peculiar fictions.¹ For, not to mention their distinguished respect for the fair sex, so different from the manners of the Mahometan nations,² their national and domestic history so naturally assumes all the wonders of this species of fabling, that almost all their historical narratives appear regular romances. One might refer in proof of this to the old northern Sagas in general: but to give a particular instance, it will be sufficient to produce the history of King Regner Lodbrog, a celebrated warrior and pirate, who reigned in Denmark about the year 800.³ This hero signalized his youth by an exploit of gallantry. A Swedish prince had a beautiful daughter, whom he intrusted (probably during some expedition) to the care of one of his officers, assigning a strong castle for their defence. The officer fell in love with his ward, and detained her in his castle, spite of all the efforts of her father. Upon this he published a proclamation through all the neighbouring countries, that whoever would conquer the ravisher and rescue the lady should have her in marriage. Of all that undertook the adventure Regner alone was so happy as to achieve it: he delivered the fair captive and obtained her for his prize. It happened that the name of this discourteous officer was *Orme*, which in the Islandic language

¹ See Northern Antiquities, *passim*.—² *Ibid.*—³ Saxon Gram. p. 152, 153.—Mallet, North. Antiq. vol. I. p. 321.

signifies *Serpent*: wherefore the Scalds, to give the more poetical turn to the adventure, represent the lady as detained from her father by a dreadful dragon, and that Regner slew the monster to set her at liberty. This fabulous account of the exploit is given in a poem still extant, which is even ascribed to Regner himself, who was a celebrated poet; and which records all the valiant achievements of his life.¹

With marvellous embellishments of this kind the Scalds early began to decorate their narratives: and they were the more lavish of these, in proportion as they departed from their original institution, but it was a long time before they thought of delivering a set of personages and adventures wholly feigned. Of the great multitude of romantic tales still preserved in the libraries of the North, most of them are supposed to have had some foundation in truth, and the more ancient they are, the more they are believed to be connected with true history.²

It was not probably till after the Historian and the Bard had been long disunited, that the latter ventured at pure fiction. At length, when their business was no longer to instruct or inform, but merely to amuse, it was no longer needful for them to adhere to truth. Then succeeded fabulous songs and romances in verse, which for a long time prevailed in France and England before they had books of Chivalry in prose. Yet in both these countries the Minstrels still retained so much of their original institution, as frequently to make true events the subject of their songs;³ and indeed, as during the barbarous ages, the regular histories were almost all written in Latin by the monks, the memory of events was preserved and propagated among the ignorant laity by scarce any other means than the popular songs of the Minstrels.

II. The inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, being the latest converts to Christianity, retained their original manners and opinions longer than the other nations of Gothic race: and therefore they have preserved more of the genuine compositions of their ancient poets, than their southern neighbours. Hence the progress, among them, from poetical history to poetical fiction is very discernible: they have some old pieces, that are in effect com-

¹ See a Translation of this poem, among 'Five pieces of Runic poetry.'

² *Vid.* Mallet, Northern Antiquities, *passim*.—³ The Editor's MS. contains a multitude of poems of this latter kind. It was probably from this custom of the Minstrels that some of our first Historians wrote their Chronicles in verse, as Rob. of Gloucester, Harding, &c.

plete Romances of Chivalry.¹ They have also (as hath been observed) a multitude of *Sagas*² or histories on romantic subjects, containing a mixture of prose and verse, of various dates, some of them written since the times of the Crusades, others long before: but their narratives in verse only are esteemed the more ancient.

Now as the irruption of the Normans³ into France under Rollo did not take place till towards the beginning of the tenth century, at which time the Scaldic art was arrived to the highest perfection in Rollo's native country, we can easily trace the descent of the French and English Romances of Chivalry from the Northern Sagas. That conqueror doubtless carried many Scalds with him from the North, who transmitted their skill to their children and successors. These adopting the religion, opinions, and language of the new country, substituted the heroes of Christendom instead of those of their Pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the feats of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver; whose true history they set off and embellished with the Scaldic figments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The first mention we have in song of those heroes of chivalry is in the mouth of a Norman warrior at the conquest of England:⁴ and this circumstance alone would sufficiently account for the propagation of this kind of romantic poems among the French and English.

But this is not all; it is very certain, that both the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks had brought with them, at their first emigrations into Britain and Gaul, the same fondness for the ancient songs of their ancestors, which prevailed among the other Gothic tribes,⁵ and that all their first annals were transmitted in these popular oral poems. This fondness they even retained long after their conversion to Christianity, as we learn from the examples of Charlemagne and Alfred.⁶ Now Poetry, being thus the transmitter of facts, would as easily learn to blend them with fictions

¹ See a Specimen in 2d Vol. of Northern Antiquities, &c. p. 248, &c.—

² Ecardi Hist. Stud. Etym. 1711, p. 179, &c. Hicke's Thesaur. vol. II. p. 314.

³ i.e. Northern Men: being chiefly emigrants from Norway, Denmark, &c.—

⁴ See the account of *Taillefer* in Vol. I. Essay, and Note.—⁵ *Ipsa carmina memoriæ mandabant, et prælia inituri decantabant; qua memoria tam fortium gestorum a majoribus patratorum ad imitationem animus adderetur. Jordanes de Gothis* —⁶ Eginhartus de Carolo magno. 'Item barbara, et antiquissima *carmina* quibus veterum regum actus et bella canebantur, scripsit.' c. 29. Asserius de *Ælfrædo* magno. 'Rex inter bella, &c. . . . Saxonicos libros recitare, et maxime *carmina Saxonica* memoriter discere, aliis imperare, et solus assidue pro viribus, studiosissime non desinebat.' Ed. 1722, 8vo. p. 43.

in France and England, as she is known to have done in the north, and that much sooner, for the reasons before assigned.¹ This, together with the example and influence of the Normans, will easily account to us, why the first Romances of Chivalry that appeared both in England and France² were composed in metre, as a rude kind of epic songs. In both kingdoms tales in verse were usually sung by Minstrels to the harp on festival occasions: and doubtless both nations derived their relish for this sort of entertainment from their Teutonic ancestors, without either of them borrowing it from the other. Among both people narrative songs on true or fictitious subjects had evidently obtained from the earliest times. But the professed Romances of Chivalry seem to have been first composed in France, where also they had their name.

The Latin tongue, as is observed by an ingenious writer,³ ceased to be spoken in France about the ninth century, and was succeeded by what was called the Romance tongue, a mixture of the language of the Franks and bad Latin. As the songs of Chivalry became the most popular compositions in that language, they were emphatically called *Romans* or *Romants*; though this name was at first given to any piece of poetry. The Romances of Chivalry can be traced as early as the eleventh century.⁴ I know not if the *Roman de Brut* written in 1155, was such: But if it was, it was by no means the first poem of the kind; others more ancient are still extant.⁵ And we have already seen, that, in the preceding century, when the Normans marched down to the battle of Hastings, they animated themselves, by singing (in some popular romance or ballad) the exploits of Roland and the other heroes of Chivalry.⁶

¹ See above.—² The Romances on the subject of *Perceval*, *San Graal*, *Lancelot du Lac*, *Tristan*, &c. were among the first that appeared in the French language in prose, yet these were originally composed in metre. The Editor has in his possession a very old French MS. in verse, containing *L'ancien Roman de Perceval*, and metrical copies of the others may be found in the libraries of the curious. See a Note of Wanley's in Harl. Catalog. Num. 2252, p. 49, &c. Nicholson's Eng. Hist. Library, 8d Ed. p. 91, &c.—See also a curious collection of old French Romances, with Mr Wanley's account of this sort of pieces, in Harl. MSS. Catal. 978, 106.—³ The Author of the Essay on the Genius of Pope.—⁴ *Ibid.* Hist. Lit. Tom. 6. 7.—⁵ Voi. Preface aux 'Fabliaux & Contes des Poetes François des xii, xiii, xiv, & xv siècles, &c. Paris, 1756, 3 Tom. 12mo.' (a very curious work.)—⁶ *Vid.* supra, Note (d), Vol. I. Essay, &c. Et *vide* Rapin, Carte, &c.—This song of Roland (whatever it was) continued for some centuries to be usually sung by the French in their marches, if we may believe a modern French writer. 'Un jour qu'on chantoit le chanson de Roland, comme c'étoit l'usage dans les marches. Il y a long temps, dit il, [John K. of

So early as this I cannot trace the songs of Chivalry in English. The most ancient I have seen, is that of *Hornechild* described below, which seems not older than the twelfth century. However, as this rather resembles the Saxon Poetry, than the French, it is not certain that the first English Romances were translated from that language.¹ We have seen above, that a propensity to this kind of fiction prevailed among all the Gothic nations:² and, though after the Norman Conquest, this country abounded with French Romances, or with translations from the French, there is good reason to believe, that the English had original pieces of their own.

The stories of King Arthur and his Round Table, may be reasonably supposed of the growth of this island; both the French and the Armoricans probably had them from Britain.³ The stories of Guy and Bevis, with some others, were probably the invention of English Minstrels.⁴ On the other hand, the English procured translations of such Romances as were most current in France; and in the list given at the conclusion of these remarks, many are doubtless of French original.

The first prose books of Chivalry that appeared in our language were those printed by Caxton;⁵ at least, these are the first I have

France, who died in 1864] qu'on ne voit plus de Rolands parmi les François, On y verroit encore des Rolands, lui repondit un vieux Capitaine, s'ils avoient un Charlemagne à leur tête.' *Vid.* tom. iii. p. 202, des *Essais Hist. sur Paris* de M. de Saintefoix: who gives as his authority, Boethius in *Hist. Scotorum*. This author, however, speaks of the Complaint and Repartee, as made in an Assembly of the States, (*vocato senatu*) and not upon any march, &c. *Vid.* Boeth. lib. xv. fol. 327. Ed. Paris, 1574.

¹ See on this subject, Vol. I. Note, S. 2. page lxxiii; and in note Gg. p. lxxxviii. &c.—² The first Romances of Chivalry among the Germans were in metre: they have some very ancient narrative songs, (which they call *Lieder*) not only on the fabulous heroes of their own country, but also on those of France and Britain, as Tristram, Arthur, Gawain, and the Knights *von der Tafel-ronde*. (*Vid.* Goldasti Not. in Eginhart. Vit. Car. Mag. 4to. 1711, p. 207.)—³ The Welsh have still some very old Romances about K. Arthur; but as these are in prose, they are not probably their first pieces that were composed on that subject.—⁴ It is most credible that these stories were originally of English invention, even if the only pieces now extant should be found to be translations from the French. What now pass for the French originals were probably only amplifications, or enlargements of the old English story. That the French Romancers borrowed some things from the English, appears from the word *Termagant*, which they took up from our Minstrels, and corrupted into *Tervagaunte*. See Vol. I. p. 60, and Gloss. 'Termagant.'—⁵ Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy, 1471. Godfroys of Boloynne, 1481. Le Morte de

been able to discover, and these are all translations from the French. Whereas Romances of this kind had been long current in metre, and were so generally admired in the time of Chaucer, that his Rhyme of Sir Thopas was evidently written to ridicule and burlesque them.¹

He expressly mentions several of them by name in a stanza, which I shall have occasion to quote more than once in this volume :

Men speken of Romaunces of pris
Of Horn-Child, and of Ipotis
Of Bevis, and Sire Guy
Of Sire Libeux, and Pleindamour,
But Sire Thopas, he bereth the flour
Of real chevalrie.²

Most, if not all of these are still extant in MS. in some or other of our libraries, as I shall shew in the conclusion of this slight essay, where I shall give a list of such metrical Histories and Romances as have fallen under my observation.

As many of these contain a considerable portion of poetic merit, and throw great light on the manners and opinions of former times, it were to be wished that some of the best of them were rescued from oblivion. A judicious collection of them accurately published with proper illustrations, would be an important accession to our stock of ancient English literature. Many of them exhibit no mean attempts at Epic Poetry, and though full of the exploded fictions of Chivalry, frequently display great descriptive and inventive powers in the Bards, who composed them. They are at least generally equal to any other poetry of the same age. They cannot indeed be put in competition with the nervous productions of so universal and commanding a genius as Chaucer, but they have a simplicity that makes them be read with less interruption, and be more easily understood : and they are far more spirited and entertaining than the tedious allegories of Gower, or the dull and prolix legends of Lydgate. Yet, while so much stress was laid upon the writings

Arthur, 1485. The life of Charlemagne, 1485, &c. As the old minstrelsy wore out, prose books of Chivalry became more admired, especially after the Spanish Romances began to be translated into English towards the end of Q. Elizabeth's reign : then the most popular metrical Romances began to be reduced into prose, as Sir Guy, Bevis, &c.

¹ See Extract from a Letter, written by the Editor of these volumes, in Mr Warton's Observations, Vol. II. p. 189.—² Canterbury Tales (Tyrwhitt's Edit.), Vol. II. p. 238.—In all the former editions, which I have seen, the name at the end of the 4th line is *Blandamour*.

of these last, by such as treat of English poetry, the old metrical Romances though far more popular in their time, were hardly known to exist. But it has happened unluckily, that the antiquaries who have revived the works of our ancient writers, have been for the most part men void of taste and genius, and therefore have always fastidiously rejected the old poetical Romances, because founded on fictitious or popular subjects, while they have been careful to grub up every petty fragment of the most dull and insipid rhymist, whose merit it was to deform morality, or obscure true history. Should the public encourage the revival of some of those ancient Epic Songs of Chivalry, they would frequently see the rich ore of an Ariosto or a Tasso, though buried it may be among the rubbish and dross of barbarous times.

Such a publication would answer many important uses. It would throw new light on the rise and progress of English poetry, the history of which can be but imperfectly understood, if these are neglected. It would also serve to illustrate innumerable passages in our ancient classic poets, which without their help must be for ever obscure. For, not to mention Chaucer and Spencer, who abound with perpetual allusions to them, I shall give an instance or two from Shakespeare, by way of specimen of their use.

In his play of King John our great dramatic poet alludes to an exploit of Richard I. which the reader will in vain look for in any true history. Faulconbridge says to his mother, Act i. Sc. 1.

'Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose. . .
Against whose furie and unmatched force,
The awlesse lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his princely heart from Richard's hand;
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily winne a woman's : '—

The fact here referred to, is to be traced to its source only in the old Romance of *Richard Cœur de Lyon*,¹ in which his encounter with a lion makes a very shining figure. I shall give a large extract from this poem, as a specimen of the manner of these old rhapsodists, and to shew that they did not in their fictions neglect the proper means to produce the ends, as was afterwards so childishly done in the prose books of Chivalry.

The poet tells us, that Richard, in his return from the Holy

¹ Dr Grey has shewn that the same story is alluded to in Rastell's Chronicle. As it was doubtless originally had from the Romance, this is proof that the old Metrical Romances throw light on our first writers in prose: many of our ancient Historians have recorded the fictions of Romance.

Land, having been discovered in the habit of 'a palmer in Almayne,' and apprehended as a spy, was by the king thrown into prison. Wardrew, the king's son, hearing of Richard's great strength, desires the jailor to let him have a sight of his prisoners. Richard being the foremost, Wardrew asks him, 'if he dare stand a buffet from his hand?' and that on the morrow he shall return him another. Richard consents, and receives a blow that staggers him. On the morrow, having previously waxed his hands, he waits his antagonist's arrival. Wardrew accordingly, proceeds the story, 'held forth as a trew man,' and Richard gave him such a blow on the cheek, as broke his jaw-bone, and killed him on the spot.¹ The king, to revenge the death of his son, orders, by the advice of one Eldrede, that a lion, kept purposely from food, shall be turned loose upon Richard. But the king's daughter having fallen in love with him, tells him of her father's resolution, and at his request procures him forty ells of white silk 'kerchers;' and here the description of the combat begins:

The kever-chefes² he toke on honde,
And aboute his arme he wonde;
And thought in that ylke while,
To slee the lyon with some gyle.
And syngle in a kyrtyll he stode,
And abode the lyon fyers and wode,
With that came the jaylere,
And other men that wyth him were,
And the lyon them amonge;
His pawes were stiffe and stronge.
The chamber dore they undone,
And the lyon to them is gone.
Rycharde sayd, Helpe, lorde Jesu!
The lyon made to him venu,
And wolde hym have all to rente:
Kynge Rycharde besyde hym glente.³
The lyon on the breste hym spurned,
That aboute he tourned.
The lyon was hongry and megre,
And bette his tayle to be egre;
He loked aboute as he were madde;
Abrode he all his pawes spradde.
He cryed lowde, and yaned⁴ wyde.
Kynge Rycharde bethought hym that tyde
What hym was beste, and to hym sterte,
In at the throte his honde he gerte,

¹ On this story Scott founds the interchange of blows between Richard and Friar Tuck in 'Ivanhoe.'—ED.—² i.e. Handkerchiefs. Here we have the etymology of the word, viz., 'Couvre le Chef.'—³ i.e. slipt aside.—⁴ i.e. yawned.

And hente out the herte with his honde,
 Lounge and all that he there fonde.
 The lyon fell deed to the ground:
 Rycharde felte no wem,¹ ne wounde,
 He fell on his knees on that place,
 And thanked Jesu of his grace.

What follows is not so well, and therefore I shall extract no more of this poem.—For the above feat the author tells us, the king was deservedly called

‘Stronge Rycharde Cure de Lyowne.’

That distich which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of his madman in *K. Lear*, Act. 3, Sc. 4.

‘Mice and Rats and such small deere
 Have been Tom’s food for seven long yeare,’

has excited the attention of the critics. Instead of deere, one of them would substitute geer; and another cheer.² But the ancient reading is established by the old Romance of *Sir Bevis*, which Shakespeare had doubtless often heard sung to the harp. This distich is part of a description there given of the hardships suffered by Bevis, when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

‘Rattes and myse and such small dere
 Was his meate that seven yere.’

Sign. F. iii.

III. In different parts of this work, the reader will find various extracts from these old poetical legends; to which I refer him for farther examples of their style and metre. To complete this subject, it will be proper at least to give one specimen of their skill in distributing and conducting their fable, by which it will be seen that nature and common sense had supplied to these old simple bards the want of critical art, and taught them some of the most essential rules of Epic Poetry.—I shall select the Romance of *Libius Disconius*,³ as being one of those mentioned by Chaucer, and either shorter or more intelligible than the others he has quoted.

If an Epic Poem may be defined, ‘a fable related by a poet, to excite admiration, and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero, favoured by heaven, who executes a great design, in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him:’ I know not why we

¹ i.e. hurt.—² Dr. Warburton.—Dr. Grey.—³ So it is intitled in the Editor’s MS. But the true title is *Le beaux desconus, or the fair unknown*. See a note on the *Canterbury Tales*, Vol. IV. p. 333.—⁴ *Vid.* ‘Discours sur la Poesie Epique,’ prefixed to *Télémaque*.

should withhold the name of Epic Poem from the piece which I am about to analyse.

My copy is divided into IX Parts or Cantos, the several arguments of which are as follows.

PART I.

Opens with a short exordium to bespeak attention: the Hero is described; a natural son of Sir Gawain a celebrated knight of king Arthur's court, who being brought up in a forest by his mother, is kept ignorant of his name and descent. He early exhibits marks of his courage, by killing a knight in single combat, who encountered him as he was hunting. This inspires him with a desire of seeking adventures; therefore, clothing himself in his enemy's armour, he goes to K. Arthur's court, to request the order of knighthood. His request granted, he obtains a promise of having the first adventure assigned him that shall offer.—A damsel named Ellen, attended by a dwarf, comes to implore K. Arthur's assistance, to rescue a young princess, 'the Lady of Sinadone' their mistress, who is detained from her rights, and confined in prison. The adventure is claimed by the young knight Sir Lybius: the king assents; the messengers are dissatisfied, and object to his youth; but are forced to acquiesce. And here the first book closes with a description of the ceremony of equipping him forth.

PART II.

Sir Lybius sets out on the adventure: he is derided by the dwarf and the damsel on account of his youth: they come to the bridge of Perill, which none can pass without encountering a knight called William de la Braunch. Sir Lybius is challenged: they joust with their spears: De la Braunch is dismounted: the battle is renewed on foot: Sir William's sword breaks: he yields. Sir Lybius makes him swear to go and present himself to K. Arthur, as the first-fruits of his valour. The conquered knight sets out for K. Arthur's court: is met by three knights, his kinsmen; who, informed of his disgrace, vow revenge, and pursue the conqueror. The next day they overtake him: the eldest of the three attacks Sir Lybius; but is overthrown to the ground. The two other brothers assault him: Sir Lybius is wounded: yet cuts off the second brother's arm: the third yields: Sir Lybius sends them all to K. Arthur. In the third evening he is awaked by the dwarf, who has discovered a fire in the wood.

PART III.

Sir Lybius arms himself, and leaps on horseback : he finds two Giants roasting a wild boar, who have a fair Lady their captive. Sir Lybius, by favour of the night, runs one of them through with his spear: is assaulted by the other: a fierce battle ensues: he cuts off the giant's arm, and at length his head. The rescued Lady (an Earl's daughter) tells him her story; and leads him to her father's castle; who entertains him with a great feast; and presents him at parting with a suit of armour and a steed. He sends the giant's head to K. Arthur.

PART IV.

Sir Lybius, maid Ellen, and the dwarf, renew their journey: they see a castle stuck round with human heads; and are informed it belongs to a knight called Sir Gefferon, who, in honour of his lemman or mistress, challenges all comers. He that can produce a fairer lady, is to be rewarded with a milk-white falcon, but if overcome, to lose his head. Sir Lybius spends the night in the adjoining town: in the morning goes to challenge the falcon. The knights exchange their gloves: they agree to joust in the market place: the lady and maid Ellen are placed aloft in chairs: their dresses: the superior beauty of Sir Gefferon's mistress described: the ceremonies previous to the combat. They engage: the combat described at large: Sir Gefferon is incurably hurt; and carried home on his shield. Sir Lybius sends the falcon to K. Arthur; and receives back a large present in florins. He stays forty days to be cured of his wounds, which he spends in feasting with the neighbouring lords.

PART V.

Sir Lybius proceeds for Sinadone: in a forest he meets a knight hunting, called Sir Otes de Lisle: maid Ellen charmed with a very beautiful dog, begs Sir Lybius to bestow him upon her: Sir Otes meets them, and claims his dog: is refused: being unarmed he rides to his castle, and summons his followers: they go in quest of Sir Lybius: a battle ensues: he is still victorious, and forces Sir Otes to follow the other conquered knights to K. Arthur.

PART VI.

Sir Lybius comes to a fair city and castle by a river-side, beset round with pavilions or tents: he is informed, in the castle is a beautiful lady besieged by a giant named Manguys, who keeps the bridge, and will let none pass without doing him homage: this Lybius re-

fuses : a battle ensues : the giant described : the several incidents of the battle ; which lasts a whole summer's day : the giant is wounded ; put to flight ; slain. The citizens come out in procession to meet their deliverer : the lady invites him into her castle : falls in love with him ; and seduces him to her embraces. He forgets the princess of Sinadone, and stays with this bewitching lady a twelvemonth. This fair sorceress, like another Alcina, intoxicates him with all kinds of sensual pleasure ; and detains him from the pursuit of honour.

PART VII.

Maid Ellen by chance gets an opportunity of speaking to him ; and upbraids him with his vice and folly : he is filled with remorse, and escapes the same evening. At length he arrives at the city and castle of Sinadone : Is given to understand that he must challenge the constable of the castle to single combat, before he can be received as a guest. They joust : the constable is worsted : Sir Lybius is feasted in the castle : he declares his intention of delivering their lady ; and inquires the particulars of her history. 'Two Necromancers have built a fine palace by sorcery, and there keep her enchanted, till she will surrender her duchy to them, and yield to such base conditions as they would impose.'

PART VIII.

Early on the morrow Sir Lybius sets out for the enchanted palace. He alights in the court : enters the hall : the wonders of which are described in strong Gothic painting. He sits down at the high table : on a sudden all the lights are quenched : it thunders, and lightens ; the palace shakes ; the walls fall in pieces about his ears. He is dismayed and confounded : but presently hears horses neigh, and is challenged to single combat by the sorcerers. He gets to his steed : a battle ensues, with various turns of fortune : he loses his weapon ; but gets a sword from one of the Necromancers, and wounds the other with it : the edge of the sword being secretly poisoned, the wound proves mortal.

PART IX.

He goes up to the surviving sorcerer, who is carried away from him by enchantment : at length he finds him, and cuts off his head ; He returns to the palace to deliver the lady ; but cannot find her : as he is lamenting, a window opens, through which enters a horrible serpent with wings and a woman's face : it coils

round his neck and kisses him; then is suddenly converted into a very beautiful lady. She tells him she is the lady of Sinadone, and was so enchanted, till she might kiss Sir Gawain, or some one of his blood: that he has dissolved the charm, and that herself and her dominions may be his reward. The Knight (whose descent is by this means discovered) joyfully accepts the offer; makes her his bride, and then sets out with her for King Arthur's court.

Such is the fable of this ancient piece: which the reader may observe, is as regular in its conduct, as any of the finest poems of classical antiquity. If the execution, particularly as to the diction and sentiments, were but equal to the plan, it would be a capital performance; but this is such as might be expected in rude and ignorant times, and in a barbarous unpolished language.

IV. I shall conclude this prolix account, with a List of such old Metrical Romances as are still extant; beginning with those mentioned by Chaucer.

1. The Romance of *Horne Childe* is preserved in the British Museum, where it is intitled 'pe geste of kyng Horne.' See Catalog. Harl. MSS. 2253, p. 70. The language is almost Saxon, yet from the mention in it of Saracens, it appears to have been written after some of the Crusades. It begins thus:

All heo ben blype
pat to my song ylype:
A song ychulle ou sing
Of Allof þe gode kynge,¹ &c.

Another copy of this poem, but greatly altered, and somewhat modernized, is preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, in a MS. quarto volume of old English poetry [W. 4. 1.] Num. XXXIV. in seven leaves or folios,² intitled *Horn-child and Maiden Rinivel*, and beginning thus:

Mi leve frende dere,
Herken and ye may here.

2. The Poem of *Ipotis* (or *Ypotis*) is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2, fo. 77, but is rather a religious Legend, than a Romance. Its beginning is,

He þat wyll of wysdome here
Herkeneth nowe se may here

¹ i.e. May all they be blithe, that to my song listen: A song I shall you sing, Of Allof the good king, &c.—² In each full page of this Vol. are 44 lines, when the poem is in long metre: and 88, when the metre is short, and the page in two columns.

Of a tale of holy wryte
Seynt Jon the Evangelyste wytneseth hyt.

3. The Romance of *Sir Guy* was written before that of *Bevis*, being quoted in it.¹ An account of this old poem is given below, p. 83. To which it may be added, that two complete copies in MS. are preserved at Cambridge, the one in the public library,² the other in that of Caius College, Class A. 8.—In Ames's *Typog.* p. 153, may be seen the first lines of the printed copy.—The 1st MS. begins,

Sythe the tyme that God was borne.

4. *Guy and Colbronde*, an old Romance in three parts, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (p. 349). It is in stanzas of six lines, the first of which may be seen in vol. II. p. 141, beginning thus:

When meate and drinke is great plentye.

In the Edinburgh MS. (mentioned above) are two ancient poems on the subject of *Guy of Warwick*: viz. Num. XVIII. containing 26 leaves, and XX. 59 leaves. Both these have unfortunately the beginnings wanting, otherwise they would perhaps be found to be different copies of one or both the preceding articles.

5. From the same MS. I can add another article to this list, viz. The Romance of *Rembrun* son of Sir Guy; being Num. XXI. in 9 leaves: this is properly a Continuation of the History of Guy: and in Art. 3, the Hist. of Rembrun follows that of Guy as a necessary Part of it. This Edinburgh Romance of Rembrun begins thus:

Jesu that erst of mighte most
Fader and sone and Holy Ghost.

Before I quit the subject of Sir Guy, I must observe, that if we may believe Dugdale in his *Baronage*, [vol. I. p. 243, col. 2.] the fame of our English Champion had in the time of Henry IV. travelled as far as the East, and was no less popular among the Saracens, than here in the West among the nations of Christendom. In that reign a Lord Beauchamp travelling to Jerusalem, was kindly received by a noble person, the Soldan's Lieutenant, who hearing he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick,

¹ Sign. K. 2. b.—² For this and most of the following, which are mentioned as preserved in the Public Library, I refer the reader to the Oxon Catalogue of MSS. 1697, vol. II. p. 894; in Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. No. 690, 83, since given to the University of Cambridge.

'whose story they had in books of their own language,' invited him to his palace; and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value; besides divers cloths of silk and gold given to his servants.

6. The Romance of *Syr Bevis* is described in the introduction to No. I. Book III. of this vol. Two manuscript copies of this poem are extant at Cambridge; viz. in the Public Library,¹ and in that of Caius Coll. Class A. 9 (5.)—The first of these begins,

Lordyngs lystenyth grete and smale.

There is also a copy of this Romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, in the Edinburgh MS. Numb. XXII. consisting of 25 leaves, and beginning thus:

Lordynges herkneth to mi tale,
Is merier than the nightengale.

The printed copies begin different from both, viz.:

Listen, Lordynges, and hold you styl.

7. *Libeaux* (*Libeaus* or *Lybius*) *Disconius* is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. (pag. 317,) where the first stanza is,

Jesus Christ christen kinge,
And his mother that sweete thinge,
Helpe them at their neede,
That will listen to my tale.
Of a Knight I will you tell,
A doughty man of deede.

An older copy is preserved in the Cotton Library [Calig. A 2. fol. 40,] but containing such innumerable variations, that it is apparently a different translation of some old French original, which will account for the title of *Le Beaux Desconus*, or The Fair Unknown. The first line is,

Jesu Christ our Savyour.

As for *Pleindamour*, or *Blandamour*, no Romance with this title has been discovered; but as the word *Blaudemere* occurs in the Romance of *Libius Disconius*, in the Editor's folio MS. p. 319, he thought the name of *Blandamoure* (which was in all the editions of Chaucer he had seen) might have some reference to this. But *Pleindamour*, the name restored by Mr Tyrwhitt, is more remote.

8. *Le Morte Arthure* is among the Harl. MSS. 2252, § 49. This is judged to be a translation from the French; Mr Wanley thinks it no older than the time of Hen. vii. but it seems to be quoted in *Syr Bevis*, (Sign. K. ij. b.) It begins.

Lordynges, that are lesse and deare,

¹ No 690, §. 31. *Vid.* Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

In the Library of Bennett Coll. Cambridge, No. 351, is a MS. intitled in the Catalogue *Acta Arthuri Metrico Anglicano*, but I know not its contents.

9. In the Editor's folio MS. are many Songs and Romances about King Arthur and his Knights, some of which are very imperfect, as *K. Arthur and the king of Cornwall*, (pag. 24,) in stanzas of 4 lines, beginning,

[Come here,] my cosen Gawaine so gay.

The Turk and Gawain (p. 38), in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus:

Listen lords great and small;

but these are so imperfect that I do not make distinct articles of them. See also in this Volume, Book I., No. I. II. IV. V.

In the same MS. p. 203, is the *Greene Knight*, in 2 Parts, relating a curious adventure of Sir Gawain, in stanzas of 6 lines, beginning thus:

List: wen Arthur he was k:

10. *The Carle of Carlisle* is another romantic tale about Sir Gawain, in the same MS. p. 448, in distiches:

Listen: to me a little stonde.

In all these old poems the same set of knights are always represented with the same manners and characters; which seem to have been as well known, and as distinctly marked among our ancestors, as Homer's Heroes were among the Greeks: for, as Ulysses is always represented crafty, Achilles irascible, and Ajax rough; so Sir Gawain is ever courteous and gentle, Sir Kay rugged and disobliging, &c. 'Sir Gawain with his olde curtesie' is mentioned by Chaucer as noted to a proverb, in his *Squire's Tale*. *Canterb. Tales*, Vol. II. p. 104.

11. *Syr Launfal*, an excellent old Romance concerning another of K. Arthur's Knights, is preserved in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 2, f. 33. This is a translation from the French,¹ made by one Thomas Chestre, who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Hen. vi. [See Tanner's *Biblioth.*] It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins,

Be douzty Artours dawes.

The above was afterwards altered by some Minstrel into the Romance of *Sir Lambewell*, in three parts, under which title it was

¹ The French Original is preserved among the Harl. MSS. No. 978, § 112. *Launfal*.

more generally known.¹ This is in the Editor's folio MS. p. 60, beginning thus :

Doughty in king Arthures dayes.

12. *Eger and Grime*, in six parts (in the Editor's folio MS. p. 124), is a well invented tale of chivalry, scarce inferior to any of Ariosto's. This which was inadvertently omitted in the former editions of this list, is in distichs, and begins thus :

It fell sometimes in the Land of Beame.

13. The Romance of *Merline*, in nine parts (preserved in the same folio MS. p. 145), gives a curious account of the birth, parentage, and juvenile adventures of this famous British Prophet. In this poem the Saxons are called Sarazens; and the thrusting the rebel angels out of Heaven is attributed to 'oure Lady.' It is in distichs, and begins thus :

He that made with his hand.

There is an old Romance *Of Arthur and of Merlin*, in the Edinburgh MS. of old English Poems: I know not whether it has anything in common with this last mentioned. It is in the volume numbered XXIII. and extends through 55 leaves. The two first lines are,

Jesu Crist, heven king
Al ous graunt gode ending.

14. *Sir Isenbras*, (or as it is in the MS. copies, Sir Isumbras) is quoted in Chaucer's R. of Thop. v. 6. Among Mr Garrick's old plays is a printed copy; of which an account has been already given in Vol. I. Book III. No. VIII. It is preserved in MS. in the Library of Caius Coll. Camb. Class A. 9. (2,) and also in the Cotton Library, Calig. A. 12. (f. 128.) This is extremely different from the printed copy, E. g.

God þat made both erpe and hevena.

15. *Emarè*, a very curious and ancient Romance, is preserved in the same Vol. of the Cotton Library, f. 69. It is in stanzas of six lines, and begins thus :

Jesu þat ys kyng in trone.

16. *Chevelere assigne*, or, The Knight of the Swan, preserved in the Cotton Library, has been already described in Vol. II., Essay on P. Plowman's Metre, &c., as hath also

¹ See Laneham's Letter concern. Q. Eliz. entertainment at Killingworth, 1575, 12mo, p. 34.

17. *The Sege of Jèrlam*, (or Jerusalem) which seems to have been written after the other, and may not improperly be classed among the Romances; as may also the following, which is preserved in the same volume: viz.

18. *Owaine Myles*, (fol. 90,) giving an account of the wonders of St Patrick's Purgatory. This is a translation into verse of the story related in Mat. Paris's Hist. (sub Ann. 1153.)—It is in distichs beginning thus:

God þat ys so full of myght.

In the same Manuscript are three or four other narrative poems, which might be reckoned among the Romances, but being rather religious Legends, I shall barely mention them; as *Tundale*, f. 17. *Trentale Sci Gregorii*, f. 84. *Jerome*, f. 133. *Eustache*, f. 136.

19. *Octavian imperator*, an ancient Romance of Chivalry, is in the same vol. of the Cotton Library, f. 20.—Notwithstanding the name, this old poem has nothing in common with the history of the Roman Emperors. It is in a very peculiar kind of Stanza, whereof 1, 2, 3, & 5, rhyme together, as do the 4 and 6. It begins thus:

Ihesu þat was with spere ystonge.

In the public Library at Cambridge,¹ is a poem with the same title, that begins very differently:

Lyttyll and mykill, olde and yonge.

20. *Eglamour of Artas* (or *Artoys*) is preserved in the same Vol. with the foregoing, both in the Cotton Library, and public Library at Cambridge. It is also in the Editor's folio MS. p. 295, where it is divided into six Parts.—A printed copy is in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Seld., and also among Mr Garrick's old plays, K. vol. X. It is in distichs, and begins thus:

Ihesu Crist of heven kyng.

21. *Syr Triamore* (in stanzas of six lines) is preserved in MS. in the Editor's volume, p. 210, and in the public Library at Cambridge, (690, § 29. *Vid.* Cat. MSS. p. 394.)—Two printed copies are extant in the Bodleian Library, and among Mr Garrick's plays in the same volumes with the last article. Both the Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

Nowe Jesu Chryste our heven kynga.

The Cambridge copy thus:

Heven blys that all shall wyne.

22. *Sir Degree* (*Degare* or *Degore*, which last seems the true title)

¹ No. 690, (30.) *Vid.* Oxon. Catalog. MSS. p. 394.

in five parts, in distichs, is preserved in the Editor's folio MS. p. 371, and in the public Library at Cambridge, (ubi supra.) A printed copy is in the Bod. Library, C. 39. Art. Seld., and among Mr Garrick's plays K. vol IX.—The Editor's MS. and the printed copies begin,

Lordinge, and you wyl holde you styl,

The Cambridge MS. has it,

Lystenyth, lordyngis, gente and fre.

23. *Ipomydon*, (or *Ohylda Ipomydon*) is preserved among the Harl. MSS. 2252, (44.) It is in distichs, and begins,

Mekely, lordyngis, gentylle and fre.

In the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, K. k. 3. 10. is an old imperfect printed copy wanting the whole first sheet A.

24. *The Squyr of Lowe degre*, is one of those burlesqued by Chaucer in his Rhyme of Thopas.¹—Mr Garrick has a printed copy of this among his old plays, K. vol IX. It begins,

It was a squyer of lowe degre,
That loved the kings daughter of Hungre.

25. *Historye of K. Richard Cure [Cœur] de Lyon*, [Impr. W. de Worde, 1528, 4to,] is preserved in the Bodleian Library, C. 39. Art. Selden. A fragment of it is also remaining in the Edinburgh MS. of old English poems; Num. XXXVI. in 2 leaves. A large Extract from this romance has been given already above. Richard was the peculiar patron of Chivalry, and favourite of the old Minstrels, and Troubadours. See Warton's Observ. Vol. I. p. 29; Vol. II. p. 40.

26. Of the following I have only seen No. 27, but I believe they may all be referred to the Class of Romances.

The *Knight of Courtesy and the Lady of Faguel* (Bodl. Lib. C. 39. Art. Seld. a printed copy.) This Mr Warton thinks is the Story of Coucy's Heart, related in Fauchet, and in Howel's Letters. [V. I. S. 6. L. 20. See Wart. Obs. V. II. p. 40.] The Editor has seen a very beautiful old ballad on this subject in French.

27. The four following are all preserved in the MS. so often referred to in the public Library at Cambridge (690. Appendix to Bp. More's MSS. in Cat. MSS. Tom. II. p. 394.) viz. *The Lay of Erle of Tholouse*, (No. 27,) of which the Editor hath also a copy from 'Cod. MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.' The first line of both is,

Jesu Chryste in Trynste.

¹ This is alluded to by Shakespeare in his Hen. V. (Act 5.) where Fluellen tells Pistol, he will make him a Squire of Low Degree, when he means to knock him down.

28. *Robert Kynge of Cysyll* (or Sicily) shewing the fall of Pride. Of this there is also a copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703. (3.) The Cambridge MS. begins,

Princis that be prowde in prese.

29. *Le bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus:

As ferre as men ride or gone.

30. *Dioclesian the Emperour*, beginning,

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

31. The two knightly brothers *Amys and Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386, § 42.) is an old Romance of Chivalry; as is also, I believe, the fragment of the *Lady Belesant, the duke of Lombardy's fair daughter*, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. Vol. II.

32. In the Edinburgh MS. so often referred to (preserved in the Advocates Library, W. 4. 1.) might probably be found some other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of the pieces mentioned in it; for the whole Volume contains not fewer than xxxvii Poems or Romances, some of them very long. But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been cut out for the stake of the illuminations; and as I have not had an opportunity of examining the MS. myself, I shall be content to mention only the articles that follow:¹ viz.

An old Romance about Rouland (not I believe the famous Paladine, but a champion named *Rouland Louth*; query) being in the Volume, Numb. xxvii. in five leaves, and wants the beginning.

33. Another Romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation of this last, intituled, *Otuel a knight*, (Numb. xxviii. in 11 leaves and a half.) The two first lines are,

Herkneth both singe and old,
That willen heren of batailles bold.

34. The *King of Tars* (Numb. iv, in 5 leaves and a half; it is also in the Bodleyan Library, MS. Vernon, f. 304.) beginning thus:

Herkneth to me bothe eld and sing,
For Maries love that swete thing.

35. A Tale or Romance, (Numb. i. 2 leaves), that wants both beginning and end. The first lines now remaining are,

Th Erl him graunted his-will y-wis. that the knight him haden y told.
The Baronnis that were of mikle pris. befor him thay weren y-cold.

¹ Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies.

36. Another mutilated Tale of Romance (No. iii. 4 leaves). The first lines at present are,

To Mr Steward wil y gon. and tellen him the sothe of the
Reseyved bestow sone anon. gif sou will serve and with hir be.

37. A mutilated Tale or Romance (No. xi. in 13 leaves). The first lines that occur are,

That riche Dooke his fest gan hold
With Erls and with Baronna bold.

I cannot conclude my account of this curious Manuscript, without acknowledging, that I was indebted to the friendship of the Rev. Dr Blair, the ingenious Professor of Belles Letters, in the University of Edinburgh, for whatever I learned of its contents, and for the important additions it enabled me to make to the foregoing list.

To the preceding articles, two ancient Metrical Romances in the Scottish dialect may now be added, which are published in Pinkerton's 'Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce Editions,' Lond. 1792, in 3 Vols. 8vo, viz.

38. *Gawan and Gologras*, a Metrical Romance; from an edition printed at Edinburgh, 1508, 8vo, beginning,

In the tyme of Arthur, as trew men me tald.

It is in stanzas of 13 lines.

39. *Sir Gawan and Sir Galaren of Galloway*, a Metrical Romance, in the same stanzas as No. 38, from an ancient MS. beginning thus :

In the tyme of Arthur an sunter¹ betydde
By the Turnwathelan, as the boke tells;
Whan he to Carlele was comen, and conqueror kyd, &c.

Both these (which exhibit the union of the old alliterative metre, with rhyme, &c. and in the termination of each stanza the short triplets of the Turnament of Totenham) are judged to be as old as the time of our K. Henry VI. being apparently the production of an old Poet, thus mentioned by Dunbar, in his 'Lament for the Deth of the Makkaris :'

' Clerk of Tranent eik he hes take,
That made the aventers of Sir Gawane.'

It will scarce be necessary to remind the Reader, that *Turnwathelan* is evidently *Tearne-Wadling*, celebrated in the old Ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine. See pp. 12, and 287, of this Volume.

Many new references, and perhaps some additional articles might be added to the foregoing list from Mr Warton's History of English Poetry, 3 vols. 4to, and from the Notes to Mr Tyrwhitt's improved Edition of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, &c. in 5 Vols. 8vo, which have been published since this Essay, &c. was first composed; but it will be sufficient once for all to refer the curious Reader to those popular Works.

The reader will also see many interesting particulars on the subject of these volumes, as well as on most points of general literature, in Sir John Hawkins's curious History of Music, &c. in 5 volumes, 4to, as also in Dr Burney's Hist. &c. in 4 vols. 4to.

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT POETRY, ETC.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK I.

I.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE

—Is printed verbatim from the old MS. described in the Preface. The Editor believes it more ancient than it will appear to be at first sight; the transcriber of that manuscript having reduced the orthography and style in many instances to the standard of his own times.

The incidents of the *Mantle* and the *Knife* have not, that I can recollect, been borrowed from any other writer. The former of these evidently suggested to Spenser his conceit of Florimel's Girdle. B. iv. C. 5. St. 8.

'That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love
And wivahood true to all that did it beare;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose or else asunder teare.'

So it happened to the false Florimel, st. 16, when

———'Being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no means they could it thereto frame,
For ever as they fastned it, it looe'd
And fell away, as feeling secret-blame, &c.
That all men wondred at the unseouth sight
And each one thought as to their fancies came.
But she herself did think it done for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame:
Then many other ladies likewise tride
About their tender loynes to knit the same,
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, oftentimes it was untide
Thereto all knights gan laugh and ladies lowre,
Till that at last the gentle Amoret

Likewise assayed to prove that girdle's powre.
 And having it about her middle set
 Did find it fit withouten breach or let,
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie.
 But Florimel exceedingly did fret
 And snatching from her hand,' &c.

As for the trial of the *Horne*, it is not peculiar to our Poet: It occurs in the old romance, intituled 'Morte Arthur,' which was translated out of French in the time of K. Edw. IV. and first printed anno 1484. From that romance Ariosto is thought to have borrowed his tale of the Enchanted Cup, C. 42, &c. See Mr Warton's 'Observations on the Faerie Queen,' &c.

The story of the Horn in Morte Arthur varies a good deal from this of our Poet, as the reader will judge from the following extract.—'By the way they met with a knight that was sent from Morgan la Faye to king Arthur, and this knight had a fair horne all garnished with gold, and the horne had such a virtue, that there might no ladye or gentlewoman drinke of that horne, but if she were true to her husband: and if shee were false she should spill all the drinke, and if shee were true unto her lorde, she might drink peaceably: and because of queene Guenever, and in despite of Sir Launcelot du Lake, this horne was sent unto king Arthur.'—This horn is intercepted and brought unto another king named Marke, who is not a whit more fortunate than the British hero, for he makes 'his qeene drinke thereof and an hundred ladies moe, and there were but foure ladies of all those that drank cleane' of which number the said queen proves not to be one [Book II. chap. 22. Ed. 1632.]

In other respects the two stories are so different, that we have just reason to suppose this Ballad was written before that romance was translated into English.

As for queen Guenever, she is here represented no otherwise than in the old Histories and Romances. Holinshed observes, that 'she was evil reported of, as noted of incontinence and breach of faith to hir husband.' Vol. I. p. 98.

☞ Such Readers, as have no relish for pure antiquity, will find a more modern copy of this Ballad at the end of the volume.

In the third day of may,
 To Carleile did come
 A kind curteous child,
 That cold much of wisdom.

A kirtle and a mantle
 This child had uppon,
 With [brouches] and ringes
 Full richèlye bedone.

He had a sute of silke
 About his middle drawne;

5

10

Without he cold of curtesye
He thought itt much shame.

‘God speed thee, king Arthur,
Sitting at thy meate:
And the goodly queene Guénever, 15
I cannott her forgett.

I tell you, lords, in this hall;
I hett you all to [heede];
Except you be the more surer
Is you for to dread.’ 20

He plucked out of his [poterner,]
And longer wold not dwell,
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,
Betweene two nut-shells.

‘Have thou here, king Arthur; 25
Have thou heere of mee:
Give itt to thy comely queene
Shapen as itt is alreadye.

‘Itt shall never become that wiffe,
That hath once done amisse.’ 30
Then every knight in the kings court
Began to care for [his.]

Forth came dame Guénever;
To the mantle shee her [hied];
The ladye she was newfangle, 35
But yett shee was affrayd.

When shee had taken the mantle;
 She stooode as shee had beene madd;
 It was from the top to the toe
 As sheerès had itt shread. 40

One while was itt [gule];
 Another while was itt greene;
 Another while was itt wadded:
 Ill itt did her beseeme.

Another while was it blacke 45
 And bore the worst hue:
 'By my troth,' quoth king Arthur,
 'I thinke thou be not true.'

Shee threw downe the mantle,
 That bright was of blee; 50
 Fast with a rudd redd,
 To her chamber can shee flee.

She curst the weaver, and the walker,
 That clothe that had wrought;
 And bade a vengeance on his crowne, 55
 That hither hath itt brought.

'I had rather be in a wood,
 Under a greenè tree;
 Then in king Arthurs court
 Shamèd for to bee.' 60

Kay called forth his ladye,
 And bade her come neere;
 Saies, 'Madam, and thou be guiltye,
 I pray thee hold thee there.'

Forth came his ladye
Shortlye and anon;
Boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone. 65

When she had tane the mantle,
And cast it her about;
Then was shee bare
[Before all the rout.] 70

Then every knight,
That was in the kings court,
Talked, laughed, and showed
Full oft att that sport. 75

She threw downe the mantle,
That bright was of blee;
Fast, with a red rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee. 80

Forth came an old knight
Pattering ore a creede,
And he proferred to this little boy
Twenty markes to his meede;

And all the time of the Christmasse
Willinglye to ffeede;
For why this mantle might
Doe his wiffe some need. 85

When she had tane the mantle,
Of cloth that was made,
Shee had no more left on her,
But a tassell and a threed: 90

Then every knight in the kings court
Bade evill might shee speed.

Shee threw downe the mantle, 95
That bright was of blee;
And fast, with a redd rudd,
To her chamber can shee flee.

Craddocke called forth his ladye,
And bade her come in; 100
Saith, 'Winne this mantle, ladye,
With a little dinne.

Winne this mantle, ladye,
And it shal be thine,
If thou never did amisse 105
Since thou wast mine.'

Forth came Craddockes ladye
Shortlye and anon;
But boldlye to the mantle
Then is shee gone. 110

When shee had tane the mantle,
And cast itt her about,
Upp att her great toe
It began to crinkle and crowt:
Shee said, 'bowe downe, mantle, 115
And shame me not for nought,

Once I did amisse,
I tell you certainlye,
When I kist Craddockes mouth
Under a greenè tree; 120

When I kist Craddockes mouth
Before he married mee.'

When shee had her shreeven,
And her sines shee had tolde;
The mantle stooode about her 125
Right as shee wold:

Seemelye of coulour
Glittering like gold:
Then every knight in Arthurs court
Did her behold. 130

Then spake dame Guénever
To Arthur our king;
'She hath tane yonder mantle
Not with right, but with wronge.

See you not yonder woman, 135
That maketh her self soe [cleane]?
I have seene tane out of her bedd
Of men fiveteene;

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
From her bedeene: 140
Yett shee taketh the mantle,
And maketh her self cleane.'

Then spake the litle boy,
That kept the mantle in hold;
Sayes, 'king, chasten thy wiffe, 145
Of her words shee is to bold:

She is a bitch and a witch,
 And a whore bold:
 King, in thine owne hall
 Thou art a cuckold.' 150

The litle boy stoode
 Looking out a dore;
 [And there as he was lookinge
 He was ware of a wyld bore.]

He was ware of a wyld bore, 155
 Wold have werryed a man:
 He pulld forth a wood kniffe,
 Fast thither that he ran:
 He brought in the borès head,
 And quitted him like a man. 160

He brought in the borès head,
 And was wonderous bold:
 He said 'there was never a cuckolds kniffe
 Carve itt that cold.'

Some rubbed their knives 165
 Uppon a whetstone:
 Some threw them under the table,
 And said they had none.

King Arthur, and the child
 Stood looking upon them; 170
 All their knivès edges
 Turnèd backe againe.

Craddocke had a little knife
 Of iron and of steele;

He britled the bores head 175
Wonderous weele;
That every knight in the kings court
Had a morssell.

The little boy had a horne,
Of red gold that ronge: 180
He said, 'there was noe cuckolde
Shall drinke of my horne;
But he shold it sheede
Either behind or before.'

Some shedd on their shoulder, 185
And some on their knee;
He that cold not hitt his mouthe,
Put it in his eye:
And he that was a cuckold
Every man might him see. 190

Craddocke wan the horne,
And the borès head:
His ladie wan the mantle
Unto her meede.
Everye such a lovely ladye, 195
God send her well to speede.

II.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

—Is chiefly taken from the fragment of an old ballad in the Editor's MS. which he has reason to believe more ancient than the time of Chaucer, and what furnished that bard with his Wife of Bath's Tale. The original was so extremely mutilated, half of every leaf being torn away, that without large supplements, &c. it was deemed improper for this collection: these it has therefore received, such as they are. They are not here particularly pointed out, because the Fragment itself will now be found printed at the end of this volume.

PART THE FIRST.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carleile,
 And seemely is to see;
 And there with him queene Guenever,
 That bride soe bright of blee.*

And there with him queene Guenever, 5
 That bride so bright in bowre:
 And all his barons about him stooode,
 That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
 With mirth and princelye cheare; 10
 To him repaired many a knyghte,
 That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
 And cups went freely round;
 Before them came a faire damselle, 15
 And knelt upon the ground.

'A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthùre,
 I beg a boone of thee;
 Avenge me of a carlish knyghte,
 Who hath shent my love and mee. 20

At Tearne-Wadling¹ his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudlie rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

Noe gentle knight, nor ladye gay, 25
May pass that castle-walle:
But from that foule discourteous knighte,
Mishappe will them befall.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,
Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge, 30
And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme barðne 'twas our harde happe,
But yester morne to see;
When to his bowre he bare my love, 35
And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, king Arthùre
As lyttle shold him spare;
Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
To meete mee if he dare.' 40

Upp then sterted king Arthùre,
And sware by hille and dale,
He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme barðne,
Till he had made him quail.

'Goe fetch my sword Excalibar; 45
Goe saddle mee my steede;

¹ Tearne-Wadling is the name of a small lake near Heaketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition, that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. 'Tearn,' in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

Nowe, by my faye, that grimme barðne
Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.'

And when he came to Tearne Wadlinge
Benethe the castle walle: 50
'Come forth; come forth; thou proude barðne,
Or yielde thyself my thralle.'

On magicke grounde that castle stooðe,
And fenc'd with many a spelle:
Noe valiant knighte could tread thereon, 55
But straite his courage felle.

Forth then rush'd that carlish knight,
King Arthur felte the charme:
His sturdy sinewes lost their strengthe,
Downe sunke his feeble arme. 60

'Nowe yield thee, yield thee, kinge Arthùre,
Now yield thee, unto mee:
Or fighte with mee, or lose thy lande,
Noe better termes maye bee,

Unlesse thou sweare upon the rood, 65
And promise on thy faye,
Here to returne to Tearne-Wadling,
Upon the new-year's daye;

And bringe me worde what thing it is
All women moste desyre; 70
This is thy ransome, Arthur,' he sayes,
'Ile have noe other hyre.'

King Arthur then helde up his hande,
And sware upon his faye ;

Then tooke his leave of the grimme barðne 75
And faste hee rode awaye.

And he rode east, and he rode west.
And did of all inquyre,
What thing it is all women crave,
And what they most desyre. 80

Some told him riches, pompe, or state;
Some rayment fine and brighte;
Some told him mirth; some flattery;
And some a jollye knyghte.

In letters all king Arthur wrote, 85
And seal'd them with his ringe:
But still his minde was helde in doubte,
Each tolde a different thinge.

As ruthfulle he rode over a more,
He saw a lady sette 90
Betweene an oke, and a greene holléye,
All clad in red¹ scarlette.

Her nose was crookt and turnd outwårde,
Her chin stooode all awrye;
And where as sholde have been her mouthe, 95
Lo! there was set her eye:

Her haire, like serpents, clung aboute
Her cheekes of deadly hewe:
A worse-form'd ladye than she was,
No man mote ever viewe. 100

¹ This was a common phrase in our old writers; so Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Cant. Tales, says of the wife of Bath:

'Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red.'

To hail the king in seemely sorte
 This ladye was fulle faine;
 But king Arthùre all sore amaz'd,
 No aunswere made againe.

‘What wight art thou,’ the ladye sayd, 105
 ‘That wilt not speake to mee?
 Sir, I may chance to ease thy paine,
 Though I bee foule to see.’

‘If thou wilt ease my paine,’ he sayd,
 ‘And helpe me in my neede; 110
 Ask what thou wilt, thou grimme ladyè,
 And it shall bee thy meede.’

‘O sweare mee this upon the roode,
 And promise on thy faye;
 And here the secrette I will telle, 115
 That shall thy ransome paye.’

King Arthur promis'd on his faye,
 And sware upon the roode;
 The secrette then the ladye told,
 As lightlye well shee cou'de. 120

‘Now, this shall be my paye, sir king,
 And this my guerdon bee,
 That some yong fair and courtlye knight,
 Thou bringe to marrye mee.’

Fast then prickèd king Arthùre 125
 Ore hille, and dale, and downie:
 And soone he founde the barone's bowre:
 And soone the grimme baroune.

He bare his clubbe upon his backe,
Hee stooode bothe stiffe and stronge; 130
And, when he had the letters reade,
Awaye the lettres flunge.

‘Nowe yield thee, Arthur, and thy lands,
All forfeit unto mee;
For this is not thy paye, sir king, 135
Nor may thy ransome bee.’

‘Yet hold thy hand, thou proud barðne,
I praye thee hold thy hand;
And give mee leave to speake once more
In reskewe of my land. 140

This morne, as I came over a more,
I saw a ladye sette
Betwene an oke, and a greene hollèye,
All clad in red scarlèt.

Shee sayes, all women will have their wille, 145
This is their chief desyre;
Now yield, as thou art a barone true,
That I have payd mine hyre.’

‘An earlye vengeaunce light on her!’
The carlish baron swore: 150
‘Shee was my sister tolde thee this,
And shee’s a mishapen whore.

But here I will make mine avowe,
To do her as ill a turne:
For an ever I may that foule theefe gette. 155
In a fyre I will her burne.’

PART THE SECONDE.

HOMEWARDE prickèd king Arthùre,
 And a wearye man was hee;
 And soone he mette queen Guenever,
 That bride so bright of blee.

‘What newes? what newes? thou noble king, 5
 Howe, Arthur, hast thou sped?
 Where hast thou hung the carlish knight?
 And where bestow’d his head?’

‘The carlish knight is safe for mee,
 And free fro mortal harme: 10
 On magicke grounde his castle stands,
 And fenc’d with many a charme.

To bowe to him I was fulle faine,
 And yelde mee to his hand:
 And but for a lothly ladye, there 15
 I sholde have lost my land.

And nowe this fills my hearte with woe,
 And sorrowe of my life;
 I swore a yonge and courtlye knight,
 Sholde marry her to his wife.’ 20

Then bespake him Sir Gawàine,
 That was ever a gentle knight:
 ‘That lothly ladye I will wed;
 Therefore be merrie and lighte.’

‘Nowe naye, nowe naye, good sir Gawàine; 25
 My sister’s sonne yee bee;
 This lothlye ladye’s all too grimme,
 And all too foule for yee.

Her nose is crookt and turn'd outwàrde;
Her chin stands all awrye; 30
A worse form'd ladye than shee is
Was never seen with eye.'

'What though her chin stand all awrye,
And shee be foule to see?
I'll marry her, unkle, for thy sake, 35
And I'll thy ransome bee.'

'Nowe thanks, now thanks, good sir Gawàine;
And a blessing thee betyde!
To-morrow wee'll have knights and squires,
And wee'll goe fetch thy bride. 40

And wee'll have hawkes and wee'll have houndes,
To cover our intent;
And wee'll away to the greene forèst,
As wee a hunting went.'

Sir Lancelot, sir Stephen bolde, 45
They rode with them that daye;
And foremoste of the companye
There rode the stewarde Kaye:

Soe did sir Banier and sir Bore,
And eke sir Garratte keene; 50
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,
To the forest freshe and greene.

And when they came to the greene forrèst,
Beneathe a faire holley tree
There sate that ladye in red scarlèt
That unseemelye was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere ;
'Whoever kisses that ladye,' he sayes,
'Of his kisse he stands in feare.' 60

Sir Kay beheld that ladye againe,
And looked upon her snout ;
'Whoever kisses that ladye,' he sayes,
Of his kisse he stands in doubt.'

'Peace, brother Kay,' sayde sir Gawàine, 65
'And amend thee of thy life:
For there is a knight amongst us all,
Must marry her to his wife.'

'What! marry this foule queane,' quoth Kay,
I' the devil's name anone; 70
Gett mee a wife wherever I maye,
In sooth shee shall be none.'

Then some tooke up their hawkes in haste,
And some took up their houndes ;
And sayd they wolde not marry her, 75
For cities, nor for townes.

Then bespake him king Arthùre,
And sware there by this daye ;
'For a little foule sighte and mislikinge,
Yee shall not say her naye.' 80

'Peace, lordlings, peace;' sir Gawaine sayd ;
'Nor make debate and strife ;
This lothlye ladye I will take,
And marry her to my wife.'

‘Nowe thankes, nowe thankes, good sir Gawaine,
And a blessinge be thy meede! 86
For as I am thine own ladyè,
Thou never shalt rue this deede.’

Then up they took that lothly dame,
And home anone they bringe: 90
And there sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ringe.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done awaye:
‘Come turne to mee, mine owne wed-lord 95
Come turne to mee I praye.’

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrowe and for care;
When, lo! instead of that lothelye dame,
Hee sawe a young ladye faire. 100

Sweet blushes stayn’d her rud-red cheeke,
Her eyen were blacke as sloe:
The ripening cherrye swellde her lippe,
And all her necke was snowe.

Sir Gawaine kiss’d that lady faire, 105
Lying upon the sheete:
And swore, as he was a true knyghte,
The spice was never soe sweete.

Sir Gawaine kiss’d that lady brighte,
Lying there by his side: 110
‘The fairest flower is not soe faire:
Thou never can’st bee my bride.’

‘I am thy bride, mine owne deare lorde,
 The same whiche thou didst knowe,
 That was soe lothlye, and was wont 115
 Upon the wild more to goe.

Nowe, gentle Gawaine, chuse,’ quoth shee,
 ‘And make thy choice with care;
 Whether by night, or else by daye,
 Shall I be foule or faire?’ 120

‘To have thee foule still in the night,
 When I with thee should playe!
 I had rather farre, my lady deare,
 To have thee foule by daye.’

‘What! when gaye ladyes goe with their lordes 125
 To drinke the ale and wine;
 Alas! then I must hide myself,
 I must not goe with mine!’

‘My faire ladyè, sir Gawaine sayd,
 I yield me to thy skille; 130
 Because thou art mine owne ladyè
 Thou shalt have all thy wille.’

‘Nowe blessed be thou, sweete Gawaine,
 And the daye that I thee see;
 For as thou seest mee at this time, 135
 Soe shall I ever bee.

My father was an aged knyghte,
 And yet it chanced soe,
 He tooke to wife a false ladyè,
 Whiche broughte me to this woe. 140

Shee witch'd mee, being a faire yonge maide,
 In the greene forèst to dwelle;
 And there to abide in lothlye shape,
 Most like a fiend of helle.

Midst mores and mosses, woods, and wilds, 145
 To lead a lonesome life:
 Till some yong faire and courtlye knighte
 Wolde marrye me to his wife:

Nor fully to gaine mine owne trewe shape,
 Such was her devilish skille; 150
 Until he wolde yielde to be rul'd by mee,
 And let mee have all my wille.

She witchd my brother to a carlish boore,
 And made him stiffe and stronge;
 And built him a bowre on magicke groundes, 155
 To live by rapine and wronge.

But now the spelle is broken throughe,
 And wronge is turnde to righte;
 Henceforth I shall bee a faire ladyè,
 And hee be a gentle knighte.' 160

* *
 *

III.

KING RYENCE'S CHALLENGE.

This song is more modern than many of those which follow it, but is placed here for the sake of the subject. It was sung before queen Elizabeth at the grand entertainment at Kenilworth-castle in 1575, and was probably composed for that occasion. In a letter describing those festivities, it is thus mentioned: 'A Minstral came forth with a sollem song, warranted for story out of K. Arthur's acts, whereof I gat a copy, and is this:

"So it fell out on a Pentecost, &c."

After the song the narrative proceeds: 'At this the Minstrell made a pause and a curtesy for Primus Passus. More of the song is thear, but I gatt it not.'

The story in 'Morte Arthur,' whence it is taken, runs as follows: 'Came a messenger hastily from king Ryence of North-Wales,—saying, that king Ryence had discomfited and overoomen eleaven kings, and everiche of them did him homage, and that was this: they gave him their beards cleane flayne off.—wherefore the messenger came for king Arthur's beard, for king Ryence had purfeled a mantell with kings beards, and there lacked for one a place of the mantell, wherefore he sent for his beard, or else he would enter into his landa, and brenn and slay, and never leave till he have thy head and thy beard. Well, said king Arthur, thou hast said thy message, which is the most villainous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a king. Also thou mayest see my beard is full young yet for to make a purfell of, but tell thou the king that—or it be long he shall do to me homage on both his knees, or else he shall leese his head.' [B. I. 24. See also the same Romance, B. I. c. 92.]

The thought seems to be originally taken from Jeff. Monmouth's Hist. B. X. c. 3. which is alluded to by Drayton in his Poly-Olb. Song 4. and by Spenser in Faer. Qu. 6. 1. 13. 15. See the Observations on Spenser, vol. II. p. 223.

The following text is composed of the best readings selected from three different copies. The first in Enderbie's Cambria Triumphans, p. 197. The second in the Letter abovementioned. And the third inserted in MS. in a copy of Morte Arthur, 1632, in the Bodl. Library.

Stow tells us, that king Arthur kept his round table at 'diverse places, but especially at Carlion, Winchester, and Camalet in Somersetshire.' This Camalet, 'sometimes a famous towne or castle, is situate on a very high tor or hill, &c.' [See an exact description in Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631, p. 55.]

As it fell out on a Pentecost day,

King Arthur at Camelot kept his court royall,

With his faire queene dame Guenever the gay;

And many bold barons sitting in hall;

With ladies attired in purple and pall;

5

And heraults in hewkes, hooting on high,

Cried, *Largesse, Largesse, Chevaliers tres-hardie*.¹

A doughty dwarfe to the uppermost deas

Right pertlye gan pricke, kneeling on knee;

With steven fulle stoute amids all the preas,

10

¹ 'Largesse, Largesse,' The heralds resounded these words as oft as they received of the bounty of the knights. See 'Memoires de la Chevalerie.' tom. I. p. 99.—The expression is still used in the form of installing knights of the garter.

Sayd, 'Nowe sir king Arthur, God save thee, and
see!

Sir Ryence of North-gales greeteth well thee,
And bids thee thy beard anon to him send,
Or else from thy jaws he will it off rend.

For his robe of state is a rich scarlet mantle, 15
With eleven kings beards bordered ¹ about,
And there is room lefte yet in a kante,
For thine to stande, to make the twelfth out:
This must be done, be thou never so stout;
This must be done, I tell thee no fable, 20
Maugre the teethe of all thy round table.'

When this mortal message from his mouthe past,
Great was the noyse bothe in hall and in bower:
The king fum'd; the queene screecht; ladies were
aghast; 24
Princes puffd; barons blustred; lords began lower;
Knights stormed; squires startled, like steeds in
a stower;
Pages and yeomen yell'd out in the hall,
Then in came sir Kay, the [king's] seneschal.

'Silence, my soveraignes,' quoth this courteous knight,
And in that stound the stowre began still: 30
[Then] the dwarfe's dinner full deerely was dight:
Of wine and wassel he had his wille:
And, when he had eaten and drunken his fill,
An hundred pieces of fine coynèd gold
Were given this dwarf for his message bold. 35

'But say to sir Ryence, thou dwarf,' quoth the king,
'That for his bold message I do him defye;

¹ i.e. set round the border, as furs are now round the gowns of Magistrates.

And shortlŷe with basins and pans will him ring
 Out of North-gales; where he and I
 With swords, and not razors, quickly shall trye, 40
 Whether he, or king Arthur will prove the best
 barbor;'
 And therewith he shook his good sword Excalàbor.

* * * * *

†† Strada, in his *Prolusions*, has ridiculed the story of the Giant's Mantle, made of the Beards of Kings.

IV.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

The subject of this ballad is evidently taken from the old romance 'Morte Arthur,' but with some variations, especially in the concluding stanzas; in which the author seems rather to follow the traditions of the old Welsh Bards, who 'believed that king Arthur was not dead, but conveyed awaie by the Fairies into some pleasant place, where he should remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reign in as great authority as ever.' *Holingshed*. B. 5. c. 14. or as it is expressed in an old Chronicle printed at Antwerp 1493, by Ger. de Leew, 'The Bretons supposen, that he [K. Arthur]—shall come yet and conquere all Bretaigne, for certes this is the prophycye of Marlyn: He sayd, that his deth shall be doubtuous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen for ever more,—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede.' See more ancient testimonies in Selden's *Notes on Polyolbion*, Song III.

This fragment being very incorrect and imperfect in the original MS. hath received some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas composed from the romance of 'Morte Arthur.'

* * * * *

On Trinitŷe Mondaye in the morne,
 This sore battayle was doom'd to bee;
 Where manŷe a knyghte cry'd, 'Well-awaŷe!'
 Alacke, it was the more pittle.

¹ There is a tradition in Sicily, that Arthur is preserved alive by his fairy sister, La Fata Morgana, whose palace is said to be seen in the sea of Messina, opposite Reggio.—Ed.

Ere the first crowinge of the cocke, 5
When as the kinge in his bed laye,
He thoughte sir Gawaine to him came,¹
And there to him these wordes did saye.

‘Nowe, as you are mine unkle deare,
And as you prize your life, this daye 19
O meet not with your foe in fighte;
Putt off the battayle, if yee maye.

For sir Launcelot is nowe in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardye knighte:
Who will within this moneth be backe, 15
And will assiste yee in the fighte.’

The kinge then call’d his nobles all,
Before the breakinge of the daye;
And tolde them how sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did saye. 20

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, hee
Shold send awaye an herauld at armes,
To aske a parley faire and free.

Then twelve good knightes king Arthure chose, 25
The best of all that with him were:
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement faire.

The king he chargèd all his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee: 30

¹ Sir Gawaine had been killed at Arthur's landing on his return from abroad.
See the next Ballad, ver. 73.

But noe man sholde noe weapon sturre,
Unlesse a sword drawne they shold see.

And Mordred on the other parte,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bringe;
The beste of all his companye, 35
To hold the parley with the kinge.

Sir Mordred also charged his hoste,
In readinesse there for to bee;
But noe man sholde no weapon sturre,
But if a sworde drawne they shold see. 40

For he durste not his unkle truste,
Nor he his nephewe, sothe to tell:
Alacke! it was a woefulle case,
As ere in Christentye befelle.

But when they were together mette, 45
And both to faire accordance broughte;
And a month's league betweene them sette,
Before the battayle sholde be foughte;

An addere crept forth of a bushe,
Stunge one o' th' king's knightes on the knee: 50
Alacke! it was a woefulle chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knighte found him wounded sore,
And sawe the wild-worme hanging there;
His sworde he from his scabberde drewe: 55
A piteous case as ye shall heare.

For when the two hostes sawe the sworde,
They joyndè battayle instantlye;

Till of soe manye noble knightes,
On one side there were left but three. 60

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some fewe that fled awaye:
Ay mee! it was a bloodye field,
As ere was foughte on summer's daye.

Upon king Arthur's own partye, 65
Onlye himselfe escaped there,
And Lukyn duke of Gloster free,
And the king's butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knightes,
All dead and scattered on the molde; 70
The teares fast trickled downe his face;
That manlye face in fight so bolde.

'Nowe reste yee all, brave knights,' he said,
'Soe true and faithful to your trust;
And must yee then, ye valiant hearts, 75
Be lefte to moulder into dust!

Most loyal have yee been to mee,
Most true and faithful unto deathe:
And, oh! to rayse yee up againe,
How freelye could I yield my breathe! 80

But see the traitor's yet alive,
Lo, where hee stalkes among the deade!
Nowe bitterlye he shall aby: e
And vengeance fall upon his head.'

'O staye, my liege,' then sayd the duke; 85
'O stay for love and charitle;

Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meete your foe, if it may bee.'

'O, staye mee not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe: 90
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.'

Then strait he grasp'd his trustye speare,
And on his horse then mounted hee:
As his butler holpe him to his horse, 95
His bowels gushèd to his knee.

'Alas!' then sayd the noble king,
'That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slaine,
All for his love in helping meel' 100

He put his speare into his reste,
And to sir Mordred loud gan crye;
'Nowe sette thyself upon thy garde,
For, traitor, nowe thy death is nye.'

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde, 105
And fierce to meet the king ran hee:
The king his speare he through him thrust;
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordered felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe; 110
He thruste himselfe upon the speare,
And strucke the king a deadly blowe.

Then grimmlye dyed sir Mordered,
Presentlye upon that tree:

And bloody streames ranne from the kinge 115
Ere to the duke returned hee.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
‘Sir knighte, thou hast beene faithfulle
tryde,
Nowe take my sword Excalibar,¹
That hangs so freelye by my syde: 120

O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throwe:
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I foregoe.

And fare thee well, thou trustye sword, 125
A better neer had valiant knighte,
With thee full ofte, and manye a daye,
Have I withstood my foe in fighte.

With this good fauchion in my hande,
Oft have I reaped the bloodye feelde: 130
But nowe the fatalle houre is come,
That never more I may thee weelde.’

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his owne sword in threwe he:
But he kept back Excalibar, 135
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade;
And all the hilte of precious stone:
‘And ever alacke!’ then sayd the knighte,
‘Must such a sword awaye be throwne?’ 140

¹ More commonly called, Caliburn. In the folio MS. Escalberd.

Then backe he came unto the kinge,
Who sayd, 'Sir Lukyn, what did yee see?'
'Nothing, my liege, save that the winde
Blewe oer the waters faire and free.'

'O goe againe,' then said the kinge, 145
'O good sir Lukyn, goe againe:
Into the rivere throwe my sword,
Nor keepe me lingering here in paine.'

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabberd in threwe hee; 150
But hee kept backe Excalibar,
And hid it undernethe a tree.

Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, 'Sir Lukyn sawe ye oughte?'
'Nothings, my liege, save that the winde 155
Nowe with the angrie waters fought.'

'O Lukyn, Lukyn,' said the kinge,
'Twice haste thou dealt deceytfullye:
Alacke, whom may wee ever truste,
When suche a knight soe false can bee? 160

Saye, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword, that wins thine eye?
Nowe goe againe, and throwe it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye.'

The duke, all shent with this rebuke, 165
No aunswere made unto the kinge;
But to the rivere tooke the sworde,
And threwe it far as he coude flinge.

A hande and an arme did meete the sworde,
 And flourishd three times in the air ; 170
 Then sunke benethe the renninge streme,
 And of the duke was seene noe mair.

All sore astonied stood the duke ;
 He stood as still, as still mote bee :
 Then hastend backe to telle the kinge ; 175
 But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
 For never after hee did him spye :
 But hee sawe a barge goe from the land,
 And hee heard ladyes howle and crye.¹ 180

And whether the kinge were there, or not,
 Hee never knewe, nor ever colde :
 For from that sad and direfulle daye,
 Hee never more was seene on molde.

* *
 *

Ver. 178. see MS.

¹ Not unlike that passage in Virgil.

Summoque ulularunt vertice nymphæ.

'Ladies' was the word our old English writers used for 'Nymphs:' As in the following lines of an old song in the Editor's folio MS.

'When scorching Phoebus he did mount,
 Then Lady Venus went to hunt :
 To whom Diana did resort,
 With all the Ladyes of hills, and valleys,
 Of springs, and floodes, &c.

V.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR.

We have here a short summary of K. Arthur's history as given by Jeff. of Monmouth and the old chronicles, with the addition of a few circumstances from the romance 'Morte Arthur.'—The ancient chronicle of Ger. de Leew (quoted above in p. 24.), seems to have been chiefly followed: upon the authority of which we have restored some of the names which were corrupted in the MS. and have transposed one stanza, which appeared to be misplaced, [viz. that beginning at v. 49. which in the MS. followed v. 86.]

Printed from the Editor's ancient folio Manuscript.

OF Brutus' blood, in Brittain borne,
King Arthur I am to name;
Through Christendome, and Heathynesse,
Well knowne is my worthy fame.

In Jesus Christ I doe beleewe; 5
I am a christyan bore:
The Father, Sone, and Holy Gost,
One God, I doe adore.

In the four hundred ninetieth yeere,
Over Brittain I did rayne, 10
After my savior Christ his byrth:
What time I did maintaine

The fellowship of the table round,
Soe famous in those dayes;
Whereatt a hundred noble knights, 15
And thirty sat alwayes:

Who for their deeds and martiall feates,
As bookes done yett record,

Ver. 1. Bruite his, MS.—Ver. 9. He began his reign A.D. 515, according to the Chronicles.

Amongst all other nations
Wer feared throwgh the world. 20

And in the castle of Tyntagill
King Uther mee begate
Of Agyana a bewtyous ladye,
And come of [hie] estate.

And when I was fifteen yeere old, 25
Then was I crowned kinge:
All Brittain that was att an upròre,
I did to quiett bringe.

And drove the Saxons from the realme,
Who had opprest this land; 30
All Scotland then throughe manly feats
I conquered with my hand.

Ireland, Denmarke, Norway,
These countryes wan I all;
Iseland, Gotheland, and Swethland; 35
And made their kings my thrall.

I conquered all Gallya,
That now is called France;
And slew the hardy Froll in feild
My honor to advance. 40

And the ugly gyant Dynabus
So terrible to vewe,
That in Saint Barnards mount did lye,
By force of armes I slew:

Ver. 23, She is named Igerna in the old Chronicles.—Ver. 24, his, MS.—
Ver. 39, Froland field, MS. Froll according to the Chronicles was a Roman
knight, governor of Gaul.—Ver. 41, Danibus, MS.

And Lucyus the emperour of Rome
 I brought to deadly wracke;
 And a thousand more of noble knightes
 For feare did turne their backe:

45

Five kinges of [paynims] I did kill
 Amidst that bloody strife;
 Besides the Grecian emperour
 Who alsoe lost his liffe.

50

Whose carcasse I did send to Rome
 Cladd poorlye on a beere;
 And afterward I past Mount-Joye
 The next approaching yeere.

55

Then I came to Rome, where I was mett
 Right as a conquerour,
 And by all the cardinalls solempnelye
 I was crowned an emperour.

60

One winter there I made abode:
 Then word to mee was brought
 How Mordred had oppressd the crowne:
 What treason he had wrought

Att home in Brittain with my queene;
 Therefore I came with speede
 To Brittain backe, with all my power,
 To quitt that traiterous deede:

65

And soone at Sandwiche I arrivde,
 Where Mordred me withstoode:
 But yett at last I landed there,
 With effusion of much blood.

70

For there my nephew sir Gawaine dyed,
Being wounded in that sore,
The whiche sir Lancelot in fight
Had given him before.

75

Thence chased I Mordered away,
Who fledd to London right,
From London to Winchester, and
To Cornewalle tooke his flyght.

60

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last wee mett:
Wherby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left a live.

85

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Brittainе tooke their end.
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on feates depend!

90

There all the traiterous men were slaine
Not one escape away;
And there dyed all my vallyant knightes.
Alas! that woefull day!

95

Two and twenty yeere I ware the crowne
In honor and great fame;
And thus by death was suddenlye
Deprived of the same.

100

VI.

A DYTIE TO HEY DOWNE.

Copied from an old MS. in the Cotton Library, [Vesp. A. 25,] intitled,
'Divers things of Hen. vij's time.'

Who sekcs to tame the blustering winde,
Or cause the floods bend to his wyll,
Or els against dame nature's kinde
To [change] things frame by cunning skyll:
That man I thinke bestoweth paine, 5
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who strives to breake the sturdyo steele,
Or goeth about to staye the sunne;
Who thinks to causse an oke to reele,
Which never can by force be done: 10
That man likewise bestoweth paine,
Thoughe that his laboure be in vaine.

Who thinks to stryve against the streame,
And for to sayle without a maste;
Unlesse he thinks perhapps to faine, 15
His travell ys forelorne and waste;
And so in cure of all his paine,
His travell ys his cheffest gaine.

So he lykewise, that goes about
To please eche eye and every eare, 20
Had nede to have withouten doubt
A golden gyft with hym to beare;
For evyll report shall be his gaine,
Though he bestowe both toyle and paine.

God grant eche man one to amend; 25
 God send us all a happy place;
 And let us pray unto the end,
 That we may have our princes grace:
 Amen, amen! so shall we gaine
 A dewe reward for all our paine. 30

VII.

GLASGERION.

An ingenious friend thinks that the following old ditty (which is printed from the Editor's folio MS.) may possibly have given birth to the tragedy of 'the Orphan,' by Otway, in which Polidore intercepts Monimia's intended favours to Castalio.

See what is said concerning the hero of this song, (who is celebrated by Chaucer under the name of Glaskyrion,) in the Essay prefixed to Vol. I. Note H. Pt. IV. (2).

GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,
 And a harper he was goode:
 He harped in the kinges chambere,
 Where cuppe and caudle stooode.

And soe did hee in the queens chamber, 5
 Till ladies waxed [glad.]
 And then bespake the kinges daughter;
 And these wordes thus shee sayd.

'Strike on, strike on, Glasgèrion,
 Of thy striking doe not blinne: 10
 Theres never a stroke comes oer thy harpe,
 But it glads my hart withinne.'

'Faire might he fall, ladye,' quoth hee,
 'Who taught you nowe to speake!'

I have loved you, ladye, seven longe yeere 15
My minde I neere durst breake.'

'But come to my bower, my Glasgeriòn,
When all men are att rest:
As I am a lady true of my promise,
Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.' 20

Home then came Glasgèrion,
A glad man, lord! was hee.
And, 'come thou hither, Jacke my boy;
Come hither unto mee.

For the kinges daughter of Normandye 25
Hath granted mee my boone:
And att her chambere must I bee
Beffore the cocke have crowen.'

'O master, master,' then quoth hee,
'Lay your head downe on this stone: 30
For I will waken you, master deere,
Afore it be time to gone.'

But up then rose that lither ladd,
And hose and shoone did on:
A collar he cast upon his necke, 35
Hee seemed a gentleman.

And when he came to the ladies chamber,
He thrild upon a pinn.¹
The lady was true of her promise,
Rose up and lett him in. 40

Ver. 16, harte, MS.

¹ This is elsewhere expressed, 'twirled the pin,' or 'tirled at the pin,' [See B. II. 8. VI. v. 3.] and seems to refer to the turning round the button on the outside of a door, by which the latch rises, still used in cottages.

He did not take the lady gaye
To boulster nor to bed :
[Nor thoughe hee had his wicked wille,
A single word he sed.]

He did not kisse that ladyes mouthe, 45
Nor when he came, nor youd :
And sore mistrusted that ladye gay,
He was of some churls bloud.

But home then came that lither ladd,
And did off his hose and shoone ; 50
And caste the collar from off his necke :
He was but a churlès sonne.

'Awake, awake, my deere master,
The cock hath well-nigh crowen,
Awake, awake, my master deere, 55
I hold it tyme to be gone.

For I have saddled your horsse, mastèr,
Well bridled I have your steede :
And I have served you a good breakfast :
For thereof ye have need.' 60

Up then rose good Glasgerion,
And did on hose and shoone ;
And cast a collar about his necke :
For he was a kinge his sonne.

And when he came to the ladyes chamber, 65
He thrild upon the pinne ;
The ladye was more than true of promise,
And rose and let him inn.

Saies, 'whether have you left with me
Your bracelett or your glove? 70
Or are you returned backe againe
To know more of my love?'

Glasgèrion swore a full great othe,
By oake, and ashe, and thorne ;
'Lady, I was never in your chambèr, 75
Sith the time that I was borne.'

'O then it was your lither foot-page,
He hath beguiled mee.'
Then shee pulled forth a litle pen-kniffe,
That hanged by her knee: 80

Saies, 'there shall never noe churlès blood
Within my bodeye spring:
No churlès blood shall ever defile
The daughter of a kinge.'

Home then went Glasgèrion, 85
And woe, good lord, was hee.
Saies, 'come thou hither, Jacke my boy,
Come hither unto mee.

If I had killed a man to night,
Jacke, I would tell it thee: 90
But if I have not killed a man to night
Jacke, thou hast killed three.'

And he puld out his bright browne sword,
And dried it on his sleeve,
And he smote off that lither ladds head, 95
Who did his ladye grieve.

He sett the swords poynt till his brest,
 The pummil untill a stone:
 Throw the falsenesse of that lither ladd,
 These three lives werne all gone.

100

VIII.

OLD ROBIN OF PORTINGALE.

From an ancient copy in the Editor's folio MS. which was judged to require considerable corrections.

In the former edition the hero of this piece had been called Sir Robin, but that title not being in the MS. is now omitted.

LET never again soe old a man
 Marrye soe yonge a wife,
 As did old Robin of Portingale;
 Who may rue all the dayes of his life.

For the mayors daughter of Lin, god wott,
 He chose her to his wife,
 And thought with her to have lived in love,
 But they fell to hate and strife.

5

They scarce were in their wed-bed laid,
 And scarce was hee asleepe,
 But upp shee rose, and forth shee goes,
 To the steward, and gan to weepe.

10

'Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Gyles?
 Or be you not within?
 Sleepe you, wake you, faire sir Gyles,
 Arise and let me inn.'

15

'O, I am waking, sweete,' he said,
 'Sweete ladye, what is your will?'

'I have unbethought me of a wile
How my wed-lord weell spill. 20

Twenty-four good knights,' shee sayes,
'That dwell about this towne,
Even twenty-four of my next cozens,
Will helpe to dinge him downe.'

All that beheard his little footepage, 25
As he watered his masters steed;
And for his masters sad perille
His verry heart did bleed.

He mourned still, and wept full sore;
I sweare by the holy roode 30
The teares he for his master wept
Were blent water and bloude.

And that beheard his deare mastèr
As he stood at his garden pale:
Sayes, 'Ever alacke, my litle foot-page, 35
What causes thee to wail?

Hath any one done to thee wronge
Any of thy fellowes here?
Or is any of thy good friends dead,
That thou shedst manye a teare? 40

Or, if it be my head bookes-man,
Aggrieved hee shal bee:
For no man here within my howse,
Shall doe wrong unto thee.'

Ver. 19, unbethought, [properly onbethought] this word is still used in the Midland counties in the same sense as bethought.—Ver. 32, blend, MS.

'O, it is not your head bookes-man, 45
 Nor none of his degree:
 But, on to-morrow ere it be noone
 All deemed to die are yee.

And of that bethank your head stewàrd,
 And thank your gay ladie.' 50
 'If this be true, my litle foot-page,
 The heyre of my land thoust bee.'

'If it be not true, my dear mastèr,
 No good death let me die.'
 'If it be not true, thou litle foot-page, 55
 A dead corse shalt thou lie.

O call now downe my faire ladye,
 O call her downe to mee:
 And tell my ladye gay how sicke, 60
 And like to die I bee.'

Downe then came his ladye faire,
 All clad in purple and pall:
 The rings that were on her fingers,
 Cast light thorow the hall.

'What is your will, my owne wed-lord? 65
 What is your will with mee?'
 'O see, my ladye deere, how sicke,
 And like to die I bee.'

'And thou be sicke, my own wed-lord,
 Soe sore it grieveth me: 70
 But my five maydens and myselfe
 Will [watch thy] bedde for thee:

And at the waking of your first sleepe,
 We will a hott drinke make:
 And at the waking of your [next] sleepe, 75
 Your sorrowes we will slake.'

He put a silk cote on his backe,
 And mail of manye a fold:
 And hee putt a steele cap on his head,
 Was gilt with good red gold. 80

He layd a bright browne sword by his side,
 And another att his feete:
 [And twentye good knights he placed at hand,
 To watch him in his sleepe.]

And about the middle time of the night, 85
 Came twentye-four traitours inn:
 Sir Giles he was the foremost man,
 The leader of that ginn.

Old Robin with his bright browne sword,
 Sir Gyles head soon did winn: 90
 And scant of all those twenty-four,
 Went out one quick agenn.

None save only a litle foot page,
 Crept forth at a window of stone:
 And he had two armes when he came in, 95
 And he went back with one.

Upp then came that ladie gaye
 With torches burning bright:
 She thought to have brought sir Gyles a drinke,
 Butt she found her owne wedd knight. 100

The first thinge that she stumbled on
 It was sir Gyles his foote:
 Sayes, 'Ever alacke, and woe is mee!
 Here lyes my sweete hart-roote.'

The next thinge that she stumbled on 105
 It was sir Gyles his heade:
 Sayes, 'Ever, alacke, and woe is me!
 Heere lyes my true love deade.'

Hee cutt the pappes beside her brest,
 And did her body spille; 110
 He cutt the eares beside her heade,
 And bade her love her fille.

He called then up his litle foot-page,
 And made him there his heyre;
 And sayd 'henceforth my worldlye goodes 115
 And countrie I forswear.'

He shope the crosse on his right shouldèr,
 Of the white [clothe] and the redde,¹
 And went him into the holy land,
 Wheras Christ was quicke and dead. 120

Ver. 118, fleshe, MS.

¹ Every person, who went on a Croisade to the Holy Land, usually wore a cross on his upper garment, on the right shoulder, as a badge of his profession. Different nations were distinguished by crosses of different colours: The English wore white; the French red; &c. This circumstance seems to be founded in the ballad. [V. Spelman. Gloss.]

¶ In the foregoing piece, Giles, steward to a rich old merchant trading to Portugal, is qualified with the title of 'Sir,' not as being a knight, but rather, I conceive, as having received an inferior order of priesthood.

IX.

CHILD WATERS.

'Child' is frequently used by our old writers, as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Fairie Queen*: and the son of a king is in the same poem called 'Child Tristram.' [B. 5. c. 11. st. 8. 13.—B. 6. c. 2. st. 36.—Ibid. c. 8. st. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in Shakespeare's *K. Lear*, the hero of Ariosto is called Child Roland. Mr. Theobald supposes this use of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *Infante* signifies a Prince. A more eminent critic tells us, that 'in the old times of chivalry, the noble youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of their probation were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers*. The most noble of the youth were particularly called *Infans*.' [*Vid.* Warb. Shakesp.] A late commentator on Spenser observes, that the Saxon word *cniht* knight, signifies also a 'Child.' [See Upton's gloss to the *F. Q.*]

The Editor's folio MS. whence the following piece is taken (with some corrections), affords several other ballads, wherein the word 'Child' occurs as a title: but in none of these it signifies 'Prince.' See the song intitled *Gil Morrice*, in this volume.

It ought to be observed, that the word *Child* or *Childe* is still used in North Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote man in general. [We need scarcely allude to '*Childe Harold*.'—ED.]

CHILD Waters in his stable stooede,
And stroakt his milke white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, 'Christ you save, good Childe Waters;' 5
Sayes, 'Christ you save, and see:
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one chyld of yours,
I feele sturre att my side: 10
My gowne of greene it is too straighte;
Before, it was too wide.'

‘If the child be mine, faire Ellen,’ he sayd,
‘Be mine as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both, 15
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen,’ he sayd,
‘Be mine, as you doe sweare:
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.’ 20

Shee saies, ‘I had rather have one kisse,
Child Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and south.

And I had rather have one twinkling, 25
Childe Waters, of thine ee:
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.’

‘To morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countrie; 30
The fairest lady that I can find,
Ellen, must goe with mee.’

‘[Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me go with thee]:
And ever I pray you, Child Waters, 35
Your foot-page let me bee.’

‘If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene,
An inch above your knee: 40

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
 An inch above your ee:
 You must tell no man what is my name;
 My foot-page then you shall bee.'

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode, 45
 Ran barefoote by his side;
 Yett was he never soe courteous a knighte,
 To say, 'Ellen, will you ryde?'

Shee, all the long day Child Waters rode,
 Ran barefoote thorow the broome; 50
 Yett hee was never soe curteous a knighte,
 To say, 'put on your shoone.'

'Ride softlye', shee sayd, 'O Childe Waters,
 Why doe you ryde soe fast?
 The childe, which is no mans but thine, 55
 My bodye itt will brast.'

He sayth, 'seest thou yonder water, Ellen,
 That flows from banke to brimme?'—
 'I trust to God, O Child Waters,
 You never will see¹ mee swimme.' 60

But when shee came to the waters side,
 She sayled to the chinne:
 'Except the Lord of heaven be my speed,
 Now must I learne to swimme.'

The salt waters bare up her clothes; 65
 Our Ladye bare upp her chinne:
 Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
 To see faire Ellen swimme.

¹ i.e., permit, suffer, &c.

And when shee over the water was,
 Shee then came to his knee: 70
 He said, 'Come hither, thou faire Ellèn,
 Loe, yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
 Of redd gold shines the yate:
 Of twenty foure faire ladyes there, 75
 The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellèn?
 Of redd gold shines the towre:
 There are twenty four faire ladyes there,
 The fairest is my paramoure.' 80

'I see the hall now, Child Waters,
 Of redd gold shines the yate:
 God give you good now of yourselfe,
 And of your worthye mate.

I see the hall now, Child Waters, 85
 Of redd golde shines the towre:
 God give you good now of yourselfo,
 And of your paramoure.'

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
 A playing att the ball: 90
 And Ellen, the fairest ladye there,
 Must bringe his steed to the stall.

There twenty four fayre ladyes were
 A playinge at the chesse;
 And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there, 95
 Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,
 These were the wordes said shee:
 'You have the prettyest foot-page, brother,
 That ever I saw with mine ee. 100

But that his bellye it is soe bigg,
 His girdle goes wonderous hie:
 And let him, I pray you, Childe Waters,
 Goe into the chamber with mee.'

'It is not fit for a little foot-page, 105
 That has run throughe mosse and myre,
 To go into the chamber with any ladye,
 That weares soe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a litle foot-page,
 That has run throughe mosse and myre, 110
 To take his supper upon his knee,
 And sitt downe by the kitchen fyer.'

But when they had supped every one,
 To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
 He sayd, 'come hither, my little foot-page, 115
 And hearken what I saye.

Go thee downe into yonder towne,
 And low into the street;
 The fayrest ladye that thou can finde,
 Hyer her in mine armes to sleepe, 120
 And take her up in thine armes twaine,
 For filinge¹ of her feete.'

Ellen is gone into the towne,
 And low into the streete:

¹ i.e. defiling. See Warton's Observ. Vol. II. p. 158.

The fairest ladye that shee cold find,
 Shee hyred in his armes to sleepe;
 And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
 For filing of her feete. 125

'I praye you nowe, good Childe Watèrs,
 Let mee lye at your bedds feete:
 For there is noe place about this house,
 Where I may 'saye a sleepe.'¹ 130

[He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
 Down at his beds feet laye:]
 This done the nighte drove on apace,
 And when it was neare the daye, 135

Hee sayd, 'Rise up, my litle foot-page,
 Give my steede corne and haye;
 And soe doe thou the good black oats,
 To carry mee better awaye.' 140

Up then rose the faire Ellèn
 And gave his steede corne and hay:
 And soe shee did the good blacke oates,
 To carry him the better away.

Shee leaned her backe to the manger side,
 And grievously did groane;
 Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
 And there shee made her moane. 145

And that beheard his mother deere,
 Shee heard her there monand.²
 Shee sayd, 'Rise up, thou Childe Watèrs,
 I think thee a cursed man. 150

¹ Ver. 132, i.e. essay, attempt.—² sic in MS. i.e. moaning, bemoaning, &c.

For in thy stable is a ghost,
 That grievouslye doth grone:
 Or else some woman laboures of childe, 155
 She is soe woe-begone.'

Up then rose Childe Waters soon,
 And did on his shirte of silke;
 And then he put on his other clothes,
 On his body as white as milke. 160

And when he came to the stable dore,
 Full still there hee did stand,
 That hee mighte heare his fayre Ellèn,
 Howe shee made her monànd.¹

She said, 'Lullabye, mine owne deere child, 165
 Lullabye, dere child, dere:
 I wold thy father were a king,
 Thy mother layd on a biere.'

'Peace now,' hee said, 'good faire Ellèn,
 Be of good cheere, I praye; 170
 And the bridal and the churching both
 Shall bee upon one day.'

X.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

This sonnet is given from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth. Another copy of it, containing some variations, is reprinted in the 'Muses' Library,' p. 295, from an ancient miscellany, intitled 'England's Helicon,' 1600, 4to. The author was Nicholas Breton, a writer of some fame in the reign of Elizabeth; who also published an interlude intitled 'An old man's lesson and a young man's love,' 4to. and many other little pieces in prose and verse, the titles of which may be seen in Winstanley,

¹ sic in MS. i.e. moaning, bemoaning, &c.

Ames' Typog. and Osborne's Harl. Catalog. &c.—He is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his 2d pt. of 'Wit's Common-wealth,' 1598, f. 283, and is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady,' Act 2. and again in 'Wit without Money,' Act 3.—See Whalley's Ben Jonson, vol. III. p. 103.

The present Edition is improved by a copy in 'England's Helicon,' Edit. 1614, 8vo.

In the merrie moneth of Maye,
In a morne by break of daye,
With a troope of damselles playing
Forth [I yode] forsooth a maying:

When anon by a wood side, 5
Where as Maye was in his pride,
I espied all alone
Phillida and Corydon.

Much adoe there was, god wot;
He wold love, and she wold not. 10
She sayde, 'never man was trewe;
He sayes, 'none was false to you.'

He sayde, 'hee had lovde her longe.'
She sayes, 'love should have no wronge.'
Corydon wold kisse her then: 15
She sayes, 'maydes must kisse no men,

Tyll they doe for good and all.'
When she made the shepperde call
All the heavens to wytnes truthe,
Never loved a truer youthe. 20

Then with manie a prettie othe,
Yea and nay, and, faith and trothe;
Such as seelie shepperdes use
When they will not love abuse;

Love, that had bene long deluded, 25
 Was with kisses sweete concluded;
 And Phillida with garlands gaye
 Was made the lady of the Maye.

†† The foregoing little Pastoral of Phillida and Corydon is one of the Songs in 'The Honourable Entertainment given to the Queenes Majestie in Progresses at Elvetham in Hampshire, by the R. H. the Earle of Hertford, 1591,' 4to. [Printed by Wolfe. No name of author.] See in that pamphlet,

'The thirde daies Entertainment.

'On Wednesday morning about 9 o'clock, as her Majestie opened a casement of her gallerie window, ther were three excellent musicians, who being disguised in auncient country attire, did greet her with a pleasant song of Corydon and Phillida, made in three parts of purpose. The song, as well for the worth of the dittie, as the aptnesse of the note thereto applied, it pleased her Highnesse after it had been once sung to command it againe, and highly to grace it with her cheereful acceptance and commendation.

'THE PLOWMAN'S SONG.

In the merrie month of May, &c.'

The splendour and magnificence of Elizabeth's reign is no where more strongly painted than in these little Diaries of some of her summer excursions to the houses of her nobility; nor could a more acceptable present be given to the world, than a republication of a select number of such details as this of the entertainment at Elvetham, that at Kenilworth, &c. &c. which so strongly mark the spirit of the times, and present us with scenes so very remote from modern manners.

See 'The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth,' &c. By John Nichols, F.A.S. Edinb. and Perth, 1788, 2 Vols. 4to.

XI.

LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD.

This ballad is ancient, and has been popular; we find it quoted in many old plays. See Beaum. and Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' 4to. 1613, Act 5. 'The Varietie,' a comedy, 12mo. 1649, Act 4, &c. In Sir William Davenant's play, 'The Witts,' A. 3, a gallant thus boasts of himself:

'Limber and sound! besides I sing Musgrave,
 And for Chevy-chace no lark comes near me.'

In the Pepys Collection, Vol. III. p. 314, is an imitation of this old song, in thirty-three stanzas, by a more modern pen, with many alterations, but evidently for the worse.

This is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, with corrections; some of which are from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS. It is also printed in Dryden's Collection of Miscellaneous poems. [Ritson says Dryden's is the genuine version. It is found in many forms in Scotland.—ED.]

As it fell out on a highe holye daye,
 As many bee in the yeare,
 When yong men and maides together do goe
 Their masses and mattins to heare,

Little Musgrave came to the church door, 5
 The priest was at the mass;
 But he had more mind of the fine women,
 Then he had of our Ladyes grace.

And some of them were clad in greene,
 And others were clad in pall; 10
 And then came in my lord Barnardes wife,
 The fairest among them all.

Shee cast an eye on little Musgrave
 As bright as the summer sunne:
 O then bethought him little Musgrave, 15
 'This ladyes heart I have wonne.'

Quoth she, 'I have loved thee, little Musgrave,
 Fulle long and manye a daye.'
 'So have I loved you, ladye faire,
 Yet word I never durst saye.' 20

'I have a bower at Bucklesford-Bury,¹
 Full daintilye bedight,
 If thoult wend thither, my little Musgrave,
 Thoult lig in mine armes all night.'

Quoth hee, 'I thanke yee, ladye faire, 25
 This kindness yee shew to mee;
 And whether it be to my weale or woe,
 This night will I lig with thee.'

¹ Bucklefield-berry, fol. MS.

All this beheard a litle foot-page,
By his ladyes coach as he ranne: 30
Quoth he, 'thoughe I am my ladyes page,
Yet Ime my lord Barnardes manne.

My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,
Although I lose a limbe.'
And ever whereas the bridges were broke, 35
He layd him downe to swimme.

'Asleep or awake, thou lord Barnard,
As thou art a man of life,
Lo! this same night at Bucklesford-Bury
Litle Musgrave's in bed with thy wife.' 40

'If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

But and it be a lye, thou litle foot-page, 45
This tale thou hast told to mee,
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged shalt thou bee.

Rise up, rise up, my merry men all,
And saddle me my good steede; 50
This night must I to Bucklesford-bury;
God wott, I had never more neede.'

Then some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudlye saye,
Whenever lord Barnardes horne it blewe, 55
'Awaye, Musgrave, away!'

‘Methinkes I heare the throstle cocke,
Methinkes I heare the jay,
Methinkes I heare lord Barnards horne;
I would I were awaye.’ 60

‘Lye still, lye still, thou little Musgrave,
And huggle me from the cold;
For it is but some shephardes boye
A whistling his sheepe to the fold.

Is not thy hawke upon the pearche, 65
Thy horse eating corne and haye?
And thou a gay lady within thine armes:
And wouldst thou be awaye?’

By this lord Barnard was come to the dore,
And lighted upon a stone: 70
And he pulled out three silver keyes.
And opened the dores eche one.

He lifted up the coverlett,
He lifted up the sheete;
‘How now, how now, thou little Musgrave, 75
Dost find my gaye ladye sweete?’

‘I find her sweete, quoth little Musgrave,
The more is my griefe and paine;
Ide gladlye give three hundred poundes
That I were on yonder plaine.’ 80

‘Arise, arise, thou little Musgrave,
And put thy cloathes nowe on,
It shall never be said in my countree,
That I killed a naked man.

I have two swordes in one scabbàrde, 85
Full deare they cost my purse;
And thou shalt have the best of them,
And I will have the worse.'

The first stroke that little Musgrave strucke,
He hurt lord Barnard sore; 90
The next stroke that lord Barnard strucke,
Little Musgrave never strucke more.

With that bespake the ladye faire,
In bed whereas she laye,
'Although thou art dead, my little Musgrave, 95
Yet for thee I will praye:

And wishe well to thy soule will I,
So long as I have life;
So will I not do for thee, Barnard,
Thoughe I am thy wedded wife.' 100

He cut her pappes from off her brest;
Great pitye it was to see
The drops of this fair ladyes bloode
Run trickling downe her knee.

'Wo worth, wo worth ye, my merrye men all, 105
You never were borne for my goode:
Why did you not offer to stay my hande,
When you sawe me wax so woode?

For I have slaine the fairest sir knighte,
That ever rode on a steede; 110
So have I done the fairest lady,
That ever ware womans weede.

A grave, a grave,' lord Barnard cryde,
 'To putt these lovers in;
 But lay my ladye o' the upper hande,
 For shee comes o' the better kin.'

115

††† That the more modern copy is to be dated about the middle of the last century, will be readily conceived from the tenor of the concluding stanza, viz.

*This sad Mischief by Lust was wrought;
 Then let us call for Grace,
 That we may shun the wicked vice,
 And fly from Sin a-pace.*

XII.

THE EW-BUGHTS MARION.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

This sonnet appears to be ancient: that and it's simplicity of sentiment have recommended it to a place here.

WILL ye gae to the ew-bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheip wi' mee?
 The sun shines sweit, my Marion,
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.
 O Marion's a bonny lass;
 And the blyth blinks in her ee:
 And fain wad I marrie Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marrie mee.

5

Theire's gowd in your garters, Marion;
 And siller on your white hauss-bane:¹
 Fou faine wad I kisse my Marion
 At eene quhan I cum hame.
 Theire's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Quha gape and glowr wi' their ee

10

¹ *Hauss bane*, i.e. The neck-bone. Marian had probably a silver locket on, tied close to her neck with a ribband, an usual ornament in Scotland: where a sore throat is called 'a saire hauss,' properly 'halse.'

At kirk, quhan they see my Marion; 15
 Bot nane of them lues like mee.

Ive nine milk-ews, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawney quay;
 Ise gie tham au to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day. 20
 And yees get a grein sey apron,
 And waistcote o' London broun;
 And wow bot ye will be vapping
 Quhaneir ye gang to the toun.

Ime young and stout, my Marion, 25
 None dance lik mee on the greine;
 And gin ye forsak me, Marion,
 Ise een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kirtle oth' cramasie; 30
 And sune as my chin has nae haire on,
 I sall cum west, and see yee.

XIII.

THE KNIGHT, AND SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

This ballad (given from an old black-letter copy, with some corrections) was popular in the time of Q. Elizabeth, being usually printed with her picture before it, as Hearne informs us in his preface to 'Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Oxon. 1719, 8vo. vol. I. p. lxx.' It is quoted in Fletcher's comedy of the 'Pilgrim,' Act 4. Sc. 1.

THERE was a shepherds daughter
 Came tripping on the waye;
 And there by chance a knighte shee mett,
 Which caused her to staye.

'Good morrowe to you, beauteous maide,' 5

These words pronounced hee:

'O, I shall dye this daye,' he sayd,

'If I've not my wille of thee.'

'The Lord forbid,' the maide replyde,

'That you shold waxe so wode!' 10

[But for all that shee could do or saye,

He wold not be withstood.]

'Sith you have had your wille of mee,

And put me to open shame,

Now, if you are a courteous knighte, 15

Tell me what is your name?'

'Some do call mee Jacke, sweet heart,

And some do call mee Jille;

But when I come to the kings faire courte

They call me Wilfulle Wille.' 20

He sett his foot into the stirrup,

And awaye then he did ride;

She tuckt her girdle about her middle,

And ranne close by his side.

But when she came to the brode water, 25

She sett her brest and swamme;

And when she was got out againe,

She tooke to her heels and ranne.

He never was the courteous knighte,

To saye, 'faire maide, will ye ride?' 30

[And she was ever too loving a maide]

To saye, 'sir knighte, abide.'

When she came to the kings faire courte,
 She knocked at the ring;
 So readye was the king himself 35
 To let this faire maide in.

‘Now Christ you save, my gracious liege,
 Now Christ you save and see,
 You have a knighte within your courte
 This daye hath robbèd mee.’ 40

‘What hath he robbed thee of, sweet heart?
 Of purple or of pall?
 Or hath he took thy gaye gold ring
 From off thy finger small?’

‘He hath not robbed mee, my liege, 45
 Of purple nor of pall:
 But he hath gotten my maiden head,
 Which grieves mee worst of all.’

‘Now if he be a batchelor,
 His bodye Ile give to thee; 50
 But if he be a married man,
 High hanged he shall bee.’

He called downe his merrie men all,
 By one, by two, by three;
 Sir William used to bee the first, 55
 But nowe the last came hee.

He brought her downe full fortye pounce,
 Tyed up withinne a glove:

Ver. 50. ‘His bodye Ile give to thee.’ This was agreeable to the feudal customs; The lord had a right to give a wife to his vassals. See Shakespeare’s ‘All’s well that ends well.’

Faire maid, 'Ile give the same to thee;
Go, seeke thee another love.'

60

'O Ile have none of your gold, she sayde,
Nor Ile have none of your fee;
But your faire bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.'

Sir William ranne and fetchd her then
Five hundred pound in golde,
Saying, 'faire maide, take this to thee,
Thy fault will never be tolde.'

65

'Tis not the gold that shall mee tempt,'
These words then answered shee,
'But your own bodye I must have,
The king hath granted mee.'

70

'Would I had dranke the water cleare,
When I did drinke the wine,
Rather than any shepherds brat
Shold bee a ladye of mine!

75

Would I had drank the puddle foule,
When I did drink the ale,
Rather than ever a shepherds brat
Shold tell me such a tale!

80

'A shepherds brat even as I was,
You mote have let me bee,
I never had come to the kings faire courte,
To crave any love of thee.'

He sett her on a milk-white steede,
And himself upon a graye;

85

He hung a bugle about his necke,
And soe they rode awaye.

But when they came unto the place,
Where marriage-rites were done, 20
She proved herself a dukes daughter,
And he but a squires sonne.

'Now marrye me, or not, sir knight,
Your pleasure shall be free:
If you make me ladye of one good towne, 25
Ile make you lord of three.'

'Ah! cursed bee the gold,' he sayd,
'If thou hadst not been trewe,
I shold have forsaken my sweet love,
And have changed her for a newe.' 100

And now their hearts being linked fast,
They joynd hand in hande:
Thus he had both purse, and person too,
And all at his commande.

*

XIV.

THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

This poem, originally printed from the small MS. volume, mentioned above in No. X. has been improved by a more perfect copy in 'England's Helicon,' where the author is discovered to be N. Breton.

Good Muse, rocke me aslepe
With some sweete harmony:
This wearie eyes is not to kepe
Thy wary company.

Sweete Love, begon a while,
 Thou seest my heavines :
 Beautie is borne but to beguyle
 My harte of happines.

See howe my little flocke,
 That lovde to feede on highe,
 Doe headlonge tumble downe the rocke,
 And in the valley dye.

The bushes and the trees,
 That were so freshe and greene,
 Doe all their deintie colors leese,
 And not a leafe is seene.

The blacke birde and the thrushe,
 That made the woodes to ringe,
 With all the rest, are now at hushe,
 And not a note they singe.

Swete Philomele, the birde
 That hath the heavenly throte,
 Doth nowe, alas! not once afforde
 Recordinge of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
 The herbs have loste their savoure ;
 And Phillida the faire hath lost
 [For me her wonted] favour.

Thus all these careful sights,
 So kill me in conceit ;
 That now to hope upon delights,
 It is but meere deceite.

And therefore, my sweete Muse,
 That knowest what helpe is best,
 Doe nowe thy heavenlie conninge use 35
 To sett my harte at rest :

And in a dreame bewraie
 What fate shal be my frende ;
 Whether my life shall still decaye,
 Or when my sorrowes ende. 40

XV.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLINOR,

—is given (with corrections) from an ancient copy in black letter, in the Pepys collection, intituled, 'A tragical ballad on the unfortunate love of lord Thomas and fair Ellinor, together with the downfall of the browne girl.' In the same collection may be seen an attempt to modernize this old song, and reduce it to a different measure: a proof of its popularity.¹

LORD THOMAS he was a bold forrestèr,
 And a chaser of the kings deere ;
 Faire Ellinor was a fine womàn,
 And lord Thomas he loved her deare.

'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' he sayd, 5
 'And riddle us both as one ;
 Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinòr,
 And let the browne girl alone?'

'The browne girl she has got houses and lands,
 Faire Ellinor she has got none, 10
 And therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
 To bring me the browne girl home.'

¹ Dr Jamieson took down from the lips of a lady in Arbroath, and printed, a long ballad, entitled, 'Sweet Willie and Fair Annie,' on the same subject.—ED.

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinòr, 15
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinors bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so readye as faire Ellinòr,
To lett lord Thomas withinn. 20

‘What newes, what newes, lord Thomas,’ she sayd?
‘What newes dost thou bring to mee?’
‘I am come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad newes for thee.’

‘O God forbid, lord Thomas,’ she sayd, 25
‘That such a thing should be done;
I thought to have been the bride my selfe,
And thou to have been the bridegrome.’

‘Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,’ she sayd,
‘And riddle it all in one; 30
Whether I shall goe to lord Thomas his wedding,
Or whether shall tarry at home?’

‘There are manye that are your friendes, daughtèr,
And manye a one your foe,
Therefore I charge you on my blessing, 35
To lord Thomas his wedding don’t goe.’

‘There are manye that are my friendes, mothèr;
But were every one my foe,
Betide me life, betide me death,
To lord Thomas his wedding I ’ld goe.’ 40

She cloathed herself in gallant attire,
And her merrye men all in greene ;
And as they rid through every towne,
They took her to be some queene.

But when she came to lord Thomas his gate, 45
She knocked there at the ring ;
And who was so readye as lord Thomàs,
To let faire Ellinor in.

‘Is this your bride?’ fair Ellinor sayd,
‘Methinks she looks wonderous browne ; 50
Thou mightest have had as faire a womàn,
As ever trod on the grounde.’

‘Despise her not, fair Ellin,’ he sayd,
‘Despise her not unto mee ;
For better I love thy little finger, 55
Than all her whole bodèe.’

This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharpe,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prickd fair Ellinor’s harte. 60

‘O Christ thee save,’ lord Thomas, hee sayd,
‘Methinks thou lookst wonderous wan ;
Thou usedst to look with as fresh a colbur,
As ever the sun shone on.’

‘Oh, art thou blind, lord Thomas ?’ she sayd, 65
‘Or canst thou not very well see ?
Oh! dost thou not see my owne hearts bloode
Run trickling down my knee.’

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side;
 As he walked about the halle, 70
 He cut off his brides head from her shouldèrs,
 And threw it against the walle.

He set the hilde against the grounde,
 And the point against his harte.
 There never three lovers together did meete, 75
 That sooner againe did parte.

* * * The reader will find a Scottish song on a similar subject to this, towards the end of this volume, intitl'd, 'Lord Thomas and Lady Annet.'

XVI.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

This elegant little sonnet is found in the third act of an old play intitl'd, 'Alexander and Campaspe,' written by John Lilye, a celebrated writer in the time of queen Elizabeth. That play was first printed in 1591: but this copy is given from a later edition.¹

CUPID and my Campaspe playd
 At cardes for kisses; Cupid payd:
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mothers doves, and teame of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws 5
 The coral of his lippe, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how)
 With these, the crystal of his browe,
 And then the dimple of his chinne;
 All these did my Campaspe winne. 10
 At last he set her both his eyes,
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of mee?

¹ Lilye wrote 'Euphuës,' and was the originator of Euphuism. See the 'Monastery.'—ED.

XVII.

THE LADY TURNED SERVING-MAN,

—is given from a written copy, containing some improvements (perhaps modern ones), upon the popular ballad, intitled, 'The famous flower of Serving-men: or the Lady turned Serving-man.'

You beauteous ladyes, great and small,
I write unto you one and all,
Whereby that you may understand
What I have suffered in the land.

I was by birth a lady faire, 5
An ancient barons only heire,
And when my good old father dyed,
Then I became a young knightes bride.

And there my love built me a bower,
Bedeck'd with many a fragrant flower; 10
A braver bower you ne'er did see
Then my true-love did build for mee.

And there I livde a ladye gay,
Till fortune wrought our loves decay;
For there came foes so fierce a band, 15
That soon they over-run the land.

They came upon us in the night,
And brent my bower, and slew my knight;
And trembling hid in mans array,
I scant with life escap'd away. 20

In the midst of this extremitie,
My servants all did from me flee;
Thus was I left myself alone,
With heart more cold than any stone.

Yet though my heart was full of care, 25
Heaven would not suffer me to dispaire,
Wherefore in haste I chang'd my name
From faire Elise, to sweet Williame ;

And therewithall I cut my haire,
Resolv'd my man's attire to weare ; 30
And in my beaver, hose, and band,
I travell'd far through many a land.

At length all wearied with my toil,
I sate me downe to rest awhile ;
My heart it was so fill'd with woe, 35
That downe my cheeke the teares did flow.

It chanc'd the king of that same place
With all his lords a hunting was,
And seeing me weepe, upon the same
Askt who I was, and whence I came. 40

Then to his grace I did replye,
'I am a poore and friendlesse boye,
Though nobly borne, nowe forc'd to bee
A serving-man of lowe degree.'

'Stand up, faire youth,' the king reply'd, 45
'For thee a service I'll provyde :
But tell me first what thou canst do ;
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

Wilt thou be usher of my hall,
To wait upon my nobles all ? 50
Or wilt be taster of my wine,
To 'tend on me when I shall dine ?

Or wilt thou be my chamberlaine,
About my person to remaine?
Or wilt thou be one of my guard, 55
And I will give thee great reward?

Chuse, gentle youth,' said he 'thy place.'
Then I reply'd, 'If it please your grace
To shew such favour unto mee,
Your chamberlaine I faine would bee.' 60

The king then smiling gave consent,
And straitwaye to his court I went;
Where I behavde so faithfullhe,
That hee great favour showd to mee.

Now marke what fortune did provide; 65
The king he would a hunting ride
With all his lords and noble traine,
Sweet William must at home remaine.

Thus being left alone behind,
My former state came in my mind: 70
I wept to see my mans array;
No longer now a ladye gay.

And meeting with a ladyes vest,
Within the same myself I drest;
With silken robes, and jewels rare, 75
I deckt me, as a ladye faire:

And taking up a lute straitwaye,
Upon the same I strove to play;
And sweetly to the same did sing,
As made both hall and chamber ring. 80

'My father was as brave a lord,
As ever Europe might afford;
My mother was a lady bright;
My husband was a valiant knight:

And I myself a ladye gay, 85
Bedeckt with gorgeous rich array;
The happiest lady in the land,
Had not more pleasure at command.

I had my musicke every day
Harmonious lessons for to play; 90
I had my virgins fair and free,
Continuallly to wait on mee.

But now, alas! my husband's dead,
And all my friends are from me fled,
My former days are past and gone, 95
And I am now a serving-man.'

And fetching many a tender sigh,
As thinking no one then was nigh,
In pensive mood I laid me lowe,
My heart was full, the tears did flowe. 100

The king, who had a huntinge gone,
Grewe weary of his sport anone,
And leaving all his gallant traine,
Turn'd on the sudden home againe:

And when he reach'd his statelie tower, 105
Hearing one sing within his bower,
He stopt to listen, and to see
Who sung there so melodiously.

Thus heard he everye word I sed,
And saw the pearlye teares I shed, 110
And found to his amazement there,
Sweete William was a ladye faire.

Then stepping in, 'Faire ladye, rise,
And dry,' said he, 'those lovelye eyes,
For I have heard thy mournful tale, 115
The which shall turne to thy availe.'

A crimson dye my face orespred,
I blusht for shame, and hung my head,
To find my sex and story knowne,
When as I thought I was alone. 120

But to be briefe, his royall grace
Grewe so enamour'd of my face,
The richest gifts he proffered mee,
His mistress if that I would bee.

'Ah! no, my liege,' I firmlye sayd, 125
'I'll rather in my grave be layd,
And though your grace hath won my heart,
I ne'er will act soe base a part.'

'Faire ladye, pardon me,' sayd hee,
'Thy virtue shall rewarded bee, 130
And since it is soe fairly tryde
Thou shalt become my royal bride.'

Then strait to end his amorous strife,
He tooke sweet William to his wife.
The like before was never seene, 135
A serving-man became a queene. * *

XVIII.

GIL MORRICE.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

The following piece hath run through two editions in Scotland: the second was printed at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo. Prefixed to them both is an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of this poem was owing 'to a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;' And 'any reader that can render it more correct or complete,' is desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses have been produced and handed about in manuscript, which are here inserted in their proper places: (these are from ver. 109, to ver. 121, and from ver. 124, to ver. 129, but are perhaps, after all, only an ingenious interpolation.)

As this poem lays claim to a pretty high antiquity, we have assigned it a place among our early pieces: though, after all, there is reason to believe it has received very considerable modern improvements: for in the Editor's ancient MS. collection is a very old imperfect copy of the same ballad: wherein though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring here is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revision.

N.B. The Editor's MS. instead of 'lord Barnard,' has 'John Stewart;' and instead of 'Gil Morrice,' 'Child Maurice,' which last is probably the original title. See above, No. IX.

GIL MORRICE was an erlès son,
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was nae for his great richès,
 Nor yet his mickle pride;
 Bot it was for a lady gay,
 That livd on Carron side.

5

'Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hose and shoen;
 That will gae to lord Barnards ha',
 And bid his lady cum?
 And ye maun rin my errand Willie;
 And ye may rin wi' pride;
 Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
 On horse-back ye sall ride.'

10

Ver. 11, something seems wanting here.

- 'O no! Oh no! my master dear! 15
 I dare nae for my life;
 I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
 For to triest furth his wife.'
- 'My bird Willie, my boy Willie;
 My dear Willie', he sayd: 20
 'How can ye strive against the stream?
 For I sall be obeyd.'
- 'Bot, O my master dear!' he cryd,
 'In grene wod¹ ye're your lain;
 Gi ower sic thochts, I walde ye rede, 25
 For fear ye should be tain.'
- 'Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid hir cum here wi speid:
 If ye refuse my heigh command,
 Ill gar your body bleid. 30
- Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' gowd bot the hem;
 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
 And bring nane bot hir lain:
 And there it is, a silken sarke, 35
 Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;
 And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.'
- 'Yes, I will gae your black errand,
 Though it be to your cost; 40
 Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ye sall find frost.

Ver. 32, and 58, perhaps, 'bout the hem.

¹ The 'Green wood' in this ballad, is the old forest of Dundaff in Stirling-shire.—ED.

The baron he is a man of might,
 He neir could bide to taunt,
 As ye will see before its nicht, 45
 How sma' ye hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun your errand rin
 Sae sair against my will,
 I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,
 It sall be done for ill.' 50

And quhen he came to broken brigue,
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And quhen he came to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha', 55
 Would neither chap nor ca':
 Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
 And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
 Though he stude at the gait; 60
 Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
 Quhair they were set at meit.

'Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
 My message winna waite;
 Dame, ye maun to the gude grene wod 65
 Before that it be late.

Ye're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
 Tis a' gowd bot the hem:
 You maun gae to the gude grene wode,
 Ev'n by your sel alane. 70

And there it is, a silken sarke,
 Your ain hand sewd the sleive;

Ver. 58, Could this be the wall of the castle?

Ye maun gae speik to Gill Morice;
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.'
 The lady stamped wi' hir foot, 75
 And winked wi' hir ee;
 Bot a' that she coud say or do,
 Forbidden he wad nae bee.

'Its surely to my bow'r-womàn;
 It neir could be to me.' 80
 'I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
 I trow that ye be she.'
 Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon hir knee)
 'If it be cum frae Gill Morice, 85
 It's deir welcum to mee.'

'Ye leid, ye leid, ye filthy nurse,
 Sae loud I heird ye lee;
 I brocht it to lord Barnards lady;
 I trow ye be nae shee.' 90
 Then up and spack the bauld baròn,
 An angry man was hee;
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,
 Sae has he wi' his knee;
 Till siller cup and [mazer¹] dish 95
 In flinders he gard flee.

'Gae bring a robe of your clidding,
 That hings upon the pin;
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
 And speik wi' your lemmàn.' 100
 'O bide at hame, now lord Barnàrd,
 I warde ye bide at hame;

Ver. 88, Perhaps, loud say I heire.

¹ i.e., a drinking cup of maple: other Edit. read ezar.

Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wate ye wi' nane.'

Gil Morice sate in gude grene wode, 105

He whistled and he sang:

'O, what mean a' the folk coming,

My mother tarries lang.'

His hair was like the threads of gold,

Drawne frae Minervas loome: 110

His lipps like roses drapping dew,

His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae

Gilt by the morning beam:

His cheeks like living roses glow: 115

His een like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grene,

Sweete as the infant spring:

And like the mavis on the bush,

He gart the vallies ring. 120

The baron came to the grene wode,

Wi' mickle dule and care,

And there he first spied Gill Morice

Kameing his yellow hair,

That sweetly wavd around his face, 125

That face beyond compare:

He sang sae sweet it might dispel,

A' rage but fell despair.

'Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,

My lady loed thee weel, 130

Ver. 128, So Milton,

'Vernal delight and joy: able to drive
All sadness but despair.' B. iv. v. 155.

The fairest part of my bodie
Is blacker than thy heel.
Yet neir the less now, Gill Morice,
For a' thy great beautiè,
Ye's rew the day ye eir was born ; 135
That head sall gae wi' me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaited on the strae ;
And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
He's gard cauld iron gae. 140
And he has tain Gill Morice' head
And set it on a speir ;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up, 145
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bowr
And laid him on a bed.
The lady sat on castil wa',
Beheld baith dale and down ; 150
And there she saw Gill Morice' head
Cum trailing to the toun.

'Far better I loe that bluidy head,
Both and that yellow hair,
Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands, 155
As they lig here and thair.'
And she has tain her Gill Morice,
And kissd baith mouth and chin :
'I was once as fow of Gill Morice,
As the hip is o' the stean. 160

I got ye in my father's house,
 Wi' mickle sin and shame;
 I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
 Under the heavy rain.
 Oft have I by thy cradle sitten, 160
 And fondly seen thee sleip;
 But now I gae about thy grave,
 The saut tears for to weip.'

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,
 And syne his bluidy chin: 170
 'O better I loe my Gill Morice
 Than a' my kith and kin!'
 'Away, away, ye ill woman,
 And an il deith mait ye dee:
 Gin I had kend he'd bin your son, 175
 He'd ne'er bin slain for mee.'

'Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
 Obraid me not for shame!
 Wi' that saim speir O pierce my heart!
 And put me out o' pain. 180
 Since nothing bot Gill Morice head
 Thy jelous rage could quell,
 Let that saim hand now tak hir life,
 That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nights 185
 Will eir be saft or kind;
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
 And greet till I am blind.'
 'Enouch o' blood by me's bin spilt,
 Seek not your death frae mee; 190

I rather lourd it had been my sel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear your plaint;
Sair, sair I rew the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine 195
Had gard his body bleid.
Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
Ye ne'er can heal the wound;
Ye see his head upon the speir,
His heart's blude on the ground. 200

I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' sik speid,
The comely youth to kill.
I'll aye lament for Gill Morice, 205
As gin he were mine ain;
I'll ne'er forget the dreiry day
On which the youth was slain.'

. This little pathetic tale suggested the plot of the tragedy of 'Douglas.'
Since it was first printed, the Editor has been assured that the foregoing
Ballad is still current in many parts of Scotland, where the hero is universally
known by the name of Child Maurice, pronounced by the common people
Cheild or Cheeld; which occasioned the mistake.

It may be proper to mention that other copies read ver. 110, thus:

Shot frae the golden sun.

And ver. 116, as follows:

His een like asure sheene.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK II.

I.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY

— contains a short summary of the exploits of this famous champion, as recorded in the old story books; and is commonly intitled, ‘A pleasant song of the valiant deeds of chivalry achieved by that noble knight sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became a hermit, and dyed in a cave of craggy rocke, a mile distant from Warwick.’

The history of sir Guy, though now very properly resigned to children, was once admired by all readers of wit and taste: for taste and wit had once their childhood. Although of English growth, it was early a favourite with other nations: it appeared in French in 1525; and is alluded to in the old Spanish romance *Tirante el blanco*, which, it is believed, was written not long after the year 1430. See advertisement to the French translation, 2 vols. 12mo.

The original whence all these stories are extracted is a very ancient romance in old English verse, which is quoted by Chaucer as a celebrated piece even in his time, (*viz.*

‘Men spoken of romances of prynces,
Of Horne childe and Ippotis,
Of Bevis, and sir Guy,’ &c. R. of Thop.)

and was usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and brideales, as we learn from Puttenham’s *Art of Poetry*, 4to, 1589.

This ancient romance is not wholly lost. An imperfect copy in black letter, ‘Imprynted at London—for Wylliam Copland,’ in 34 sheets 4to, without date, is still preserved among Mr Garrick’s collection of old plays. As a specimen of the poetry of this antique rhymers, take his description of the dragon mentioned in *ver.* 105 of the following ballad:

—‘A messenger came to the king.
Syr king, he sayd, lysten me now,
For bad tydings I bring you,
In Northumberlande there is no man,
But that they be alayne everychone:
For there dare no man route,
By twenty myle rounde aboute,
For doubt of a fowle dragon,
That sleath men and beastes downe,
He is blacke as any cole,
Rugged as a rough fole;

His bodye from the navill upwarde
 No man may it pierce it is so harde;
 His neck is great as any summere;
 He renneth as swifte as any distrere;
 Paws he hath as a lyon:
 All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.
 Great winges he hath to flight,
 That is no man that bare him might.
 There may no man fight him agayne,
 But that he sleath him certayne:
 For a fowler beast then is he,
 Twis of none never heard ya.'

Sir William Dugdale is of opinion that the story of Guy is not wholly apocryphal, though he acknowledges the monks have sounded out his praises too hyperbolically. In particular, he gives the duel fought with the Danish champion as a real historical truth, and fixes the date of it in the year 926, *Ætat. Guy, 67*. See his *Warwickshire*.

The following is written upon the same plan as ballad V. Book I. but which is the original and which the copy, cannot be decided. This song is ancient, as may be inferred from the idiom preserved in the margin, ver. 94. 102: and was once popular, as appears from Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act. 2. Sc. ult.

It is here published from an ancient MS. copy in the Editor's old folio volume, collated with two printed ones, one of which is in black letter in the Pepys collection.

WAS ever knight for ladyes sake
 Soe tost in love, as I sir Guy
 For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
 As ever man beheld with eye?

She gave me leave myself to try, 5
 The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
 Ere that her love shee wold grant me;
 Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,
 In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight 10
 That in those dayes in England was,
 With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe:
 In faith of Christ a christyan true:

. Ver. 9, The proud sir Guy, PC.

The wicked lawes of infidells 15
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

[Nine] hundred twenty yeere and odde
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When king Athelstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truth
A ladies love did me constraîne
To seek strange ventures in my youth.

To win me fame by feates of armes 25
In strange and sundry heathen lands;
Where I atchieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled for Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight
The emperours daughter of Almaine,
From manye a vallyant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece
To helpe the emperour in his right;
Against the mightye souldans hoaste
Of puissant Persians for to fight.

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man;
And slew the souldans cozen deere,
Who had to name doughtye Coldràn.

Eskeldered a famous knight
To death likewise I did pursue:
And Elmayne king of Tyre alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast, 45
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head awaye with mee;
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercelye mett me by the waye 50
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright:
Where I the duke of Pavye killed, 55
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis lady bright:
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might. 60

But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this lady faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort, 65
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy-land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviours sake.

Where I erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes which were fifteene, 70
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant,
In battel fiercelye hand to hand:
And doughty Barknard killèd I, 75
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought:
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought. 80

I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp 85
The use of weapons solemnllye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

[But first,] neare Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength; 90
Whose like in England never was
For hugenesse both in bredth, and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett,
Within the castle there doe lye:
One of his sheeld-bones to this day 95
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,
Cald the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath;
Which manye people had opprest. 100

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doe lye;
And there exposed to lookers viewe
As wonderous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland, 105
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrie sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne; 110
And there I lived a hermitts life
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone;
And livèd like a palmer poore 115
Within that cave myself alone:

And daylye came to begg my bread
Of Phelis att my castle gate;
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe
Who dailye mourned for her mate. 120

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea sicke soe sore that I must dye;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which shee knew me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave 125
 Before that I gave up the ghost;
 Herself closd up my dying eyes:
 My Phelis faire, whom I lovd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
 To bring my corpes unto the grave; 130
 And like a palmer dyed I,
 Wherby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
 Though now it be consumed to mold;
 My statue faire engraven in stone, 135
 In Warwicke still you may behold.

II.

GUY AND AMARANT.

The Editor found this poem in his ancient folio manuscript among the old ballads; he was desirous therefore that it should still accompany them; and as it is not altogether devoid of merit, its insertion here will be pardoned.

Although this piece seems not imperfect, there is reason to believe that it is only a part of a much larger poem, which contained the whole history of sir Guy: for, upon comparing it with the common story book 12mo, we find the latter to be nothing more than this poem reduced to prose: which is only effected by now and then altering the rhyme, and throwing out some few of the poetical ornaments. The disguise is so slight, that it is an easy matter to pick complete stanzas in any page of that book.

The author of this poem has shown some invention. Though he took the subject from the old romance quoted before, he has adorned it afresh, and made the story entirely his own.

Guy journeyes towards that sanctified ground,
 Whereas the Jewes fayre citye sometime stood,
 Wherin our Saviours sacred head was crown'd,
 And where for sinfull man he shed his blood:
 To see the sepulcher was his intent, 5
 The tombe that Joseph unto Jesus lent.

With tedious miles he tyred his wearye feet,
 And passed desart places full of danger,
 At last with a most woefull wight¹ did meet,
 A man that unto sorrow was noe stranger: 10
 For he had fifteen sonnes, made captives all
 To slavish bondage, in extremest thrall.

A gyant callèd Amarant detaind them,
 Whom noe man durst encounter for his strength:
 Who in a castle, which he held, had chaind them: 15
 Guy questions, 'where?' and understands at length
 The place not farr.—'Lend me thy sword,' quoth hee,
 'Ile lend my manhood all thy sonnes to free.'

With that he goes, and lays upon the dore,
 Like one that sayes, I must, and will come in: 20
 The gyant never was soe rowz'd before;
 For noe such knocking at his gate had bin:
 Soe takes his keyes, and clubb, and cometh out
 Staring with ireful countenance about.

'Sirra,' quoth hee, 'what busines hast thou heere? 25
 Art come to feast the crowes about my walls?
 Didst never heare, noe ransome can him cleere,
 That in the compasse of my furye falls?
 For making me to take a porters paines,
 With this same clubb I will dash out thy braines.' 30

'Gyant,' quoth Guy, 'y'are quarrelsome I see,
 Choller and you seem very neere of kin:
 Most dangerous at the clubb belike you bee;
 I have bin better armd, though nowe goe thin;
 But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy spight, 35
 Keene is my weapon, and shall doe me right.'

¹ Erle Jonas, mentioned in the foregoing ballad.

Soe draws his sword, salutes him with the same
 About the head, the shoulders, and the side:
 Whilst his erected clubb doth death proclaime,
 Standinge with huge Colossus' spacious stride, 40
 Putting such vigour to his knotty beame,
 That like a furnace he did smoke extreame.

But on the ground he spent his strokes in vaine,
 For Guy was nimble to avoyde them still,
 And ever ere he heav'd his clubb againe, 45
 Did brush his plated coat again his will:
 Att such advantage Guy wold never fayle,
 To bang him soundlye in his coate of mayle.

Att last through thirst the gyant feeble grewe,
 And sayd to Guy, 'As thou 'rt of humane race, 50
 Shew itt in this, give natures wants their dewe,
 Let me but goe, and drinke in yonder place:
 Thou canst not yeeld to [me] a smaller thing,
 Than to graunt life, thats given by the spring.'

'I graunt thee leave,' quoth Guye, 'goe drink thy last,
 Go pledge the dragon, and the salvage bore:¹ 55
 Succeed the tragedyes that they have past,
 But never thinke to taste cold water more:
 Drinke deepe to Death and unto him carouse:
 Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.' 60

Soe to the spring he goes, and slakes his thirst;
 Takeing the water in extremely like
 Some wracked shipp that on a rocke is burst,
 Whose forced hulke against the stones does stryke;
 Scooping it in soe fast with both his hands, 65
 That Guy admiring to behold it stands.

¹ Which Guy had slain before. Ver. 64, bulke, MS. and PCC.

‘Come on,’ quoth Guy, ‘let us to worke againe,
 Thou stayest about thy liquor overlong;
 The fish, which in the river doe remaine,
 Will want thereby; thy drinking doth them wrong:
 But I will see their satisfaction made, 71
 With gyants blood they must, and shall be payd.’

‘Villaine,’ quoth Amarant, ‘Ile crush thee streight;
 Thy life shall pay thy daring touns offence:
 This clubb, which is about some hundred weight, 75
 Is deathes commission to dispatch thee hence:
 Dresse thee for ravens dyett I must needes;
 And breake thy bones, as they were made of reedes.’

Incensèd much by these bold pagan bostes,
 Which worthy Guy cold ill endure to heare, 80
 He hewes upon those bigg supporting postes,
 Which like two pillars did his body beare:
 Amarant for those wounds in choller growes
 And desperately att Guy his clubb he throwes:

Which did directly on his body light, 85
 So violent, and weighty there-withall,
 That downe to ground on sudden came the knight;
 And, ere he cold recover from the fall,
 The gyant gott his clubb againe in fist,
 And aimd a stroke that wonderfullye mist. 90

‘Traytor,’ quoth Guy, ‘thy falsehood Ile repay,
 This coward act to intercept my bloode.’
 Sayes Amarant, ‘Ile murther any way,
 With enemyes all vantages are good:
 O could I poyson in thy nostrills blowe, 95
 Be sure of it I wold dispatch thee soe.’

‘Its well,’ said Guy, ‘thy honest thoughts appeare,
 Within that beastlye bulke where devills dwell;
 Which are thy tenants while thou livest heare,
 But will be landlords when thou comest in hell: 100
 Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their den,
 Inhumane monster, hatefull unto men.

But breathe thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,
 For flameing Phœbus with his fyerye eye
 Torments me soe with burning heat, I thinke 105
 My thirst wold serve to drinke an ocean drye:
 Forbear a litle as I delt with thee.’
 Quoth Amarant, ‘Thou hast no foole of mee.

Noe, sillye wretch, my father taught more witt,
 How I shold use such enemyes as thou; 110
 By all my gods I doe rejoyce at itt,
 To understand that thirst constraines thee now;
 For all the treasure, that the world containes,
 One drop of water shall not coole thy vaines.

Releeve my foe! why, ’twere a madmans part: 115
 Refresh an adversarye to my wrong!
 If thou imagine this, a child thou art:
 Noe, fellow, I have known the world too long
 To be soe simple: now I know thy want,
 A minutes space of breathing I’ll not grant.’ 120

And with these words heaving aloft his clubb
 Into the ayre, he swings the same about:
 Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rubb,
 And, like the Cyclops, in his pride doth strut:
 ‘Sirra,’ sayes hee, ‘I have you at a lift, 125
 Now you are come unto your latest shift.

Perish forever: with this stroke I send thee

A medicine, that will doe thy thirst much good;
Take noe more care for drinke before I end thee,

And then wee'll have carouses of thy blood: 130
Here's at thee with a butchers downright blow,
To please my furye with thine overthrow.'

'Infernall, false, obdurate feend,' said Guy,

'That seemst a lumpe of crueltye from hell;
Ungratefull monster, since thou dost deny 135

The thing to mee wherin I used thee well:
With more revenge, than ere my sword did make,
On thy accursed head revenge Ile take.

Thy gyants longitude shall shorter 'shrinke,

Except thy sun-scorcht skin be weapon proof: 140
Farewell my thirst; I doe disdaine to drinke,

Streames, keepe your waters to your owne behoof;
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto;
With those pearle drops I will not have to do.

Here, tyrant, take a taste of my good-will, 145

For thus I doe begin my bloodye bout:
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill;

It is not that same clubb will beare you out;
And take this payment on thy shaggye crowne.'—
A blowe that brought him with a vengeance downe.

Then Guy sett foot upon the monsters brest, 151

And from his shoulders did his head divide;
Which with a yawninge mouth did gape, unblest;

Noe dragons jawes were ever seene soe wide
To open and to shut, till life was spent. 155
Then Guy tooke keyes and to the castle went.

Where manye woefull captives he did find,
 Which had beene tyred with extremityes;
 Whom he in freindly manner did unbind,
 And reasoned with them of their miseryes: 160
 Eche told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,
 All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender ladyes in darke dungeons lay,
 That were surprised in the desart wood,
 And had noe other dyett everye day, 165
 But flesh of humane creatures for their food:
 Some with their lovers bodyes had beene fed,
 And in their wombes their husbands buried.

Now he bethinkes him of his being there,
 To enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;
 And, as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare, 171
 By which sad sound's direction on he goes,
 Untill he findes a darksome obscure gate,
 Arm'd strongly ouer all with iron plate.

That he unlockes, and enters, where appears 175
 The strangest object that he ever saw;
 Men that with famishment of many yeares,
 Were like deathes picture, which the painters
 draw;
 Divers of them were hanged by eche thombe;
 Others head-downward: by the middle some. 180

With diligence he takes them from the walle,
 With lybertye their thraldome to acquaint:
 Then the perplexed knight their father calls,
 And sayes, 'Receive thy sonnes though poore and
 faint:

I promis'd you their lives, accept of that; 185
But did not warrant you they shold be fat.

The castle I doe give thee, heere's the keyes,
Where tyranye for many yeeres did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender ladyes ease,
For pittyes sake, use wronged women well: 190
Men easilye revenge the wrongs men do:
But poore weake women have not strength thereto.'

The good old man, even overjoyed with this,
Fell on the ground, and wold have kist Guys feete:
'Father,' quoth he, 'refraine soe base a kiss, 195
For age to honor youth I hold unmeete:
Ambitious pryde hath hurt mee all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.'

. The foregoing poem on Guy and Amarant has been discovered to be a fragment of, 'The famous historie of Guy earl of Warwicke, by Samuel Rowlands, London, printed by J. Bell, 1649, 4to,' in xii cantos, beginning thus:

'When dreadful Mars in armour every day.'

Whether the edition in 1649 was the first, is not known, but the author, Sam. Rowlands, was one of the minor poets who lived in the reigns of Q. Elizabeth and James I. and perhaps later. His other poems are chiefly of the religious kind, which makes it probable that the hist. of Guy was one of his earliest performnaces.—There are extant of his (1.) 'The Betraying of Christ, Judas in dispaire, the seven words of our Saviour on the crosse, with other poems on the passion,' &c. 1598, 4to. [Ames Typ. p. 428.]—(2.) 'A Theatre of delightful Recreation. Lond. printed for A. Johnson, 1605,' 4to. (Penes editor.) This is a book of poems on subjects chiefly taken from the old Testament. (3.) 'Memory of Christ's miracles, in verse. Lond. 1618, 4to.' (4.) 'Heaven's glory, earth's vanity, and hell's horror.' Lond. 1638, 8vo. [These two in Bod. Cat.]

In the present edition the foregoing poem has been much improved from the printed copy.

III.

THE AULD GOOD-MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

I have not been able to meet with a more ancient copy of this humorous old song, than that printed in the 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' &c. which seems to have admitted some corruptions.

LATE in an evening forth I went
 A little before the sun gade down,
 And there I chanc't, by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun:
 A man and his wife were fawn in a strife, 5
 I canna weel tell ye how it began;
 But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
 Cryeng, 'Evir alake, mine auld goodman!'

HE.

Thy auld goodman, that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born, 10
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn:
 For he did spend and make an end
 Of gear [his fathers nevir] wan;
 He gart the poor stand frae the door; 15
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake! is liken to break,
 Whan I think on my winsome John,
 His blinkan ee, and gait sae free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dosend drone; . 20
 Wi' his rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And skin as white as ony swan,

He was large and tall, and comely withall;
 Thou 'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman.

HE.

Why dost thou plein? I thee maintein; 25
 For meal and mawt thou disna want:
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now whan our gear gins to grow scant:
 Of houshold stuff thou hast enough;
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan; 30
 Of sicklike ware he left thee bare;
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes I may tell, and fret my sell,
 To think on those blyth days I had,
 Whan I and he together ley 35
 In armes into a well-made bed:
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet and fa's asleep;
 Thou 'lt nevir be like mine auld goodman. 40

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day;
 The carle was fear'd to miss his mark,
 And therefore wad nae longer stay;
 Then up he gat, and ran his way, 45
 I trowe, the wife the day she wan;
 And aye the owreword of the fray
 Was 'Evir alake! mine auld goodman.'

IV.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

This seems to be the old song quoted in Fletcher's 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' Acts 2d and 3d; altho' the six lines there preserved are somewhat different from those in the ballad, as it stands at present. The reader will not wonder at this, when he is informed that this is only given from a modern printed copy picked up on a stall. Its full title is 'Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's frightful dreams on his wedding night, with the sudden death and burial of these noble lovers.'—

The lines preserved in the play are this distich,

'You are no love for me, Margaret,
I am no love for you.'

And the following stanza,

'When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost
And stood at William's feet.'

These lines have acquired an importance by giving birth to one of the most beautiful ballads in our own or any language. See the song intitled 'Margaret's Ghost,' at the end of this volume.

Since the first edition some improvements have been inserted, which were communicated by a lady of the first distinction, as she had heard this song repeated in her infancy.

As it fell out on a long summer's day
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

'I see no harm by you, Margaret,
And you see none by mee;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see.'

5

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spied sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

10

Then down she layd her ivory combe,
 And braided her hair in twain:
 She went alive out of her bower, 15
 But ne'er came alive in 't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
 And all men fast asleep,
 Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
 And stood at Williams feet. 20

'Are you awake, sweet William?' shee said;
 'Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
 God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
 And me of my winding sheet.'

When day was come, and night was gone, 25
 And all men wak'd from sleep,
 Sweet William to his lady sayd,
 'My dear, I have cause to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladyè,
 Such dreames are never good: 30
 I dreamt my bower was full of red [wine],
 And my bride-bed full of blood.'

'Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,
 They never do prove good;
 To dream thy bower was full of red [wine], 35
 And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He callèd up his merry men all,
 By one, by two, and by three;
 Saying, 'I'll away to fair Marg'ret's bower,
 By the leave of my ladyè.' 40

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven breth'rèn
To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet, 45
'Pray let me see the dead;
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margare't,
Than any of thy kin; 50
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win.'

With that bespake the seven breth'rèn,
Making most piteous mone:
'You may go kiss your jolly brown bride, 55
And let our sister alone.'

'If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I neer made a vow to yonder poor corpse
By day, nor yet by night. 60

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine¹:
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.'

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day, 65
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

¹ Alluding to the dole anciently given at funerals.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancèl,
 And William in the higher: 70
 Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
 And out of his a briar.

They grew till they grew unto the church-top,
 And then they could grow no higher;
 And there they tyed in a true lovers knot, 75
 Which made all the people admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you the truth shall hear,
 And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there. 80

V.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

Given, with some corrections, from an old black letter copy, intituled, 'Barbara Allen's cruelty, or the young man's tragedy.'

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
 There was a faire maid dwellin,
 Made every youth crye, 'Wel-awaye!'
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of may, 5
 When greene buds they were swellin,
 Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
 To the town, where shee was dwellin; 10
 'You must come to my master deare,
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovely Barbara Allen.' 15

'Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee,
For bonny Barbara Allen.' 20

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
'Yong man, I think y'are dying.'

He turnd his face unto her strait, 25
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
'O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my deth-bed lying.'

'If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin; 30
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell,' sayd Barbara Allen.

He turnd his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
'Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all, 35
Adieu to Barbara Allen.'

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
'Unworthy Barbara Allen!' 40

She turn'd her bodye round about,
 And spied the corps a coming:
 'Laye down, laye down the corps,' she sayd,
 'That I may look upon him.'

With scornful eye she lookèd downe, 45
 Her cheekes with laughter swellin;
 Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
 'Unworthye Barbara Allen!'

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
 Her harte was struck with sorrowe, 50
 'O mother, mother, make my bed,
 For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard harted creature him to slight,
 Who loved me so dearlye:
 O that I had beene more kind to him, 55
 When he was alive and neare me!'

She, on her death-bed, as she laye,
 Beg'd to be buried by him;
 And sore repented of the daye,
 That she did ere denye him. 60

'Farewell,' she sayd, 'ye virgins all,
 And shun the fault I fell in:
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen.'

* *
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VI.

SWEET WILLIAM'S GHOST.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

From Allan Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany.' The concluding stanza of this piece seems modern.

THERE came a ghost to Margaret's door,
 With many a grievous grone,
 And ay he tirl'd at the pin;
 But answer made she none.

'Is this my father Philip? 5
 Or is't my brother John?
 Or is't my true love Willie,
 From Scotland new come home?'

'Tis not thy father Philip;
 Nor yet thy brother John: 10
 But tis thy true love Willie
 From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Margret! O dear Margret!
 I pray thee speak to mee:
 Give me my faith and troth, Margret, 15
 As I gave it to thee.'

'Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
 [Of me shalt nevir win,]
 Till that thou come within my bower,
 And kiss my cheek and chin.' 20

'If I should come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man:
 And should I kiss thy rosy lipp,
 Thy days will not be lang.

O sweet Margret, O dear Margret, 25
I pray thee speak to mee:
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,
As I gave it to thee.'

'Thy faith and troth thou'se nevir get,
[Of me shalt nevir win,] 30
Till thou take me to yon kirk yard,
And wed me with a ring.'

'My bones are buried in a kirk yard
Afar beyond the sea,
And it is but my sprite, Margret, 35
That's speaking now to thee.'

She stretchèd out her lilly-white hand,
As for to do her best:
'Hae there your faith and troth, Willie,
God send your soul good rest.' 40

Now she has kilted her robes of green,
A piece below her knee:
And a' the live-lang winter night
The dead corps followed shee.

'Is there any room at your head, Willie? 45
Or any room at your feet?
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep?'

'There's nae room at my head, Margret,
There's nae room at my feet, 50
There's no room at my side, Margret,
My coffin is made so meet.'

Then up and crew the red red cock,
 And up then crew the gray:
 'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret, 55
 That [I] were gane away.'

No more the ghost to Margret said,
 But, with a grievous grone,
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone. 60

'O stay, my only true love, stay,'
 The constant Margret cried:
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her saft limbs, and died.

VII.

SIR JOHN GREHME AND BARBARA ALLAN.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Printed, with a few conjectural emendations, from a written copy.

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the greene leaves wer a fallan;
 That Sir John Grehme o' the west countrie,
 Fell in luve wi' Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down throw the towne, 5
 To the plaice wher she was dwellan:
 'O haste and cum to my maister deare,
 Gin ye bin Barbara Allan.'

O hooly, hooly raise she up,
 To the plaice wher he was lyan; 10

And whan she drew the curtain by,
 'Young man, I think ye're dyan.'¹

'O, its I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And its a' for Barbara Allan.'
 'O the better for me ye'se never be,
 Though your harts blude wer spillan.

15

Remember ye nat in the tavern, sir,
 Whan ye the cups wer fillan;
 How ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan?' 20

He turn'd his face unto the wa'
 And death was with him dealan;
 'Adiew! adiew! my dear friends a',
 Be kind to Barbara Allan.'

Then hooly, hooly raise she up, 25
 And hooly, hooly left him;
 And sighan said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile'but twa,
 Whan she heard the deid-bell knellan; 30
 And everye jow the deid-bell geid,
 Cried 'Wae to Barbara Allan!'

'O mither, mither, mak my bed,
 O mak it saft and narrow:
 Since my love died for me to-day, 35
 Ise die for him to-morrowe.'

* *
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¹ An ingenious friend thinks the rhymes 'dyand' and 'lyand,' ought to be transposed; as the taunt 'Young man, I think ye're lyand,' would be very characteristic.

VIII.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

From an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, with some improvements communicated by a lady as she had heard the same recited in her youth. The full title is, 'True love requited: Or, the Bailiff's daughter of Islington.'

Islington in Norfolk is probably the place here meant.

THERE was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe,
And he was a squires son:
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coye and would not believe 5
That he did love her soe,
Noe, nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

But when his friendes did understand
His fond and foolish minde, 10
They sent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to binde.

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see:
'Many a teare have I shed for her sake, 15
When she little thought of mee.'

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye. 20

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

And as she went along the high road, 25
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine; 30
'One penny, one penny, kind sir,' she sayd,
'Will ease me of much paine.'

'Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.'
'At Islington, kind sir,' sayd shee, 35
'Where I have had many a scorne.'

'I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me, whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington.'
'She is dead, sir, long agoe.' 40

'If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr cuntrye,
Where noe man shall me knowe.'

'O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youth, 45
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride.'

'O, farewell grieve, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore; 50
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.'

IX.

THE WILLOW TREE.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

From the small black-letter collection, intitled, 'The Golden Garland of Princely Delights;' collated with two other copies, and corrected by conjecture.

WILLY.

How now, shepherde, what meanes that?
 Why that willowe in thy hat?
 Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
 Turn'd to branches of greene willowe?

CUDDY.

They are chang'd, and so am I;
 Sorrowes live, but pleasures die:
 Phillis hath forsaken mee,
 Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Phillis? shee that lov'd thee long?
 Is shee the lass hath done thee wrong? 10
 Shee that lov'd thee long and best,
 Is her love turned to a jest?

CUDDY.

Shee that long true love profest,
 She hath robb'd my heart of rest:
 For she a new love loves, not mee; 15
 Which makes me wear the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Come then, shepherde, let us joine,
 Since thy happ is like to mine:

For the maid I thought most true
Mee hath also bid adieu.

20

CUDDY.

Thy hard happ doth mine appease,
Companye doth sorrowe ease:
Yet, Phillis, still I pine for thee,
And still must weare the willowe-tree.

WILLY.

Shepherde, be advis'd by mee,
Cast off grief and willowe-tree:
For thy grief brings her content,
She is pleas'd if thou lament.

25

CUDDY.

Herdsmán, I'll be rul'd by thee,
There lyes grief and willowe-tree;
Henceforth I will do as they,
And love a new love every day.

30

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* *

X.

THE LADY'S FALL,

—is given (with corrections) from the editor's ancient folio MS. collated with two printed copies in black-letter; one in the British Museum, the other in the Pepys collection. Its old title is, 'A lamentable ballad of the Lady's fall.' To the tune of, 'In Pescod Time, &c.'—The ballad here referred to is preserved in the 'Muses Library,' 8vo, p. 281. It is an allegory or vision, intitled, 'The Shepherd's Slumber,' and opens with some pretty rural images, viz.

'In pescod time when hound to horn
Gives care till buck be kil'd,
And little lads with pipes of corne
Sate keeping beasts a-field.

I went to gather strawberries
By woods and groves full fair, &c'

MARKE well my heavy dolefull tale,
 You loyall lovers all,
 And heedfully beare in your brest,
 A gallant ladyes fall.
 Long was she wooed, ere shee was wonne, 5
 To lead a wedded life,
 But folly wrought her overthrowe
 Before shee was a wife.

Too soone, alas! shee gave consent
 And yeelded to his will, 10
 Though he protested to be true,
 And faithfull to her still.
 Shee felt her body altered quite,
 Her bright hue waxed pale,
 Her lovelye cheeks chang'd color white, 15
 Her strength began to fayle.

Soe that with many a sorrowful sigh,
 This beauteous ladye milde,
 With greeved hart, perceived herselfe
 To have conceived with childe. 20
 Shee kept it from her parents sight
 As close as close might bee,
 And soe put on her silken gowne
 None might her swelling see.

Unto her lover secretly 25
 Her greefe shee did bewray,
 And walking with him hand in hand,
 These words to him did say;
 'Behold,' quoth shee, 'a maids distresse
 By love brought to thy bowe, 30
 Behold I goe with childe by thee,
 Tho none thereof doth knowe.

- The litle babe springs in my wombe
 To heare its fathers voyce,
 Lett it not be a bastard called, 35
 Sith I made thee my choyce :
 Come, come, my love, perform thy vowe
 And wed me out of hand ;
 O leave me not in this extreme
 Of grieffe, alas! to stand. 40
- Think on thy former promises,
 Thy oathes and vowes eche one ;
 Remember with what bitter teares
 To mee thou madest thy moane.
 Convay me to some secrett place, 45
 And marry me with speede ;
 Or with thy rapyer end my life,
 Ere further shame proceede.'
- 'Alacke! my beauteous love,' quoth hee,
 'My joye, and only dear ; 50
 Which way can I convay thee hence,
 When dangers are so near?
 Thy friends are all of hys degree,
 And I of meane estate ;
 Full hard it is to gett thee forthe 55
 Out of thy fathers gate.'
- 'Dread not thy life to save my fame,
 For if thou taken bee,
 My selfe will step betweene the swords,
 And take the harme on mee : 60
 Soe shall I scape dishonor quite ;
 And if I should be slaine
 What could they say, but that true love
 Had wrought a ladies bane?

But feare not any further harme; 65

My selfe will soe devise,

That I will ryde away with thee

Unknownen of mortall eyes:

Disguised like some pretty page

Ile meete thee in the darke, 70

And all alone Ile come to thee

Hard by my fathers parke.'

'And there,' quoth hee, 'Ile meete my deare

If God soe lend me life,

On this day month without all fayle 75

I will make thee my wife.'

Then with a sweete and loving kisse,

They parted presentlye,

And att their partinge brinish teares

Stoode in eche others eye. 80

Att length the wished day was come,

On which this beauteous mayd,

With longing eyes, and strange attire,

For her true lover stayd.

When any person shee espyed 85

Come ryding ore the plaine,

She hop'd it was her owne true love:

But all her hopes were vaine.

Then did shee weepe and sore bewayle

Her most unhappy fate; 90

Then did shee speake these woefull words.

As succourless she sate;

'O false, forsworne, and faithlesse man,

Disloyall in thy love,

Hast thou forgott thy promise past, 95

And wilt thou perjured prove?

And hast thou now forsaken mee
 In this my great distresse,
 To end my dayes in open shame,
 Which thou mightst well redresse? 100
 Woe worth the time I eer believ'd
 That flattering tongue of thine:
 Wold God that I had never seene
 The teares of thy false eyne.'

And thus with many a sorrowful sigh, 105
 Homewards shee went againe;
 Noe rest came in her waterye eyes,
 Shee felt such privye paine.
 In travail strong shee fell that night,
 With manye a bitter throwe; 110
 What woefull paines shee then did feel,
 Doth eche good woman knowe.

Shee called up her waiting mayd,
 That lay at her bedds feete,
 Who musing at her mistress woe, 115
 Began full fast to weepe.
 'Weepe not,' said shee, 'but shutt the dores,
 And windowes round about,
 Let none bewray my wretched state,
 But keepe all persons out.' 120

'O mistress, call your mother deare;
 Of women you have neede,
 And of some skilfull midwifes helpe,
 That better may you speed.'
 'Call not my mother for thy life, 125
 Nor fetch no woman here;
 The midwifes helpe comes all too late,
 My death I doe not feare.'

With that the babe sprang from her wombe
 No creature being nye, 130
And with one sighe, which brake her hart,
 This gentle dame did dye.
The lovely litle infant younge,
 The mother being dead,
Resigned its new receivèd breath 135
 To him that had it made.

Next morning came her own true love,
 Affrighted at the newes,
And he for sorrow slew himselfe,
 Whom eche one did accuse. 140
The mother with her new borne babe,
 Were laide both in one grave:
Their parents overworne with woe,
 No joy thenceforth cold have.

Take heed, you daynty damsells all, 145
 Of flattering words beware,
And to the honour of your name
 Have an especial care.
Too true, alas! this story is,
 As many one can tell: 150
By others harmes learne to be wise,
 And you shall do full well.

XI.

WALY WALY, LOVE BE BONNY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

This is a very ancient song, but we could only give it from a modern copy. Some editions instead of the four last lines in the second stanza have these, which have too much merit to be wholly suppressed :

'When cockle shells turn siller bells,
And muscles grow on every tree,
When frost and snaw sall warm us aw',
Than hail my love prove true to me.'

See the 'Orpheus Caledonius,' &c.

Arthur's-seat mentioned in ver. 17, is a hill near Edinburgh; at the bottom of which is St. Anthony's well.¹

O WALY, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn side,
Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik, 5
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly, waly, gin love be bonny,
A little time while it is new; 10
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherfore shuld I busk my head?
Or wherfore shuld I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook, 15
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheets shall neir be fyl'd by me:

¹ The heroine of this song was Lady Barbara Erskine, daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar, and wife of James, second Marquis of Douglas. She was divorced from her husband, owing to the malicious insinuations of a rejected lover.—ED.

Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me. 20
 Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell, 25
 Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;
 'Tis not sic cauld, that makes me cry,
 But my loves heart grown cauld to me.
 Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
 We were a comely sight to see, 30
 My love was cled in black velvet,
 And I my sell in cramasle.

But had I wist, before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win;
 I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd, 35
 And pinnd it with a siller pin.
 And, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurses knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane!
 For a maid again Ise never be. 40

XII.

THE BRIDE'S BURIAL.

From two ancient copies in black-letter: one in the Pepys Collection; the other in the British Museum.

To the tune of 'The Lady's Fall.'

COME mourne, come mourne with mee,
 You loyall lovers all;
 Lament my loss in weeds of woe,
 Whom griping grief doth thrall.

Like to the drooping vine, 5
Cut by the gardener's knife,
Even so my heart, with sorrow slaine,
Doth bleed for my sweet wife.

By death, that grislye ghost,
My turtle dove is slaine, 10
And I am left, unhappy man,
To spend my dayes in paine.

Her beauty, late so bright,
Like roses in their prime,
Is wasted like the mountain snowe, 15
Before warme Phebus' shine.

Her faire red colour'd cheeks
Now pale and wan; her eyes,
That late did shine like crystal stars,
Alas, their light it dies: 20

Her pretty lilly hands,
With fingers long and small,
In colour like the earthly claye,
Yea, cold and stiff withall.

When as the morning-star 25
Her golden gates had spread,
And that the glittering sun arose
Forth from fair Thetis' bed;

Then did my love awake,
Most like a lilly-flower, 30
And as the lovely queene of heaven,
So shone shee in her bower.

Attired was shee then
Like Flora in her pride,
Like one of bright Diana's nymphs, 35
So look'd my loving bride.

And as fair Helens face,
Did Grecian dames besmirche,
So did my dear exceed in sight,
All virgins in the church. 40

When we had knitt the knott
Of holy wedlock-band,
Like alabaster joyn'd to jett,
So stood we hand in hand;

Then lo! a chilling cold 45
Strucke every vital part,
And griping grief, like pangs of death,
Seiz'd on my true love's heart.

Down in a swoon she fell,
As cold as any stone; 50
Like Venus picture lacking life,
So was my love brought home.

At length her rosy red,
Throughout her comely face,
As Phcebus beames with watry cloudes 55
Was cover'd for a space.

When with a grievous groane,
And voice both hoarse and drye,
'Farewell,' quoth she, 'my loving friend,
For I this daye must dye; 60

The messenger of God,
With golden trumpe I see,
With manye other angels more,
Which sound and call for mee.

Instead of musicke sweet, 65
Go toll my passing-bell;
And with sweet flowers strow my grave,
That in my chamber smell.

Strip off my bride's arraye,
My cork shoes from my feet; 70
And, gentle mother, be not coye
To bring my winding-sheet.

My wedding dinner drest,
Bestowe upon the poor,
And on the hungry, needy, maimde, 75
Now craving at the door.

Instead of virgins yong,
My bride-bed for to see,
Go cause some cunning carpenter,
To make a chest for mee. 80

My bride laces of silk
Bestowd, for maidens meet,
May fitly serve, when I am dead,
To tye my hands and feet.

And thou, my lover true, 85
My husband and my friend,
Let me intreat thee here to staye,
Until my life doth end.

Now leave to talk of love,
And humblye on your knee, 90
Direct your prayers unto God:
But mourn no more for mee.

In love as we have livde,
In love let us depart;
And I, in token of my love, 95
Do kiss thee with my heart.

O staunch those bootless teares,
Thy weeping tis in vaine;
I am not lost, for wee in heaven
Shall one daye meet againe ' 100

With that shee turn'd aside,
As one dispos'd to sleep,
And like a lamb departed life;
Whose friends did sorely weep.

Her true love seeing this, 105
Did fetch a grievous groane,
As tho' his heart would burst in twaine,
And thus he made his moane.

'O darke and dismal daye,
A daye of grief and care, 110
That hath bereft the sun so bright,
Whose beams refresht the air.

Now woe unto the world,
And all that therein dwell,
O that I were with thee in heaven, 115
For here I live in hell.'

And now this lover lives
 A discontented life,
 Whose bride was brought unto the grave
 A maiden and a wife. 120

A garland fresh and faire
 Of lillies there was made,
 In sign of her virginitye,
 And on her coffin laid.

Six maidens, all in white, 125
 Did beare her to the ground:
 The bells did ring in solemn sort,
 And made a dolefull sound.

In earth they laid her then,
 For hungry wormes a preye; 130
 So shall the fairest face alive
 At length be brought to claye.

XIII.

DULCINA.

Given from two ancient copies, one in black-print, in the Pepys Collection; the other in the Editor's folio MS. Each of these contained a stanza not found in the other. What seemed the best readings were selected from both.

This song is quoted as very popular in Walton's Complete Angler, chap. 2. It is more ancient than the ballad of 'Robin Good-Fellow' printed below, which yet is supposed to have been written by Ben. Jonson.

As at noone Dulcina rested
 In her sweete and shady bower;
 Came a shepherd, and requested
 In her lapp to sleepe an hour.

But from her looke 5
A wounde he tooke
Soe deepe, that for a further boone
The nymph he prayes.
Wherto shee sayes,
'Forgoe me now, come to me soone.' 10

But in vayne shee did conjure him
To depart her presence soe;
Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
And but one to bid him goe:
Where lipps invite, 15
And eyes delight,
And cheekes, as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay;
What boots, she say,
'Forgoe me now, come to me soone?' 20

He demands, 'What time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now?'
She sayes, 'Night gives love that leysure,
Which the day can not allow.'
He sayes, 'The sight 25
Improves delight.'
Which she denies: 'Nights mirkie noone
In Venus' playes
Makes bold,' shee sayes;
'Forgoe me now, come to mee soone.' 30

But what promise or profession
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of suche beautye for a hope?
Or for the sight 35
Of lingering night

Forgoe the present joyes of noone?
 Though ne'er soe faire
 Her speeches were,
 'Forgoe me now, come to me soone.' 40

How, at last, agreed these lovers?
 Shee was fayre, and he was young;
 The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers;
 Joyes unseene are never sung.
 Did shee consent, 45
 Or he relent?
 Accepts he night, or grants shee noone?
 Left he her a mayd,
 Or not? shee sayd
 'Forgoe me now, come to me soone.' 50

XIV.

THE LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, collated with another in the British Museum, H. 263. folio. It is there intitled, 'The Lady Isabella's Tragedy, or the Step-Mother's Cruelty: being a relation of a lamentable and cruel murther, committed on the body of the lady Isabella, the only daughter of a noble duke, &c. To the tune of, The Lady's Fall.' To some copies are annexed eight more modern stanzas, intitled, 'The Dutchess's and Cook's Lamentation.'

THERE was a lord of worthy fame,
 And a hunting he would ride,
 Attended by a noble traine
 Of gentry by his side.

And while he did in chase remaine, 5
 To see both sport and playe;
 His ladye went, as shee did feigne,
 Unto the church to praye.

This lord he had a daughter deare,
Whose beauty shone so bright, 10
She was belov'd, both far and neare,
Of many a lord and knight.

Fair Isabella was she call'd,
A creature faire was shee;
She was her fathers only joye; 15
As you shall after see.

Therefore her cruel step-mothèr
Did envye her so much,
That daye by daye she sought her life,
Her malice it was such. 20

She bargain'd with the master-cook,
To take her life awaye:
And taking of her daughters book,
She thus to her did saye.

'Go home, sweet daughter, I thee praye, 25
Go hasten presentlie;
And tell unto the master-cook
These wordes that I tell thee.

And bid him dresse to dinner streight
That faire and milk-white doe, 30
That in the parke doth shine so bright,
There's none so faire to showe.'

This ladye fearing of no harme,
Obey'd her mothers will;
And presentlye she hasted home, 35
Her pleasure to fulfill.

She streight into the kitchen went,
Her message for to tell;
And there she spied the master-cook,
Who did with malice swell. 40

‘Nowe, master-cook, it must be soe,
Do that which I thee tell:
You needes must dresse the milk-white doe,
Which you do knowe full well.’

Then streight his cruell bloodye hands, 45
He on the ladye layd;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he sayd:

‘Thou art the doe, that I must dresse;
See here, behold my knife; 50
For it is pointed presently
To ridd thee of thy life.’

‘O then,’ cried out the scullion-boye,
As loud as loud might bee;
‘O save her life, good master-cook, 55
And make your pyes of mee!

For pityes sake do not destroye
My ladye with your knife;
You know shee is her father’s joye,
For Christes sake save her life.’ 60

‘I will not save her life,’ he sayd,
‘Nor make my pyes of thee;
Yet if thou dost this deed bewraye,
Thy butcher I will bee.’

Now when this lord he did come home 65
For to sit downe and eat;
He called for his daughter deare,
To come and carve his meat.

'Now sit you downe,' his ladye said,
'O sit you downe to meat; 70
Into some nunnery she is gone;
Your daughter deare forget.'

Then solemnye he made a vowe,
Before the companie:
That he would neither eat nor drinke, 75
Until he did her see.

O then bespake the scullion-boye,
With a loude voice so hye;
'If now you will your daughter see,
My lord, cut up that pye: 80

Wherein her fleshe is minced small,
And parched with the fire;
All caused by her step-mothèr,
Who did her death desire.

And cursed bee the master-cook, 85
O cursed may he bee!
I proffered him my own hearts blood,
From death to set her free.'

Then all in blacke this lord did mourne;
And for his daughters sake, 90
He judged her cruel step-mothèr
To be burnt at a stake.

Likewise he judg'd the master-cook
 In boiling lead to stand;
 And made the simple scullion-boye
 The heire of all his land.

95

 XV.

A HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

This song is a kind of translation of a pretty poem of Tasso's, called *Amore fuggitivo*, generally printed with his *Aminta*, and originally imitated from the first Idyllium of Moschus.

It is extracted from Ben Jonson's *Masque at the marriage of lord viscount Hadington*, on Shrove-Tuesday 1608. One stanza full of dry mythology is here omitted, as it had been dropt in a copy of this song printed in a small volume called '*Le Prince d'amour*. Lond. 1660,' 8vo.'

BEAUTIES, have yee seen a toy,
 Called Love, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blinde;
 Cruel now; and then as kinde?
 If he be amongst yee, say;
 He is Venus' runaway.

5

Shée, that will but now discover
 Where the winged wag doth hover,
 Shall to-night receive a kisse,
 How and where herselfe would wish:
 But who brings him to his mother
 Shall have that kisse, and another.

10

Markes he hath about him plentie;
 You may know him among twentie:
 All his body is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire:
 Which, being shot, like lightning, in,
 Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

15

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
He will leape from lip to lip, 20
Over liver, lights, and heart;
Yet not stay in any part.
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoote himselfe in kisses.

He doth beare a golden bow, 25
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrowes, which outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharpe than other,
With that first he strikes his mother. 30

Still the fairest are his fuell,
When his daies are to be cruell;
Lovers hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest bloud:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season, 35
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet:
All his practice is deceit;
Everie gift is but a bait; 40
Not a kisse but poyson beares;
And most treason's in his teares.

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then the straggler makes his gaine,
By presenting maids with toyes 45
And would have yee thinke 'em joyes;
'Tis the ambition of the elfe
To have all childish as himselfe.

If by these yee please to know him,
 Beauties, be not nice, but show him. 50
 Though yee had a will to hide him,
 Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him
 Since yee heare this falser's play,
 And that he is Venus' runaway.

XVI.

THE KING OF FRANCE'S DAUGHTER.

The story of this ballad seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald, king of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulph king of England: but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulph died, and she returned to France: whence she was carried off by Baldwin, Forester of Flanders; who, after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the king's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A.D. 863.—See Rapin, Henault, and the French Historians.

The following copy is given from the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection, intitled, 'An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the king of France's Daughter, &c. To the tune of Crimson Velvet.'

Many breaches having been made in this old song by the hand of time, principally (as might be expected) in the quick returns of the rhyme, an attempt is here made to repair them.

In the dayes of old,
 When faire France did flourish,
 Storyes plaine have told,
 Lovers felt annoye.
 The queene a daughter bare, 5
 Whom beautye's queene did nourish:
 She was lovelye faire
 She was her fathers joye.
 A prince of England came,
 Whose deeds did merit fame, 10
 But he was exil'd, and outcast:
 Love his soul did fire,

Shee granted his desire,
Their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her father proved, 15
Sorelye he was moved,
And tormented in his minde.
He sought for to prevent them;
And, to discontent them,
Fortune cross'd these lovers kinde. 20

When these princes twaine
Were thus barr'd of pleasure,
Through the kinges disdaine,
Which their joyes withstoode:
The lady soone prepar'd 25
Her jewells and her treasure;
Having no regard
For state and royall bloode;
In homelye poore array
She went from court away, 30
To meet her joye and hearts delight;
Who in a forrest great
Had taken up his seat,
To wayt her coming in the night.
But, lo! what sudden danger 35
To this princely stranger
Chanced, as he sate alone!
By outlawes he was robbed,
And with ponyards stabbed,
Uttering many a dying grone. 40

The princesse, arm'd by love,
And by chaste desire,
All the night did rove
Without dread at all:

Still unknowne she past 45
 In her strange attire;
 Coming at the last
 Within echoes call,—
 ‘You faire woods,’ quoth shee,
 ‘Honoured may you bee, 50
 Harboursing my hearts delight;
 Which encompass here
 My joye and only deare,
 My trustye friend, and comelye
 knight.
 Sweete, I come unto thee, 55
 Sweete, I come to woo thee;
 That thou mayst not angry bee
 For my long delaying;
 For thy curteous staying
 Soone amendes Ile make to thee.’ 60

Passing thus alone
 Through the silent forest,
 Many a grievous grone
 Sounded in her eares:
 She heard one complayne 65
 And lament the sorest,
 Seeming all in payne,
 Shedding deadly teares.
 ‘Farewell, my deare,’ quoth hee,
 ‘Whom I must never see; 70
 For why, my life is att an end,
 Through villaines crueltye:
 For thy sweet sake I dye,
 To show I am a faithfull friend.
 Here I lye a bleeding, 75
 While my thoughts are feeding

On the rarest beautye found.
O hard happ, that may be!
Little knowes my ladye
My heartes blood lyes on the ground.' 80

With that a grone he sends
Which did burst in sunder
All the tender bands
Of his gentle heart.
She, who knewe his voice, 85
At his wordes did wonder;
All her former joyes
Did to grieve convert.
Strait she ran to see,
Who this man shold bee, 90
That soe like her love did seeme;
Her lovely lord she found
Lye slaine upon the ground,
Smear'd with gore a ghastlye streame.
Which his lady spying, 95
Shrieking, fainting, crying,
Her sorrows could not uttered bee;
'Fate,' she cryed, 'too cruell:
For thee—my dearest jewell,
Would God! that I had dyed for thee.' 100

His pale lippes, alas!
Twentye times she kissed,
And his face did wash
With her trickling teares:
Every gaping wound 105
Tenderlye she pressed,
And did wipe it round
With her golden haire.

'Speake, faire love,' quoth shee,
 'Speake, faire prince, to mee, 110
 One sweete word of comfort give:
 Lift up thy deare eyes,
 Listen to my cryes,
 Thinke in what sad grieve I live.'
 All in vaine she sued, 115
 All in vaine she wooed,
 The prince's life was fled and gone.
 There stood she still mourning,
 Till the suns retourning,
 And bright day was coming on. 120

In this great distresse
 Weeping, wayling ever,
 Oft shee cryed, 'Alas!
 What will become of mee?
 To my fathers court 125
 I returne will never:
 But in lowlye sort
 I will a servant bee.'
 While thus she made her mone,
 Weeping all alone, 130
 In this deepe and deadlye feare;
 A for'ster all in greene,
 Most comelye to be seene,
 Ranging the woods did find her there.
 Moved with her sorrowe, 135
 'Maid,' quoth hee, 'good morrowe,
 What hard happ has brought thee
 here?'
 'Harder happ did never
 Two kinde hearts dissever:
 Here lyes slaine my brother deare. 140

Where may I remaine,
 Gentle for'ster, shew me,
 Till I can obtaine
 A service in my neede?
 Paines I will not spare: 145
 This kinde favour doe me,
 It will ease my care;
 Heaven shall be thy meede.'
 The for'ster all amazed,
 On her beautye gazed, 150
 Till his heart was set on fire.
 'If, faire maid,' quoth hee,
 'You will goe with mee,
 You shall have your hearts desire.'
 He brought her to his mother, 155
 And above all other
 He sett forth this maidens praise.
 Long was his heart inflamed,
 At length her love he gained,
 And fortune crown'd his future dayes. 160

Thus unknowne he wedde
 With a kings faire daughter;
 Children seven they had,
 Ere she told her birth.
 Which when once he knew, 165
 Humblye he besought her,
 He to the world might shew
 Her rank and princelye worth.
 He cloath'd his children then,
 (Not like other men) 170
 In partye-colours strange to see;
 The right side cloth of gold,
 The left side to behold,

Of woollen cloth still framed hee.¹
 Men thereatt did wonder; 175
 Golden fame did thunder
 This strange deede in every place:
 The king of France came thither,
 It being pleasant weather,
 In those woods the hart to chase. 180

The children then they bring,
 So their mother will'd it,
 Where the royall king
 Must of force come bye:
 Their mothers riche array 185
 Was of crimson velvet:
 Their fathers all of gray,
 Seemelye to the eye.
 Then this famous king,
 Noting every thing, 190
 Askt how he durst be so bold
 To let his wife soe weare,
 And decke his children there
 In costly robes of pearl and gold.
 The forrester replying, 195
 And the cause descrying,²
 To the king these words did say,
 ' Well may they, by their mother,
 Weare rich clothes with other,
 Being by birth a princesse gay.' 200

¹ This will remind the reader of the livery and device of Charles Brandon, a private gentleman, who married the Queen Dowager of France, sister of Henry VIII. At a tournament which he held at his wedding, the trappings of his horse were half cloth of gold, and half frieze, with the following Motto:

'Cloth of Gold, do not deepe,
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Frize;
 Cloth of Frize, be not too bold,
 Tho' thou art matcht with Cloth of Gold.'

See Sir W. Temple's Misc. vol. III. p. 356.—² i.e. describing. See Gloss.

The king aroused thus,
 More heedfull ye beheld them,
 Till a crimson blush
 His remembrance crost.
 'The more I fix my mind 205
 On thy wife and children,
 The more methinks I find
 The daughter which I lost.'
 Falling on her knee,
 'I am that child,' quoth shee; 210
 'Pardon mee, my souveraine liege.'
 The king perceiving this,
 His daughter deare did kiss,
 While joyfull teares did stopp his speeche.
 With his traine he tourned, 215
 And with them sojourned.
 Strait he dubb'd her husband knight;
 Then made him erle of Flanders,
 And chiefe of his commanders:
 Thus were their sorrowes put to flight. 220

* *
*

XVII.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

This little Madrigal (extracted from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act 1. Sc. 1. first acted in 1609,) is in imitation of a Latin poem printed at the end of the *Variorum Edit.* of Petronius, beginning, '*Semper munditias, semper Basilissas, decoras, &c.*' See Whalley's *Ben Jonson*, vol. II. p. 420.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast:
 Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,
 Though art's hid causes are not found, 5
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
 That makes simplicitie a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, haire as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me, 10
 Than all th' adulteries of art,
 That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

XVIII.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The subject of this very popular ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, No. 85.) seems to be taken from an old play, intitled, 'Two lamentable Tragedies; The one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streets, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to.' Our ballad-maker has strictly followed the play in the description of the father and mother's dying charge: in the uncle's promise to take care of their issue: his hiring two ruffians to destroy his ward, under pretence of sending him to school: their chusing a wood to perpetrate the murder in: one of the ruffians relenting, and a battle ensuing, &c. In other respects, he has departed from the play. In the latter the scene is laid in Padua: there is but one child: which is murdered by a sudden stab of the unrelenting ruffian: he is slain himself by his less bloody companion; but ere he dies gives the other a mortal wound: the latter living just long enough to impeach the uncle; who, in consequence of this impeachment, is arraigned and executed by the hand of justice, &c. Whoever compares the play with the ballad, will have no doubt but the former is the original: the language is far more obsolete, and such a vein of simplicity runs through the whole performance, that, had the ballad been written first, there is no doubt but every circumstance of it would have been received into the drama: whereas this was probably built on some Italian novel.

Printed from two ancient copies, one of them in black-letter in the Pepys Collection. It's title at large is, 'The Children in the Wood: or, the Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament: To the tune of Rogero, &c.'¹

Now ponder well, you parents deare,
 These wordes, which I shall write;
 A doleful story you shall heare,
 In time brought forth to light.

¹ Some antiquaries find an earlier date for this ballad (1595). Sharon Turner conjectures it to have been written with a secret reference to Richard III. and his nephews.—ED.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
Most men of his estate. 5

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save; 10
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they liv'd, in love they dyed, 15
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautyes molde. 20
The father left his little son,
As plainye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane 25
Five hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come, 30
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

'Now, brother,' said the dying man,
'Look to my children deare;

Be good unto my boy and girl, 35
 No friendes else have they here:
 To God and you I recommend
 My children deare this daye;
 But little while be sure we have
 Within this world to staye. 40

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one:
 God knowes what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.'
 With that bespake their mother deare, 45
 'O brother kinde,' quoth shee,
 'You are the man must bring our
 babes
 To wealth or miserie:

And if you keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward; 50
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deedes regard.'
 With lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small:
 'God bless you both, my children deare;' 55
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sicke couple there,
 'The keeping of your little ones
 Sweet sister, do not feare: 60
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children deare,
 When you are layd in grave.'

The parents being dead and gone, 65

The children home he takes,
And bringes them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye, 70

But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young, 75
And slaye them in a wood.

He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire London,
With one that was his friend. 80

Away then went those pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly, 85
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murder's heart relent; 90
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him, 95
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
 So here they fall to strife;
 With one another they did fight,
 About the childrens life : 100
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 Did slaye the other there,
 Within an unfrequented wood;
 The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand, 105
 Teares standing in their eye,
 And bade them straitway follow him,
 And look they did not crye:
 And two long miles he ledd them on,
 While they for food complaine: 110
 'Staye here,' quoth he, 'I'll bring you bread,
 When I come backe againe.'

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
 Went wandering up and downe;
 But never more could see the man 115
 Approaching from the town:
 Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
 Were all besmear'd and dyed,
 And when they sawe the darksome night,
 They sat them downe and cryed. 120

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
 Till deathe did end their grief,
 In one anothers armes they dyed,
 As wanting due relief;
 No burial [this] pretty [pair] 125
 Of any man receives,

Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell; 180
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field, 185
And nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himselfe was brought
To want and miserye: 140
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven yeares came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand 145
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
Such was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
As here hath been display'd: 150
Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless, 155
And infants mild and meek;

Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such like misery
 Your wicked minds requite.

160

XIX.

A LOVER OF LATE.

Printed, with a few slight corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.

A Lover of late was I,
 For Cupid would have it soe,
 The boy that hath never an eye,
 As every man doth know:
 I sighed and sobbed, and cryed, alas!
 For her that laught, and called me ass.

5

Then knew not I what to doe,
 When I saw itt was in vaine
 A lady soe coy to wooe,
 Who gave me the asse soe plaine:
 Yet would I her asse freely bee,
 Soe shee would helpe, and beare with mee.

10

An' I were as faire as shee,
 Or shee were as kind as I,
 What payre cold have made, as wec,
 Soe prettye a sympathye:
 I was as kind as shee was faire,
 But for all this wee cold not paire.

15

Paire with her that will for mee,
 With her I will never paire;

20

Ver. 13, faine, MS.

That cunningly can be coy,
 For being a little faire.
 The asse Ile leave to her disdaine;
 And now I am myselfe againe.

XX.

THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of 'The King and the Miller,' we have 'K. Henry and the Soldier;' 'K. James I. and the Tinker;' K. William III. and the Forrester,' &c. Of the latter sort, are 'K. Alfred and the Shepherd;' 'K. Edward IV. and the Tanner;' 'K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler,' &c.—A few of the best of these are admitted into this collection. Both the author of the following ballad, and others who have written on the same plan, seem to have copied a very ancient poem, intituled 'JOHN THE REEVE,' which is built on an adventure of the same kind, that happened between K. Edward Longshanks, and one of his Reeves or Bailiffs. This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it. The Editor has a copy in his ancient folio MS. but its length rendered it improper for this volume, it consisting of more than 900 lines. It contains also some corruptions, and the Editor chooses to defer its publication in hopes that some time or other he shall be able to remove them.

The following is printed, with corrections, from the Editor's folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, intituled 'A pleasant ballad of K. Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield, &c.'

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
 To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
 To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
 Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
 Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
 For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlie,
 With all his princes and nobles eche one;

Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
 Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home. 10
 Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
 All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
 With a rude miller he mett at the last:
 Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham; 15
 'Sir,' quoth the miller, 'I meane not to jest,
 Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
 You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.'

'Why, what dost thou think of me,' quoth our king
 merrily,
 'Passing thy judgment upon me so brieve?' 20
 'Good faith,' sayd the miller, 'I meane not to flatter
 thee;
 I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;
 Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
 Lest that I presentlye cracke thy knaves crowne.'

'Thou dost abuse me much,' quoth the king, 'saying
 thus; 25
 I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke.'
 'Thou hast not,' quoth th' miller, 'one groat in thy
 purse;
 All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe.'
 'I have gold to discharge all that I call;
 If it be forty pence, I will pay all.' 30

'If thou beest a true man,' then quoth the miller,
 'I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all
 night.'

¹ The king says this.

'Here's my hand,' quoth the king, 'that was I ever.'

'Nay, soft,' quoth the miller, 'thou may'st be a
sprite.

Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake; 35
With none but honest men hands will I take.'

Thus they went all along unto the millers house;

Where they were seething of puddings and souse:
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;

Never came hee in soe smoakye a house. 40

'Now,' quoth hee, 'let me see here what you are.'
Quoth our king, 'looke your fill, and doe not spare.'

'I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face ;
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.'

Quoth his wife, 'by my troth, it is a handsome
youth, 45

Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.

Art thou no run away, prythee, youth, tell ?
Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.'

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,

With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say ; 50

'I have no passport, nor never was servitor,

But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way :
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree.'

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye, 55

Saying, 'It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;

To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.'

'Yea,' quoth hee, 'you may see, he hath some grace
When he doth speake to his betters in place.' 60

‘Well,’ quoth the millers wife, ‘young man, ye’re welcome here ;

And, though I say it, well lodged shall be :
 Fresh straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,
 And good brown hempen sheets likewise,’ quoth shee.
 ‘Aye,’ quoth the good man ; ‘and when that is done, 65
 Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.’

‘Nay, first,’ quoth Richard, ‘good-fellowe, tell me true,
 Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose ?
 Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado ?’

‘I pray,’ quoth the king, ‘what creatures are those ?’
 ‘Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby ?’ quoth he : 71
 ‘If thou beest, surely thou lvest not with mee.’

This caus’d the king, suddenlye, to laugh most heartilye,

Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.
 Then to their supper were they set orderlye, 75
 With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes ;
 Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
 Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

‘Here,’ quoth the miller, ‘good fellowe, I drinke to thee,

And to all [cuckholds, wherever they bee.]’ 80
 ‘I pledge thee,’ quoth our king, ‘and thanke thee heartilye

For my good welcome in everye degree :
 And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.’
 ‘Do then,’ quoth Richard, ‘and quicke let it come.’

‘Wife,’ quoth the miller, ‘fetch me forth lightfoote, 85
 And of his sweetnesse a little we’ll taste.’

A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlie.

'Eate,' quoth the miller, 'but, sir, make no waste.'

'Here's dainty lightfoote! In faith,' sayd the king,

'I never before eat so daintye a thing.' 90

'I wis,' quoth Richard 'no daintye at all it is,

For we doe eate of it everye day.'

'In what place,' said our king 'may be bought like to this?'

'We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here; 95

Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.'

'Then I thinke,' sayd our king, 'that it is venison.'

'Eche foole,' quoth Richard, 'full well may know that:

Never are wee without two or three in the roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat: 100

But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;

We would not, for two pence, the king should it knowe.'

'Doubt not,' then sayd the king, 'my promist secresye;

The king shall never know more on't for mee.'

A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then, 105

And to their bedds they past presentlie.

The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,

For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers [cott,] soone they espy'd him out,

As he was mounting upon his faire steede, 110

To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;

Which made the millers heart wofully bleede:

Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling, 115

Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed :
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight. 120

PART THE SECONDE.

WHEN as our royall king came home from Notting-
ham,

And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way ;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest, 5
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

'And now, my lords,' quoth the king, 'I am deter-
mined

Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest : 10
For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire.'

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts :
A pursuivant there was sent straichte on the busi-
ness, 15

The which had often-times been in those parts.
When he came to the place, where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

'God save your worshippe,' then said the messenger,
'And grant your ladye her own hearts desire; 20
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happi-
ness;

That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St George's day;

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.' 25

'I wis,' quoth the miller, 'this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid,'

'I doubt,' quoth Richard, 'to be hang'd at the least.'
'Nay,' quoth the messenger, 'you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.' 30

Then sayd the miller, 'By my troth, messenger,

Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.
Let me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king, 35
We'll wayt on his mastership in everie thing.'

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,

And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;

And his leave taking with great humilitie

To the kings court againe he repair'd; 40

Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,

The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,

'Here come expenses and charges indeed;

Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we
have; 45

For of new garments we have great need:

Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.'

'Tushe, sir John,' quoth his wife, 'why should you
frett, or frowne?

You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee ; 50
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,
With everye thing else as fine as may bee ;
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide.'

In this most statelye sort, rode they unto the court, 55
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all ;
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall ;
The merry old miller with hands on his side ;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide. 60

The king and his nobles that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine ;
'Welcome, sir knight,' quoth he, 'with your gay lady :
Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe :
And so is the squire of courage soe free.' 65
Quoth Dicke, 'A bots on you! do you know mee?'

Quoth our king gentlye, 'how should I forget thee ?
That wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot.'
'Yea, sir,' quoth Richard, 'and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot.' 70
Thou whore-son unhappy knave,' then quoth the
knight,
'Speake cleanly to our king, or else go sh***.'

Ver. 57, 'for good hap : ' *i.e.* for good luck ; they were going on an hazardous expedition.—Ver. 60, Maid Marian in the Morris dance, was represented by a man in woman's clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames, and maids, like to the queen of
spades 75

The millers wife did soe orderly stand.
A milk-maids courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princely majesty,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight; 80
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting
fell,

And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
'Here's to you both, in wine, ale and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.'

Quoth sir John Cockle, 'I'll pledge you a pottle, 85
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire.'
But then said our king, 'now I think of a thing;
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here.'
'Ho! ho!' quoth Richard, 'full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.' 90

'Why art thou angry?' quoth our king merrilye:
'In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
heartily.'

Quoth Dicke, 'You are like to stay till I have
din'd;
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small; 95
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all!'

'Aye, marry,' quoth our king, 'that were a daintye
thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eate.'

With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one from
his hose,

Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate. 100
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—
'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must stay.'

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent;
And then the ladyes prepared to dance.
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent 105
Unto their places the king did advance.
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed; 110
'Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?'
Quoth he, 'Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red head:
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.'

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him, 115
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er seer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound
yearlye:
'Take heed now you steale no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.' 120

XXI.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

This beautiful old song was written by a poet, whose name would have been utterly forgotten, if it had not been preserved by Swift, as a term of contempt. 'Dryden and Wither' are coupled by him like the 'Bavius and Mævius' of Virgil. Dryden however has had justice done him by posterity: and as for Wither, though of subordinate merit, that he was not altogether devoid of genius, will be judged from the following stanzas. The truth is, Wither was a very voluminous party-writer: and as his political and satirical strokes rendered him extremely popular in his life-time; so afterwards, when these were no longer relished, they totally consigned his writings to oblivion.

George Wither was born June 11, 1588, and in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastoral pieces, that were not inelegant; but growing afterwards involved in the political and religious disputes in the times of James I. and Charles I. he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament, and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants, whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major Generals; and had the fleecing of the county of Surrey; but surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power and his affluence; and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the second of May, 1667.

During the whole course of his life, Wither was a continual publisher; having generally for opponent, Taylor the Water-poet. The long list of his productions may be seen in Wood's *Athenæ*. Oxon. vol. II. His most popular satire is intitled, 'Abuses whipt and stript,' 1613. His most poetical pieces were eclogues, intitled, 'The Shepherd's Hunting,' 1615, 8vo. and others printed at the end of Browne's 'Shepherd's Pipe,' 1614, 8vo. The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of his, intitled, 'The Mistress of Philarete,' 1622, 8vo. which is said in the preface to be one of the author's first poems; and may therefore be dated as early as any of the foregoing.

SHALL I, wasting in dispaire,
 Dye because a woman's faire?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosie are?
 Be shee fairer then the day,
 Or the flowry meads in may;
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how faire shee be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
 'Cause I see a woman kind? 10
 Or a well-disposèd nature
 Joynèd with a lovely feature?
 Be shee meeker, kinder, than
 The turtle-dove or pelican:
 If shee be not so to me, 15
 What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or, her well-deservings knowne,
 Make me quite forget mine owne? 20
 Be shee with that goodnesse blest,
 Which may merit name of Best;
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, 25
 Shall I play the foole and dye?
 Those that beare a noble minde,
 Where they want of riches find,
 Thinke what with them they would doe,
 That without them dare to woe; 30
 And, unlesse that minde I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or faire,
 I will ne'er the more dispaire:
 If she love me, this beleave; 35
 I will die ere she shall grieve.
 If she slight me when I wooe,
 I can scorne and let her goe:
 If shee be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be? 40

XXII.

QUEEN DIDO.

Such is the title given in the Editor's folio MS. to this excellent old ballad, which, in the common printed copies, is inscribed, ' Æneas, wandering Prince of Troy.' It is here given from that MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black-letter, in the Pepys collection.

The reader will smile to observe with what natural and affecting simplicity, our ancient ballad-maker has engrafted a Gothic conclusion on the classic story of Virgil, from whom, however, it is probable he had it not. Nor can it be denied, but he has dealt out his poetical justice with a more impartial hand, than that celebrated poet.

WHEN Troy towne had, for ten yeeres [past,]
 Withstood the Greeks in manfull wise,
 Then did their foes encrease soe fast,
 That to resist none could suffice:
 Wast lye those walls, that were soe good, 5
 And come now growes where Troy towne stoode.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
 When he for land long time had sought,
 At length arriving with great joy,
 To mighty Carthage walls was brought; 10
 Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast,
 Did entertaine that wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meate they sate,
 The queene, desirous newes to heare,
 [Says, 'Of thy Troys unhappy fate] 15
 Declare to me thou Trojan deare:
 The heavy hap and chance soe bad,
 That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.'

And then anon this comelye knight,
 With words demure, as he cold well, 20

Of his unhappy ten yeares [fight],
Soe true a tale began to tell,
With words soe sweete, and sighes soe deepe,
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet, 25
And every sigh brought teares amaine;
That where he sate the place was wett,
As though he had seene those warrs againe;
Soe that the queene, with ruth therfore,
Said, 'worthy prince, enough, no more.' 30

And then the darksome night drew on,
And twinkling starres the skye bespred;
When he his dolefull tale had done,
And every one was layd in bedd:
Where they full sweetly tooke their rest, 35
Save only Dido's boyling brest.

This silly woman never slept,
But in her chamber, all alone,
As one unhappye, alwayes wept,
And to the walls shee made her mone; 40
That she shold still desire in vaine
The thing, she never must obtaine.

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glistening light, 45
Through misty cloudes appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan shipps were gone.

And then the queene with bloody knife
Did arme her hart as hard as stone, 50

Yet, something loth to loose her life,
 In woefull wise she made her mone;
 And, rowling on her carefull bed,
 With sighes and sobbs, these words shee sayd:

‘O wretched Dido, queene!’ quoth shee, 55
 ‘I see thy end approacheth neare;
 For hee is fled away from thee,
 Whom thou didst love and hold so deare:
 What, is he gone, and passèd by?
 O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye. 60

Though reason says, thou shouldst forbear,
 And stay thy hand from bloody stroke;
 Yet fancy bids thee not to fear,
 Which fetter’d thee in Cupids yoke.
 Come death,’ quoth shee, ‘resolve my smart!’— 65
 And with those words shee peerced her hart.

When death had pierced the tender hart
 Of Dido, Carthaginian queene;
 Whose bloody knife did end the smart,
 Which shee sustain’d in mournfull teene; 70
 Æneas being shipt and gone,
 Whose flattery causèd all her mone;

Her funerall most costly made,
 And all things finisht mournfullye;
 Her body fine in mold was laid, 75
 Where itt consumèd speedilye:
 Her sisters teares her tombe bestrewde;
 Her subjects grieffe their kindnesse shewed.

Then was Æneas in an ile
 In Greycya, where he stayd long space, 80

Wheras her sister in short while
 Writt to him to his vile disgrace;
 In speeches bitter to his mind
 Shee told him plaine he was unkind.

‘False-harted wretch,’ quoth shee, ‘thou art; 85
 And traiterouslye thou hast betraid
 Unto thy lure a gentle hart,
 Which unto thee much welcome made;
 My sister deare, and Carthage’ joy,
 Whose folly bred her deere annoy. 90

Yett on her death-bed when shee lay,
 Shee prayd for thy prosperitye,
 Beseeching god, that every day
 Might breed thy great felicitye:
 Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend; 95
 Heavens send thee such untimely end.’

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
 Perusèd had, and wayed them right,
 His lofty courage then did fall;
 And straight appeared in his sight 100
 Queene Dido’s ghost, both grim and pale;
 Which made this valliant souldier quaille.

‘Æneas,’ quoth this ghastly ghost,
 ‘My whole delight when I did live,
 Thee of all men I lovèd most; 105
 My fancy and my will did give;
 For entertainment I thee gave,
 Unthankfully thou didst me grave.

Therefore prepare thy flitting soule
 To wander with me in the aire; 110

Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,
 Because of me thou tookst no care:
 Delay not time, thy glasse is run,
 Thy date is past, thy life is done.'

'O stay a while, thou lovely sprite, 115
 Be not soe hasty to convay
 My soule into eternall night,
 Where itt shall ne're behold bright day.
 O doe not frowne; thy angry lookes
 Hath [all my soule with horror shooke.] 120

But, woe is me! all is in vaine,
 And bootless is my dismall crye;
 Time will not be recalled againe,
 Nor thou surcease before I dye.
 O lett me live, and make amends 125
 To some of thy most dearest friends.

But seeing thou obdurate art,
 And wilt no pittye on me show,
 Because from thee I did depart,
 And left unpaid what I did owe: 130
 I must content myselfe to take
 What lott to me thou wilt partake.'

And thus, as one being in a trance,
 A multitude of uglye feinds
 About this woffull prince did dance; 135
 He had no helpe of any friends:
 His body then they tooke away,
 And no man knew his dying day.

Ver. 120, MS. Hath made my breath my life forsooke.

XXIII.

THE WITCHES' SONG.¹

From Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Queens' presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

The Editor thought it incumbent on him to insert some old pieces on the popular superstition concerning witches, hobgoblins, fairies, and ghosts. The last of these make their appearance in most of the tragical ballads; and in the following songs will be found some description of the former.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classical antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, in compliment to K. James I. whose weakness on this head is well-known: and these had so ransacked all writers, ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 WITCH.

I HAVE been all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, soone as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 WITCH.

I have beene gathering wolves haieres, 5
The madd dogges foames, and adders eares;
The spurging of a deadmans eyes;
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 WITCH.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone; 10

¹ Our readers will not fail to notice the resemblance between the above and the incantation in *Macbeth* and Burns' 'haly table.'—Ed.

And pluckt him up, though he grew full low :
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 WITCH.

And I ha' beene chusing out this scull
From charnell houses that were full ;
From private grots, and publike pits ;
And frighted a sexton out of his wita. 15

5 WITCH.

Under a cradle I did crepe
By day ; and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath ; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose. 20

6 WITCH.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 WITCH.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines ;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines :
I bit off a sinew ; I clipp'd his haire ;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre. 25

8 WITCH.

The scrich-owles egges and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe 30
I have been getting ; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9 WITCH.

And I ha' beene plucking (plants among)
 Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
 Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane; 35
 And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 WITCH.

I from the jawes of a gardiner's bitch
 Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch
 Yet went I back to the house againe,
 Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine. 40

11 WITCH.

I went to the toad, breedes under the wall,
 I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
 I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
 I tore the batts wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows, 45
 Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
 The fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
 And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
 The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin:
 And now our orgies let's begin. 50

XXIV.

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW,

— alias Pucke, alias Hobgoblin, in the creed of ancient superstition, was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well-known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*, which the antiquarian Peck supposes to be owing to it:¹

'Tells how the drudging Goblin swot
To earne his creame-bowle duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpee of morne,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimneys length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matins rings.'

The reader will observe that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology: a proof of the extensive influence and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. Indeed, a learned friend in Wales assures the Editor, that the existence of Fairies and Goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British Bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies, 'The spirits of the mountains.' See also Preface to Song XXV.

This song which Peck attributes to Ben Jonson, (though it is not found among his works) is chiefly printed from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some Masque. [This ballad is entitled, in the old black letter copies. 'The merry pranks of Robin Goodfellow. To the tune of Dulcina,' &c. (See No. XIII. above.) Addit. Note Ed. 1794.]

FROM Oberon, in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

¹ See also 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'—Ed.

More swift than lightening can I flye
 About this aery welkin soone,
 And, in a minutes space, descrye
 Each thing that's done belowe the moone,
 There's not a hag 15
 Or ghost shall wag,
 Or cry, 'ware Goblins!' where I go;
 But Robin I
 Their feates will spy,
 And send them home, with ho, ho, ho! 20

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
 As from their night-sports they trudge home;
 With counterfeiting voice I greeete
 And call them on, with me to roame
 Thro' woods, thro' lakes, 25
 Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
 Or else, unseene, with them I go,
 All in the nicke
 To play some tricke
 And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho! 30

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
 Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;
 And to a horse I turn me can;
 To trip and trot about them round.
 But if, to ride, 35
 My backe they stride,
 More swift than wind away I go,
 Ore hedge and lands,
 Thro' pools and ponds
 I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 40

When lads and lasses merry be,
 With possets and with juncates fine;

Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And, to make sport, 45
I fart and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss;
They shriek—‘Who’s this?’
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho! 50

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill 55
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.
If any ’wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho! 60

When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens blacke and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
’Twixt sleepe and wake, 65
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho! 70

When any need to borrowe ought,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought;
Our owne is all we do desire.

- If to repay, 75
 They do delay,
 Abroad amongst them then I go,
 And night by night,
 I them affright
 With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho! 80
- When lazie queans have nought to do,
 But study how to cog and lye;
 To make debate and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretlye:
 I marke their gloze, 85
 And it disclose,
 To them whom they have wrongèd so;
 When I have done,
 I get me gone,
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho! 90
- When men do traps and engins set
 In loop-holes, where the vermine creepe,
 Who from their foldes and houses, get
 Their duckes and geese, their lambes and sheepe:
 I spy the gin, 95
 And enter in,
 And seeme a vermine taken so;
 But when they there
 Approach me neare,
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho! 100
- By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
 We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
 And to our fairye king, and queene,
 We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
 When larks 'gin sing, 105
 Away we fling;

And babes new borne steal as we go,
 And elfe in bed,
 We leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho! 110

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro:
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellòw.
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites, 115
 Who haunt the nightes,
 The hags and goblins do me know;
 And beldames old
 My feates have told;
 So *Vale, Vale*; ho, ho, ho! 120

XXV.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

We have here a short display of the popular belief concerning Fairies. It will afford entertainment to a contemplative mind to trace these whimsical opinions up to their origin. Whoever considers, how early, how extensively, and how uniformly, they have prevailed in these nations, will not readily assent to the hypothesis of those, who fetch them from the east so late as the time of the Croisades. Whereas it is well known that our Saxon ancestors, long before they left their German forests, believed the existence of a kind of diminutive demons, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called *Duergar* or *Dwarfs*, and to whom they attributed many wonderful performances, far exceeding human art. *Vid.* *Hervarer Saga* Olaf Verelj. 1675. *Hickes Thesaur*, &c.

This song is given (with some corrections by another copy) from a book intitled, '*The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence*, &c.' Lond. 1658. 8vo.¹

COME, follow, follow me,
 You, fairy elves that be:
 Which circle on the greene,
 Come follow Mab your queene.

¹ A copy of this ballad is found in a tract on 'the King and Queen of the Fairies,' printed in 1635.—ED.

Hand in hand let's dance around, 5
For this place is fairye ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard, and un-esp'y'd,
Through key-holes we do glide; 10
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep, 15
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their armes and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept, 20
We praise the houshold maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroomes head 25
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
Is manchets, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink. 30

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snailes,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;

Tailes of wormes, and marrow of mice 35
Do make a dish, that's wonderous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsie;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile; 40
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The gloe-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie grasse
So nimbly do we passe,
The young and tender stalk 45
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

XXVI.

THE FAIRIES FAREWELL.

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. Corbet (afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c.) and is printed from his 'Poëtica Stromata,' 1648, 12mo. (compared with the third edition of his poems, 1672.) It is there called 'A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meddow brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune.'

The departure of Fairies is here attributed to the abolition of monkery: Chaucer has, with equal humour, assigned a cause the very reverse, in his Wife of Bath's Tale.

'In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The elf-queene with hire joly compaignie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede
This was the old opinion as I rede; .
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streame,
As thikke as moles in the sonne beme,

Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays 25
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queene Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late, Elizabeth
And later James came in; 30
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were *Ave Maries*, 35
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease. 40

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed 45
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-welth doth need
Such justices, as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have, 50
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wise and grave.

An hundred of their merry pranks
 By one that I could name
 Are kept in store; con twenty thanks 55
 To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
 Give laud and praises due,
 Who every meale can mend your cheare
 With tales both old and true: 60
 To William all give audience,
 And pray yee for his noddle:
 For all the fairies evidence
 Were lost, if it were addle.

. After these Songs on the Fairies, the reader may be curious to see the manner in which they were formerly invoked and bound to human service. In Ashmole's Collection of MSS. at Oxford [Num. 8259. 1406. 2.], are the papers of some Alchymist, which contain a variety of Incantations and Forms of Conjuring both Fairies, Witches, and Demons, principally, as it should seem, to assist him in his Great Work of transmuting Metals. Most of them are too impious to be reprinted: but the two following may be very innocently laughed at.

Whoever looks into Ben Jonson's 'Alchymist,' will find that these impostors, among their other secrets, affected to have a power over Fairies: and that they were commonly expected to be seen in a chrystal glass appears from that extraordinary book, 'The Relation of Dr. John Dee's actions with Spirits, 1659,' folio.

'An excellent way to gett a Fayrie. (For myself I call Margarett Barrance; but this will obtaine any one that is not allready bownd.)

'First, gett a broad square cristall or Venice glasse, in length and breadth 3 inches. Then lay that glasse or cristall in the bloud of a white henne, 3 Wednesdayes, or 3 Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holy aq. and fumigate it. Then take 3 hazle sticks, or wands of an yeare groth: pill them fayre and white; and make [them] soe longe, as you write the Spiritts name, or Fayries name, which you call, 8 times on every sticke being made flatt on one side. Then bury them under some hill, whereas you suppose Fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her: and the Friday followinge take them uppe, and call her at 8 or 3 or 10 of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne: but when you call, be in cleane life, and turne thy face towards the east. And when you have her, bind her to that stone or glasse.'

'An Unguent to annoynt under the Eyelids, and upon the Eyelids eveninge and morninge: but especially when you call; or find your sight not perfect.

'R A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse: but first wash it

with rose-water, and marygold-water; the flowers [to] be gathered towards the east. Wash it till the oyle come white; then put it into the glasse, ut supra: and then put thereto the budds of holyhocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or toppes of wild thyme, the budds of young hazle: and the thyme must be gathered neare the side of a hill where Fayries use to be: and [take] the grasse of a fayrie throne, there. All these put into the oyle, into the glasse: and set it to dissolve 8 dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use; ut supra."

After this receipt for the unguent follows a form of incantation, wherein the Alchymist conjures a Fairy, named *Elaby Gathon*, to appear to him in that Chrystal Glass, meekly and mildly; to resolve him truly in all manner of questions; and to be obedient to all his commands, under pain of damnation, &c.

One of the vulgar opinions about Fairies is, that they cannot be seen by human eyes, without a particular charm exerted in favour of the person who is to see them: and that they strike with blindness such as having the gift of seeing them, take notice of them mal-a-propos.

As for the hazle sticks mentioned above, they were to be probably of that species called the Witch Hazle; which received its name from this manner of applying it in incantations.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

SERIES THE THIRD.

BOOK III.

I.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE.

The incidents in this, and the other ballad of 'St. George and the Dragon,' are chiefly taken from the old story-book of 'The Seven Champions of Christendome;' which, though now the play thing of children, was once in high repute. Bp. Hall in his *Satires*, published in 1597, ranks

'St. George's sorrel, and his cross of blood,'

among the most popular stories of his time: and an ingenious critic thinks that Spenser himself did not disdain to borrow hints from it;¹ though I much doubt whether this popular romance were written so early as the Faery Queen.

The author of this book of the Seven Champions was one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, as we collect from his other publications: viz.—'The nine worthies of London:' 1592, 4to.—'The pleasant walks of Moor fields:' 1607, 4to.—'A crown garland of Goulde[n] Roses, gathered,' &c. 1612, 8vo.—'The life and death of Rob. Cecill, E. of Salisbury:' 1612, 4to.—'The Hist. of Tom of Lincoln, 4to.' is also by R. J. who likewise reprinted 'Don Flores of Greece,' 4to.

The Seven Champions, though written in a wild inflated style, contains some strong Gothic painting; which seems, for the most part, copied from the metrical romances of former ages. At least the story of St. George and the fair Sabra is taken almost verbatim from the old poetical legend of 'Syr Bevis of Hampton.'

This very antique poem was in great fame in Chaucer's time [see above pag. 83.], and so continued till the introduction of printing, when it ran through several editions: two of which are in black letter, 4to, 'imprinted by Wyllyam Copland,' without date; containing great variations.

As a specimen of the poetic powers of this very old rhymist, and as a proof how closely the author of the Seven Champions has followed him, take a description of the dragon slain by sir Bevis.

'—When the dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of syr Bevis,
He cast up a loude cry,
As it had thondred in the sky;
He turned his bely towarde the son;
It was greater than any tonne:

¹ Mr. Warton. *Vid.* *Observations on the Faery Queen*, 2 vol. 1762, 12mo. *passim*.

His scales was bryghter then the glas,
 And harder they were than any bras :
 Betwene his shulder and his tayle,
 Was forty fote withoute fayle.
 He waltred out of his denne,
 And Bevis pricked his stode them,
 And to hym a spere he thraste
 That all to shyvers he it braste :
 The dragon then gan Bevis assaile,
 And smote syr Bevis with his tayle ;
 Then downe went horse and man,
 And two rybbes of Bevis brused than.'

After a long fight, at length, as the dragon was preparing to fly, sir Bevis

Hit him under the wynges
 As he was in his flyenge,
 There he was tender without scale,
 And Bevis thought to be his bale.
 He smote after, as I yow saye,
 With his good sword Morglaye.
 Up to the hiltes Morglay yode
 Through harte, lyver, bone, and bloude :
 To the ground fell the dragon,
 Great joye syr Bevis begon.
 Under the scales al on hight
 He smote off his head forth right,
 And put it on a spere : &c.'

Sign. K. iv.

Sir Bevis's dragon is evidently the parent of that in the *Seven Champions*, see Chap. III. viz. 'The dragon no sooner had a sight of him [St. George] but he gave such a terrible peal, as though it had thundered in the elements. . . . 'Betwixt his shoulders and his tail were fifty feet in distance, his scales glistening as bright as silver, but far more hard than brass; his belly of the colour of gold, but bigger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his den, &c. . . . 'The champion . . . gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces: whereat the furious dragon so fiercely smote him with his venomous tail, that down fell man and horse: in which fall two of St. George's ribs were so bruised, &c.—At length . . . St. George 'smote the dragon under the wing where it was tender without scale, whereby his good sword Ascalon with an easie passage went to the very hilt through both the dragon's heart, liver, bone and blood.—Then St. George—cut off the dragon's head and pitcht it upon the truncheon of a spear, &c.'

The History of the *Seven Champions*, being written just before the decline of books of chivalry, was never, I believe, translated into any foreign language: But '*Le Roman de Beuves of Hantonne*' was published at Paris in 1502, 4to. Let. Gothique.

The learned Selden tells us, that about the time of the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with the title of Earl of Southampton, whose residence was at Duncton in Wiltshire; but he observes, that the monkish enlargements of his story have made his very existence doubted. See Notes on *Poly-Olbiou*, Song III.

This hath also been the case of St George himself; whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal. But, to prove that there really existed an orthodox Saint of this name (although little or nothing, it seems, is known of his genuine

story) is the subject of 'An Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St George, &c. By the Rev. J. Milner, F.S.A. 1792, 8vo.'

The Equestrian Figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent.

But on this subject the inquisitive reader may consult 'A Dissertation on the Original of the Equestrian Figure of the George and of the Garter, ensigns of the most noble order of that name. Illustrated with copper-plates. By John Pettingal, A.M. Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, London, 1753, 4to.' This learned and curious work the author of the 'Historical and Critical Inquiry' would have done well to have seen.

It cannot be denied, but that the following ballad is for the most part modern: for which reason it would have been thrown to the end of the volume, had not its subject procured it a place here.¹

LISTEN, lords, in bower and hall,
I sing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm
Rid monsters from the earth:

Distressed ladies to relieve 5
He travell'd many a day;
In honour of the christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell 10
A knight of worthy fame,
High steward of this noble realme;
Lord Albert was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,
Whose beauty did excell.
This virtuous lady, being with child, 15
In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights no sooner sleep
Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy would surprize: 20

¹ Our readers will all remember Schiller's noble 'Fight with the Dragon.'—ED.

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceiv'd within her womb;
Whose mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she;
She nourisht constant woe: 25
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove, her tender lord,
Who watch'd her slightest look, 30
Discover'd soon her secret pain,
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She weeping did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal 35
The anguish of her heart.

'Be comforted, my lady dear,
Those pearly drops refrain;
Betide me weal, betide me woe, 40
I'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me, I'll travel far away
But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace, 45
And shedding many a teare,
To the weird lady of the woods,
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weird lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day, 50
Thro' lonely shades, and thickets rough
He wends his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With dismal yews o'erhung ;
Where cypress spread it's mournful boughs, 55
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,
He hears no chearful sound ;
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,
And serpents hissing round. 60

The shriek of fiends, and damned ghosts
Ran howling thro' his ear :
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way, 65
And pierce those sickly dews :
Three times to bear his trembling corpse
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse ; 70
And, rousing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallow'd mosse.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rock, 75
He found the enchanted cave.

An iron gate clos'd up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorne;
And, fasten'd by a silver chain,
Near hung a brazed horne. 80

Then offering up a secret prayer,
Three times he blowes amaine:
Three times a deepe and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

'Sir knight, thy lady beares a son, 85
Who, like a dragon bright,
Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,
And terrible in fight.

His name advanc'd in future times
On banners shall be worn: 90
But lo! thy lady's life must passe
Before he can be born.'

All sore opprest with fear and doubt
Long time lord Albert stood;
At length he winds his doubtful way 95
Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame
Then fast he travels back:
But when he reach'd his castle gate,
His gate was hung with black. 100

In every court and hall he found
A sullen silence reigne;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plaine;

And bitterly lament and weep, 105
With many a grievous grone:
Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With faltering step he enters in,
Yet half affraid to goe; 110
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
Yet fears the cause to knowe.

'Three times the sun hath rose and set;'
They said, then stopt to weep:
'Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare 115
In death's eternal sleep.

For, ah! in travel sore she fell,
So sore that she must dye;
Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
Could ease her presentlye. 120

But when a cunning leech was fet,
Too soon declared he,
She, or her babe must lose its life;
Both saved could not be.

Now take my life, thy lady said, 125
My little infant save:
And O commend me to my lord,
When I am laid in grave.

O tell him how that precious babe
Cost him a tender wife: 130
And teach my son to lisp her name,
Who died to save his life.

Then calling still upon thy name,
And praying still for thee;
Without repining or complaint, 135
Her gentle soul did flee.'

What tongue can paint lord Albret's woe,
The bitter tears he shed,
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
To find his lady dead? 140

He beat his breast: he tore his hair;
And shedding many a tear,
At length he askt to see his son;
The son that cost so dear.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsells all; 145
At length they faltering say;
'Alas! my lord, how shall we tell?
Thy son is stoln away.

Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
Such was his infant mien: 150
And on his little body stampd
Three wonderous marks were seen:

A blood-red cross was on his arm;
A dragon on his breast:
A little garter all of gold 155
Was round his leg exprest.

Three careful nurses we provide
Our little lord to keep:
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
And one did lull to sleep. 160

But lo! all in the dead of night,
 We heard a fearful sound:
 Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;
 And lightning flasht around.

Dead with affright at first we lay; 165
 But rousing up anon,
 We ran to see our little lord:
 Our little lord was gone!

But how or where we could not tell;
 For lying on the ground, 170
 In deep and magic slumbers laid,
 The nurses there we found.'

O grief on grief! lord Albret said:
 No more his tongue cou'd say,
 When falling in a deadly swoone, 175
 Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense
 He nourisht endless woe,
 No future joy his heart could taste,
 No future comfort know. 180

So withers on the mountain top
 A fair and stately oake,
 Whose vigorous arms are torne away,
 By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew, 185
 He loathes his wonted home;
 His native country he forsakes
 In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
 Clad in a palmer's gown; 190
 Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
 His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
 He laid his reverend head.
 Meantime amid the lonely wilds 195
 His little son was bred.

There the weird lady of the woods
 Had borne him far away,
 And train'd him up in feates of armes,
 And every martial play. 200

* *
 *

II.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

The following ballad is given (with some corrections) from two ancient black-letter copies in the Pepys collection: one of which is in 12mo, the other in folio.

OF Hector's deeds did Homer sing;
 And of the sack of stately Troy,
 What griefs fair Helena did bring,
 Which was sir Paris' only joy:
 And by my pen I will recite 5
 St. George's deeds, an English knight.

Against the Sarazens so rude
 Fought he full long and many a day;
 Where many gyants he subdu'd,
 In honour of the christian way: 10

And after many adventures past
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,

Within that countrey there did rest
A dreadful dragon fierce and fell, 15

Whereby they were full sore oppress:
Who by his poisonous breath each day,
Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great
Throughout the limits of the land, 20
That they their wise-men did intreat
To shew their cunning out of hand;
What way they might this fiend destroy,
That did the countrey thus annoy.

The wise-men all before the king 25
This answer fram'd incontinent;
The dragon none to death might bring
By any means they could invent:
His skin more hard than brass was found,
That sword nor spear could pierce nor wound. 30

When this the people understood,
They cryèd out most piteouslye,
The dragon's breath infects their blood,
That every day in heaps they dye:
Among them such a plague it bred, 35
The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
For to appease the dragon's rage,
But to present some virgin clear,
Whose blood his fury might asswage; 40

Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise-men found,
Which truly must observed be;
Wherefore throughout the city round 45
A virgin pure of good degree
Was by the king's commission still
Taken up to serve the dragon's will.

Thus did the dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flowr, 50
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour:
Saving the king's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the king 55
That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting;
'She is,' quoth he, 'my kingdom's heir;
O let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die, that is my dear.' 60

Then rose the people presently,
And to the king in rage they went;
They said his daughter dear should dye,
The dragon's fury to prevent:
'Our daughters all are dead,' quoth they, 65
'And have been made the dragon's prey:

And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast sav'd thy life thereby;
And now in sooth it is but faire,
For us thy daughter so should die.' 70

'O save my daughter,' said the king;
'And let *me* feel the dragon's sting.'

Then fell fair Sabra on her knee,
And to her father dear did say,
'O father, strive not thus for me, 75
But let me be the dragon's prey;
It may be, for my sake alone,
This plague upon the land was thrown.

Tis better I should dye,' she said,
'Than all your subjects perish quite; 80
Perhaps the dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite:
And after he hath suckt my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more.'

'What hast thou done, my daughter dear, 85
For to deserve this heavy scourge?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the gods our state to purge;
Then ought I die, to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.' 90

Like mad-men, all the people cried,
'Thy death to us can do no good;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the dragon's food.'
'Lo! here I am, I come,' quoth she, 95
'Therefore do what you will with me.'

'Nay stay, dear daughter,' quoth the queen,
'And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for vertue famous been,
So let me cloath thee all in white; 100

And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.'

And when she was attired so,
According to her mother's mind,
Unto the stake then did she go; 105
To which her tender limbs they bind:
And being bound to stake a thrall
She bade farewell unto them all.

'Farewell, my father dear,' quoth she,
'And my sweet mother meek and mild; 110
Take you no thought nor weep for me,
For you may have another child:
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willingly.'

The king and queen and all their train 115
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by. 120

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tyed unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take:
'Tell me, sweet maiden,' then quoth he, 125
'What caitif thus abuseth thee?

And, lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his chest:' 130

And speaking thus whereas he stood,
The dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy
The dreadful dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry, 135
And willed him away to go;
'Here comes that cursed fiend,' quoth she,
'That soon will make an end of me.'

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery dragon soon espy'd, 140
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most fiercely ride;
And with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance that was so strong, 145
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along;
For he could pierce no other place:
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty dragon straight he slew. 150

The savour of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm.
Thus he the lady sav'd from death,
And home he led her by the arm;
Which when king Ptolemy did see, 155
There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
Had slain the dragon in the field,
To court he brought the lady fair,
Which to their hearts much joy did yield. 160

He in the court of Egypt staid
Till he most falsely was betray'd.

That lady dearly lov'd the knight,
He counted her his only joy; 165
But when their love was brought to light
It turn'd unto their great annoy:
Th' Morocco king was in the court,
Who to the orchard did resort,

Dayly to take the pleasant air, 170
For pleasure sake he us'd to walk,
Under a wall he oft did hear
St. George with lady Sabra talk:
Their love he shew'd unto the king,
Which to St. George great woe did bring. 175

Those kings together did devise
To make the christian knight away,
With letters him in courteous wise
They straightway sent to Persia:
But wrote to the sophy him to kill, 180
And treacherously his blood to spill.

Thus they for good did him reward,
With evil, and most subtilly
By such vile meanes they had regard
To work his death most cruelly; 185
Who, as through Persia land he rode,
With zeal destroy'd each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
Into a dungeon dark and deep;
Where, when he thought his wrongs upon, 190
He bitterly did wail and weep:

Yet like a knight of courage stout,
At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the king of Persia

By night this valiant champion slew, 195
Though he had fasted many a day;
And then away from thence he flew
On the best steed the sophy had;
Which when he knew he was full mad.

Towards Christendom he made his flight, 200

But met a gyant by the way,
With whom in combat he did fight
Most valiantly a summer's day:
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forc'd the sting of death to feel. 205

Back o'er the seas with many bands

Of warlike souldiers soon he past,
Vowing upon those heathen lands
To work revenge; which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent, 210
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save onely Egypt land he spar'd

For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a tryal kind to make: 215
Mean while the king o'ercome in field
Unto saint George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's king he slew,

And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true 220
Ere with her he would lead his life:

And, tho' he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted strait, 225
An eunuch also with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait;
These three from Egypt went alone.
Now mark St. George's valour shown.

When as they in a forest were, 230
The lady did desire to rest;
Mean while St. George to kill a deer,
For their repast did think it best:
Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer. 235

But lo! all in his absence came
Two hungry Lyons fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same,
In pieces small, the truth to tell;
Down by the lady then they laid, 240
Whereby they shew'd, she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's sake
His courage strait he did advance, 245
And came into the lions sight,
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry Lyons slay 250
Within the lady Sabra's sight:

Who all this while sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now when St. George did surely know
This lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad, that erst was woe,
And all his love did soon renew :
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

255

Where being in short space arriv'd
Unto his native dwelling place ;
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,
And fortune did his nuptials grace :
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

260

265

III

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

This excellent song is ancient ; but we could only give it from a modern copy.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves ;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves ;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

5

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lye ;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;

10

Where the midge dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay;
 If love come, he will enter, 15.
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child for his might;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward for his flight; 20
 But if she, whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him, 25
 By having him confin'd;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that you may, 30
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist;
 Or you may inveigle 35
 The phenix of the east;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover:
 He will find out his way. 40

* *
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IV.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

—seems to be composed (not without improvements) out of two ancient English ones, printed in the former part of this volume. See Book I. Ballad XV. and Book II. Ballad IV. —If this had been the original, the authors of those two ballads would hardly have adopted two such different stories: besides, this contains enlargements not to be found in either of the others. It is given with some corrections, from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland.

LORD Thomas and fair Annet

Sate a' day on a hill;

Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,

They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,

5

Fair Annet took it ill:

'A'! I will nevir wed a wife

Against my ain friends will.'

'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,

A wife wull neir wed yee.'

10

Sae he is hame to tell his mither,

And knelt upon his knee:

'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,

'A gude rede gie to mee:

O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,

15

And let faire Annet bee?'

'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,

Fair Annet she has gat nane;

And the little beauty fair Annet has,

O it wull soon be gane!'

20

And he has till his brother gane:

‘Now, brother, rede ye mee;

O sall I marrie the nut browne bride,

And let fair Annet bee?’

‘The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother, 25

The nut-browne bride has kye;

I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,

And cast fair Annet bye.’

‘Her oxen may dye i’ the house, Billie,

And her kye into the byre; 30

And I sall hae nothing to my sell,

Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.’

And he has till his sister gane:

‘Now, sister, rede ye mee;

O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride, 35

And set faire Annet free?’

‘Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,

And let the browne bride alane;

Lest ye sould sigh and say, Alace!

What is this we brought hame?’ 40

‘No, I will tak my mithers counsèl,

And marrie me owt o’ hand;

And I will tak the nut-browne bride;

Fair Annet may leive the land.’

Up then rose fair Annet’s father 45

Twa hours or it wer day,

And he is gane into the bower,

Wherein fair Annet lay.

‘Rise up, rise up, fair Annet,’ he says,
‘Put on your silken sheene; 50
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.’

‘My maides, gae to my dressing roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before, 55
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o’ the holland fine,
The other o’ needle-work.’ 60

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi’ siller he was shod before,
Wi’ burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty siller bells 65
Wer a’ tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o’ the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side, 70
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirk,
She sat on Maries stean:
The cleading that fair Annet had on 75
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmer'd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone. 80

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they were sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand, 85
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite; 90
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak yee sae white?'

'O I did get the rose-water,
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water 95
Into my mithers wame.'

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair. 100

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp, 105
 That was sae sharp and meet,
 And drave into the nut-browne bride,
 That fell deid at his feit.

'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,
 'Now stay, my dear,' he cry'd; 110
 Then strake the dagger untill his heart,
 And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa',
 Fair Annet within the quiere;
 And o' the tane thair grew a birk, 115
 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad faine be neare;
 And by this ye may ken right weil,
 They were twa luvvers deare. 120

V.

UNFADING BEAUTY,

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of 'Poems by Thomas Carew, Esq. one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty (Charles I.) Lond. 1640.' This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza; which, not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE, that loves a rosie cheek,
 Or a corall lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
 Fuell to maintaine his fires,

As old time makes these decay, 5
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd
Kindle never-dying fires: 10
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.
* * * *

VI.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

The subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730.—As for the ballad it was printed at least as early as the middle of the 17th century.

It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole collection at Oxford, which is thus intitled, 'An excellent ballad of George Barnwell, an apprentice of London, who . . . thrice robbed his master and murdered his uncle in Ludlow.' The tune is 'The Merchant.'

This tragical narrative seems to relate a real fact; but when it happened I have not been able to discover.

THE FIRST PART.

ALL youths of fair Englland
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was, 5
A merchant's prentice bound;
My name George Barnwell; that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains; 10
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I, upon a day,
Was walking through the street
About my master's business, 15
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame,
And sumptuous in attire;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require. 20

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

'Fair mistress,' then quoth I, 25
'If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go

To gather monies in,
That are my master's due: 30
And ere that I do home return,
I'll come and visit you.'

'Good Barnwell,' then quoth she,
'Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house, 35
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be.' 40

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passed right;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one: 45
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down; 50
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes, 55
She seem'd so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace,
'Welcome, sweet Barnwell,' then quoth she,
'Unto this homely place.' 60

And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be:
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me.'

‘O pardon me,’ quoth I, 65
‘Fair mistress, I you praye;
For why, out of my master’s house,
So long I dare not stay.’

‘Alas, good Sir,’ she said,
‘Are you so strictly ty’d, 70
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide?’

Faith, then the case is hard:
If it be so,’ quoth she,
‘I would I were a prentice bound, 75
To live along with thee:

Therefore, my dearest George,
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray. 80

Let not affection’s force
Be counted lewd desire;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require.’

With that she turn’d aside, 85
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray’d
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had,
All wrought with silk and gold: 90
Which she to stay her trickling tears
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange;
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change: 95

That I so hardy grew,
To take her by the hand:
Saying, 'Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand?' 100

'Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant, Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here alledge, 105
Thou art in years a boy;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.'

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace, 110
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound;
And for the same paid presently, 115
In money twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then,
For my farewell she gave;
Crying, 'Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have? 120

O stay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind.'
Her words bewicht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind:

So that I made a vow, 135
Next Sunday without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye; 130
'O George,' quoth she, 'if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye.'

Though long, yet loe! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet; 135
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,¹
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye. 140

'What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear?' quoth I;
'Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine, and die.

But tell me, dearest friend, 145
What may thy woes amend,

¹ The having a sum of money with him on Sunday, &c. shews this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to the change of manners at that period.

And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend.'

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say, 150
'Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;
And God he knows,' quoth she,
'I have it not.' 'Tush, rise,' I said, 155
'And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, not ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay.'
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway. 160

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time, 165
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;
All which I did purloyn.

And thus I did pass on;
Until my master then 170
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say:

For well I knew that I was out 175
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;
And unto Sarah Millwood there
My case I did report. 180

'But how she us'd this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
The SECOND PART may shoue.'

THE SECOND PART.

'YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight;
I am undone unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

Our master to accompts, 5
Hath just occasion found;
And I am caught behind the hand,
Above two hundred pound:

And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love, I fly to thee, 10
Hoping some time I may remaine
In safety here with thee.'

With that she knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, 'What should I have to do 15
With any prentice boy?

And seeing you have purloyn'd
Your master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
You shall no longer stay.' 20

'Why, dear, thou knowst,' I said,
'How all which I could get,
I gave it, and did spend it all
Upon thee every whit.'

Quoth she, 'Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this sort,
Being a woman of credit fair,
And known of good report: 25

Therefore I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed; 30
I do defie thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed.'

'Is this the friendship, that
You did to me protest?
Is this the great affection, which 35
You so to me exprest?

Now fie on subtle shrews!
The best is, I may speed
To get a lodging anywhere
For money in my need. 40

False woman, now farewell,
Whilst twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other haven
With freedom I will cast.'

When she perceiv'd by this, 45
I had store of money there:
'Stay, George,' quoth she, 'thou art too quick:
Why, man, I did but jeer:

Dost think for all thy speech,
That I would let thee go? 50
Faith no,' said she, 'my love to thee
I wiss is more than so.'

'You scorne a prentice boy,
I heard you just now swear,
Wherefore I will not trouble you.'—— 55
——'Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

Thou shalt not go to-night,
What chance soe're befall:
But, man, we'll have a bed for thee,
O, else the devil take all.' 60

So I by wiles bewicht,
And snar'd with fancy still,
Had then no power to [get] away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd, 65
And cheer upon good cheer;
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,
I had such merriment; 70
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

‘A fig for care and thought!
 When all my gold is gone,
 In faith, my girl, we will have more, 75
 Whoever I light upon.

My father’s rich, why then
 Should I want store of gold?’
 ‘Nay with a father sure,’ quoth she,
 ‘A son may well make bold.’ 80

‘I have a sister richly wed,
 I’ll rob her ere I’ll want.’
 ‘Nay,’ then quoth Sarah, ‘they may well
 Consider of your scant.’

‘Nay, I an uncle have; 85
 At Ludlow he doth dwell:
 He is a grazier, which in wealth
 Doth all the rest excell.

Ere I will live in lack,
 And have no coyn for thee; 90
 I’ll rob his house, and murder him.’
 ‘Why should you not?’ quoth shee:

‘Was I a man, ere I
 Would live in poor estate;
 On father, friends, and all my kin, 95
 I would my talons grate.

For without money, George,
 A man is but a beast:
 But bringing money, thou shalt be
 Always my welcome guest. 100

For shouldst thou be pursued
 With twenty hues and cries,
 And with a warrant searched for
 With Argus' hundred eyes,

Yet here thou shalt be safe; 105
 Such privy ways there be,
 That if they sought a hundred years,
 They could not find out thee.'

And so carousing both 110
 Their pleasures to content:
 George Barnwell had in little space
 His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
 He did provide to go,
 To rob his wealthy uncle there; 115
 His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
 His father by the way,
 But that he fear'd his master had
 Took order for his stay.¹ 120

Unto his uncle then
 He rode with might and main,
 Who with a welcome and good cheer
 Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed, 125
 Until it chanced so,
 His uncle with the cattle did
 Unto a market go.

¹ i.e. for stopping, and apprehending him at his father's.

His kinsman rode with him,
 Where he did see right plain, 130
 Great store of money he had took :
 When coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
 He struck his uncle down,
 And beat his brains out of his head ; 135
 So sore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
 To London straight he hyed,
 And unto Sarah Millwood all
 The cruel fact descryed. 140

‘Tush, ’tis no matter, George,
 So we the money have
 To have good cheer in jolly sort,
 And deck us fine and brave.’

Thus lived in filthy sort, 145
 Until their store was gone :
 When means to get them any more,
 I wis, poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
 She thrust him out of door : 150
 Which is the just reward of those,
 Who spend upon a whore.

‘O! do me not disgrace
 In this my need,’ quoth he.
 She call’d him thief and murderer, 155
 With all the spight might be :

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended;
And shewed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended. 160

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then, 165
He did a letter writè;
In which his own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was,
And then to Ludlow sent; 170
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains:
For murder in Polonia, 175
Was Barnwell hung in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth,
That after harlots haunt:
Who in the spoil of other men,
About the streets do flaunt. 180

VII.

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

These beautiful Stanzas were written by George Wither, of whom some account was given in the former part of this volume; see the song intitled, 'The Shepherd's Resolution,' Book II. Song XXI. In the first edition of this work only a fragment of this sonnet was inserted. It was afterwards rendered more complete and intire by the addition of five stanzas more, extracted from Wither's pastoral poem, intitled, 'The Mistress of Philarete,' of which this song makes a part. It is now given still more correct and perfect by comparing it with another copy, printed by the author in his improved edition of 'The Shepherd's Hunting,' 1620, 8vo.

HENCE away, thou Syren, leave me,
 Pish! unclaspe these wanton armes;
 Sugred words can ne'er deceive me,
 (Though thou prove a thousand charmes).
 Fie, fie, forbear; 5
 No common snare
 Can ever my affection chaine;
 Thy painted baits,
 And poore deceits,
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine. 10

I'me no slave to such, as you be;
 Neither shall that snowy brest,
 Rowling eye, and lip of ruby
 Ever robb me of my rest:
 Goe, goe display 15
 Thy beautie's ray
 To some more-soone enamour'd swaine:
 Those common wiles
 Of sighs and smiles
 Are all bestowed on me in vaine. 20

I have elsewhere vowed a dutie;
 Turne away thy tempting eye:

Shew not me a painted beautie;
 These impostures I defie:
 My spirit lothes 25
 Where gawdy clothes
 And fained othes may love obtaine:
 I love her so,
 Whose looke sweares No;
 That all your labours will be vaine. 30

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every brest are worne;
 That may plucke the virgin roses
 From their never-touched thorne?
 I can goe rest 35
 On her sweet brest,
 That is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
 Then stay thy tongue;
 Thy mermaid song
 Is all bestowed on me in vaine. 40

Hee's a foole, that basely dallies,
 Where each peasant mates with him:
 Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
 Whilst ther's noble hils to climbe?
 No, no, though clownes 45
 Are scar'd with frownes,
 I know the best can but disdain;
 And those Ile prove:
 So will thy love
 Be all bestowed on me in vaine. 50

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
 Where each lustfull lad may woove:
 Give me her, whose sun-like beautie
 Buzzards dare not soare unto:

Shee, shee it is 55
 Affoords that blisse
 For which I would refuse no paine :
 But such as you,
 Fond fooles, adieu ;
 You seeke to captive me in vaine. 60

 Leave me then, you Syrens, leave me ;
 Seeke no more to worke my harmes :
 Craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
 Who am prooffe against your charmes ;
 You labour may 65
 To lead astray
 The heart, that constant shall remaine :
 And I the while
 Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vaine. 70

VIII.

THE SPANISH VIRGIN, OR EFFECTS
OF JEALOUSY.

The subject of this ballad is taken from a folio collection of tragical stories, intituled, 'The theatre of God's judgments, by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor,' 1642, Pt. 2, p. 89.—The text is given (with corrections) from two copies; one of them in black-letter in the Pepys collection. In this every stanza is accompanied with the following distich by way of burden :

'O Jealousie! thou art nurst in hell:
 Depart from hence, and therein dwell.'

ALL tender hearts, that ake to hear
 Of those that suffer wrong;
 All you, that never shed a tear,
 Give heed unto my song.

Fair Isabella's tragedy 5
My tale doth far exceed:
Alas! that so much cruelty
In female hearts should breed!

In Spain a lady liv'd of late, 10
Who was of high degree;
Whose wayward temper did create
Much woe and misery.

Strange jealousies so fill'd her head
With many a vain surmize,
She thought her lord had wrong'd her bed, 15
And did her love despise.

A gentlewoman passing fair
Did on this lady wait;
With bravest dames she might compare;
Her beauty was compleat. 20

Her lady cast a jealous eye
Upon this gentle maid;
And taxt her with disloyaltye;
And did her oft upbraid.

In silence still this maiden meek 25
Her bitter taunts would bear,
While oft adown her lovely cheek
Would steal the falling tear.

In vain in humble sort she strove 30
Her fury to disarm;
As well the meekness of the dove
The bloody hawke might charm.

Her lord of humour light and gay,
 And innocent the while,
 As oft as she came in his way, 35
 Would on the damsell smile.

And oft before his lady's face,
 As thinking her her friend,
 He would the maiden's modest grace
 And comeliness commend. 40

All which incens'd his lady so
 She burnt with wrath extream;
 At length the fire that long did glow,
 Burst forth into a flame.

For on a day it so befell, 45
 When he was gone from home,
 The lady all with rage did swell,
 And to the damsell come.

And charging her with great offence,
 And many a grievous fault; 50
 She bade her servants drag her thence,
 Into a dismal vault,

That lay beneath the common-shore:
 A dungeon dark and deep:
 Where they were wont, in days of yore, 55
 Offenders great to keep.

There never light of chearful day
 Dispers'd the hideous gloom;
 But dank and noisome vapours play
 Around the wretched room: 60

And adders, snakes, and toads therein,
As afterwards was known,
Long in this loathsome vault had bin,
And were to monsters grown.

Into this foul and fearful place, 65
The fair one innocent
Was cast, before her lady's face;
Her malice to content.

This maid no sooner enter'd is,
But strait, alas! she hears 70
The toads to croak, and snakes to hiss:
Then grievously she fears.

Soon from their holes the vipers creep,
And fiercely her assail:
Which makes the damsel sorely weep, 75
And her sad fate bewail.

With her fair hands she strives in vain
Her body to defend:
With shrieks and cries she doth complain,
But all is to no end. 80

A servant listning near the door,
Struck with her doleful noise,
Strait ran his lady to implore;
But she 'll not hear his voice.

With bleeding heart he goes agen 85
To mark the maiden's groans;
And plainly hears, within the den,
How she herself bemoans.

Again he to his lady hies
 With all the haste he may: 90
 She into furious passion flies,
 And orders him away.

Still back again does he return
 To hear her tender cries;
 The virgin now had ceas'd to mourn; 95
 Which filled him with surprize.

In grief, and horror, and affright,
 He listens at the walls:
 But finding all was silent quite,
 He to his lady calls. 100

'Too sure, O lady,' now quoth he,
 'Your cruelty hath sped;
 Make hast, for shame, and come and see;
 I fear the virgin's dead.'

She starts to hear her sudden fate, 105
 And does with torches run:
 But all her haste was now too late,
 For death his worst had done.

The door being open'd strait they found
 The virgin stretch'd along: 110
 Two dreadful snakes had wrapt her round,
 Which her to death had stung.

One round her legs, her thighs, her wast
 Had twin'd his fatal wreath:
 The other close her neck embrac'd, 115
 And stopt her gentle breath.

The snakes, being from her body thrust,
 Their bellies were so fill'd,
 That with excess of blood they burst,
 Thus with their prey were kill'd. 120

The wicked lady at this sight,
 With horror strait ran mad;
 So raving dy'd, as was most right,
 'Cause she no pity had.

Let me advise you, ladies all, 125
 Of jealousy beware:
 It causeth many a one to fall,
 And is the devil's snare. * *

IX.

JEALOUSY TYRANT OF THE MIND.

This song is by Dryden, being inserted in his Tragi-Comedy of 'Love Triumphant,' &c. a play acted in 1694, and printed the same year.—On account of the subject it is inserted here.

WHAT state of life can be so blest,
 As love that warms the gentle brest;
 Two souls in one; the same desire
 To grant the bliss, and to require?
 If in this heaven a hell we find, 5
 'Tis all from thee,
 O Jealousie!
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
 Serve to refine and perfect love: 10
 In absence, or unkind disdain,
 Sweet hope relieves the lovers pain:

But, oh, no cure but death we find
 To sett us free
 From jealousy, 15
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,
 Some sett too near, and some too far:
 Thou art the fire of endless night,
 The fire that burns, and gives no light. 20
 All torments of the damn'd we find
 In only thee,
 O Jealousie;
 Thou tyrant, tyrant of the mind.

X.

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

The ladies are indebted for the following notable documents to the Pepys collection, where the original is preserved in black-letter, and is intitled, 'A looking-glass for ladies, or a mirrour for married women. Tune Queen Dido, or Troy town.'

WHEN Greeks and Trojans fell at strife,
 And lords in armour bright were seen;
 When many a gallant lost his life
 About fair Hellen, beauty's queen;
 Ulysses, general so free, 5
 Did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
 That he would to the warrs of Troy;
 For grief she shed full many a tear,
 At parting from her only joy; 10
 Her ladies all about her came,
 To comfort up this Grecian dame.

My patience I will put in ure,
 My charity I will extend;
 Since for my woe there is no cure, 45
 The helpless now I will befriend:
 The widow and the fatherless
 I will relieve, when in distress.'

Thus she continued year by year
 In doing good to every one; 50
 Her name was noised every where,
 To young and old the same was known,
 That she no company would mind,
 Who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame, 55
 'Mongst Trojans hazarding his life:
 Young gallants, hearing of her name,
 Came flocking far to tempt his wife:
 For she was lovely, young, and fair,
 No lady might with her compare. 60

With costly gifts and jewels fine,
 They did endeavour her to win;
 With banquets and the choicest wine,
 For to allure her unto sin:
 Most persons were of high degree, 65
 Who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace,
 Their wanton suits she did deny;
 No tempting charms could e'er deface
 Her dearest husband's memory; 70
 But constant she would still remain,
 Hoping to see him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,
 And that she often did peruse;
 She seldom looked in her glass; 75
 Powder and paint she ne'er would use.
 I wish all ladies were as free
 From pride, as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,
 And likewise in her spinning-wheel; 80
 Her maids about her every night
 Did use the distaff, and the reel:
 The spiders, that on rafters twine,
 Scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss 85
 And absence of her dearest love:
 Sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
 Her fortune on the waves to prove.
 'I fear my lord is slain,' quoth she,
 'He stays so from Penelope.' 90

At length the ten years siege of Troy
 Did end; in flames the city burn'd;
 And to the Grecians was great joy,
 To see the towers to ashes turn'd;
 Then came Ulysses home to see 95
 His constant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,
 When she her lord again had seen.
 'Thrice-welcome home, my dear,' she said,
 'A long time absent thou hast been: 100
 The wars shall never more deprive
 Me of my lord whilst I'm alive.'

Fair ladies all, example take;
And hence a worthy lesson learn,
All youthful follies to forsake, 105
And vice from virtue to discern:
And let all women strive to be,
As constant as Penelope.

XI.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS.

By Col. Richard Lovelace: from the volume of his poems, intitled, 'Lucasta, Lond. 1649.' 12mo. The elegance of this writer's manner would be more admired, if it had somewhat more of simplicity.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,
That from the nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,
To warre and armes I flie.

True, a new mistresse now I chase, 5
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith imbrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore; 10
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

XII.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of this tale, but it is not strictly followed in it), was originally a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. See 'Le Bibliotheque de Romans, &c.'

The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Bevis, and has also been copied in the 'Seven Champions.' The original lines are,

'Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
That man and beast might passe away;
Under the brydge were sixty belles;
Right as the Romans telles;
That their might no man passe in,
But all they rang with a gyn.'

Sign. E. iv.

In the Editor's folio MS. was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press: from which were taken such particulars as could be adopted.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good Saint Valentine!

The king of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride:
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princely pride.

5

To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend;
And with their loud and cheerful cryes
The hills and valleys rend.

10

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild;
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child;

15

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd
 Of silk so fine and thin:
 A golden mantle wrapt him round
 Pinn'd with a silver pin. 20

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all;
 The courtiers gather'd round;
 They look, they call, the mother seek;
 No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near, 25
 And as he gazing stands,
 The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,
 And stretch'd his little hands.

'Now, by the rood,' king Pepin says,
 'This child is passing fair: 30
 I wot he is of gentle blood;
 Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court
 With all the care ye may:
 Let him be christen'd Valentine, 35
 In honour of this day:

And look me out some cunning nurse;
 Well nurtur'd let him bee;
 Nor ought be wanting that becomes
 A bairn of high degree.' 40

They look'd him out a cunning nurse;
 And nurtur'd well was hee;
 Nor ought was wanting that became
 A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine 45
Belov'd of king and peers;
And shew'd in all he spake or did
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
He did himself advance, 50
That ere he grewe to man's estate
He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
To shade his youthful chin;
When Valentine was dubb'd a knight, 55
That he might glory win.

'A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee!
The first adventure, that befalls,
May be reserv'd for mee.' 60

'The first adventure shall be thine;'
The king did smiling say.
Nor many days, when lo! there came,
Three palmers clad in graye.

'Help, gracious lord,' they weeping say'd; 65
And knelt, as it was meet:
'From Artoys forest we be come,
With weak and weary feet.

Within those deep and drearye woods
There wends a savage boy; 70
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred;
 He lurks within their den:
 With beares he lives; with beares he feeds, 75
 And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins
 A more than human skill:
 For arms, ne cunning may suffice
 His cruel rage to still: 80

Up then rose sir Valentine,
 And claim'd that arduous deed.
 'Go forth and conquer,' say'd the king,
 'And great shall be thy meed.'

Well mounted on a milk-white steed, 85
 His armour white as snow;
 As well beseem'd a virgin knight,
 Who ne'er had fought a foe:

To Artoys forest he repairs
 With all the haste he may; 90
 And soon he spies the savage youth
 A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
 His shaggy shoulders round:
 His eager eye all fiery glow'd: 95
 His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails:
 His limbs were thick and strong;
 And dreadful was the knotted oak
 He bare with him along. 100

Soon as sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell 105
Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat;
So sprung the savage foe;

So lightly leap'd with furious force 110
The gentle knight to seize:
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern 115
Had laid the savage low;
But springing up, he rais'd his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shun'd the coming stroke;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke. 120

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnisht brand:
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt; 125
Three times he felt the blade;
Three times it fell with furious force;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd ;
His eye-ball flash'd with fire ; 130
Each hairy limb with fury shook ;
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist 135
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturned his hairy foe ;
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow. 140

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long :
Skilful and active was the knight ;
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength 145
To art and skill must yield :
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain, 150
He tyes him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring ;
And kneeling downe upon his knee, 155
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength,
 The savage tamer grew ;
 And to sir Valentine became
 A servant try'd and true.

160

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,
 Ursine they call his name ;
 A name which unto future times
 The Muses shall proclame.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peere
 Now liv'd sir Valentine :
 His high renown with prince and peere
 Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
 Prepar'd a sumptuous feast ;
 And there came lords, and dainty dames,
 And many a noble guest.

5

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
 Their revelry, and mirth ;
 A youthful knight tax'd Valentine
 Of base and doubtful birth.

10

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,
 His generous heart did wound :
 And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
 Till he his parents found.

15

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
 Early one summer's day,
 With faithful Ursine by his side,
 From court he took his way.

20

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass;
At length upon a moated lake,¹
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair 25
Y-built of marble stone:
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittred in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device, 30
A hundred bells were hung;
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,
But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jangling sound bedeaft their ears, 35
And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
Unlock'd and opened wide,
And strait a gyant huge and grim
Stalk'd forth with stately pride. 40

'Now yield you, caytiffs, to my will;'
He cried with hideous roar;
'Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.'

'Vain boaster,' said the youthful knight, 45
'I scorn thy threats and thee:
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.'

¹ Ver. 23, i.e. a lake that served for a moat to a castle.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust: 50
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,
And caused the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel:
The very wind of such a blow 55
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist ; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd,
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade. 60

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew :
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall 65
Some hapless woodman crush :
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas ! there came,
Both horse and knight it took, 70
And laid them senseless in the dust ;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke: 75
'Now caytiff breathe thy last !'

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
 Upon his scull descend:
 From Ursine's knotty club they came,
 Who ran to save his friend. 80

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
 And rolling his grim eyes:
 The hairy youth repeats his blows;
 He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly sir Valentine reviv'd 85
 With Ursine's timely care:
 And now to search the castle walls
 The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
 They found where'er they came: 90
 At length within a lonely cell
 They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears;
 Her cheeks were pale with woe:
 And long sir Valentine besought 95
 Her doleful tale to know.

'Alas! young knight,' she weeping said,
 'Condole my wretched fate:
 A childless mother here you see;
 A wife without a mate. 100

These twenty winters here forlorn
 I've drawn my hated breath;
 Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
 And wishing aye for death.

Know, I am sister of a king; 105
And in my early years
Was married to a mighty prince,
The fairest of his peers.

With him I sweetly liv'd in love
A twelvemonth and a day: 110
When, lo! a foul and treacherous priest
Y-wrought our loves' decay.

His seeming goodness wan him pow'r;
He had his master's ear:
And long to me and all the world 115
He did a saint appear.

One day, when we were all alone,
He proffer'd odious love:
The wretch with horror I repuls'd,
And from my presence drove. 120

He feign'd remorse, and piteous beg'd
His crime I'd not reveal:
Which, for his seeming penitence,
I promis'd to conceal.

With treason, villainy, and wrong 125
My goodness he repay'd:
With jealous doubts he fill'd my lord,
And me to woe betray'd.

He hid a slave within my bed,
Then rais'd a bitter cry. 130
My lord, possest with rage, condemn'd
Me, all unheard, to dye.

But 'cause I then was great with child,
At length my life he spar'd:
But bade me instant quit the realme, 135
One trusty knight my guard.

Forth on my journey I depart,
Opprest with grief and woe;
And tow'rs my brother's distant court,
With breaking heart I goe. 140

Long time thro' sundry foreign lands
We slowly pace along:
At length within a forest wild
I fell in labour strong:

And while the knight for succour sought, 145
And left me there forlorn,
My childbed pains so fast increast
Two lovely boys were born.

The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow
That tips the mountain hoar: 150
The younger's little body rough
With hairs was cover'd o'er.

But here afresh begin my woes:
While tender care I took.
To shield my eldest from the cold, 155
And wrap him in my cloak;

A prowling bear burst from the wood,
And seiz'd my younger son:
Affection lent my weakness wings,
And after them I run. 160

But all forwearied, weak and spent
I quickly swoon'd away;
And there beneath the greenwood shade
Long time I lifeless lay.

At length the knight brought me relief, 166
And rais'd me from the ground :
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

And, while in search we wander'd far,
We met that gyant grim ; 172
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,
He offer'd me no wrong ;
Save that within these lonely walls 175
I've been immur'd so long.'

'Now, surely,' said the youthful knight,
'You are lady Bellisance, ♣
Wife to the Grecian emperor :
Your brother's king of France. 180

For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had ;
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead, 185
And dying own'd his crime ;
And long your lord hath sought you out
Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn
 Of his much-wronged wife, 190
 He vow'd thenceforth within his court
 To lead a hermit's life.'

'Now heaven is kind!' the lady said;
 And dropt a joyful tear:
 'Shall I once more behold my lord, 195
 That lord I love so dear?'

'But, madam,' said sir Valentine,
 And knelt upon his knee;
 'Know you the cloak that wrapt your babe,
 If you the same should see?' 200

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
 In which himself was found;
 The lady gave a sudden shriek,
 And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd, 205
 His tale she heard anon;
 And soon by other tokens found,
 He was indeed her son.

'But who's this hairy youth?' she said;
 'He much resembles thee: 210
 The bear-devour'd my younger son,
 Or sure that son were he.'

'Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
 And rear'd within their den.
 But recollect ye any mark 215
 To know your son again?'

‘ Upon his little side,’ quoth she,
 ‘ Was stamp’t a bloody rose.’
 ‘ Here, lady, see the crimson mark
 Upon his body grows!’ 220

Then clasping both her new-found sons
 She bath’d their cheeks with tears;
 And soon towards her brother’s court
 Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin’s joy, 225
 His sister thus restor’d!
 And soon a messenger was sent
 To cheer her drooping lord:

Who came in haste with all his peers,
 To fetch her home to Greece; 230
 Where many happy years they reign’d
 In perfect love and peace.

To them sir Ursine did succeed,
 And long the scepter bare.
 Sir Valentine he stay’d in France, 235
 And was his uncle’s heir.

* *
 *

XIII.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

This humorous song (as a former editor¹ has well observed) is to old metrical romances and ballads of chivalry, what Don Quixote is to prose narratives of that kind:—a lively satire on their extravagant fictions. But although the satire is thus general, the subject of this ballad is local and peculiar; so that many of the finest strokes of humour are lost for want of our knowing the minute circumstances to which they allude. Many of them can hardly now be recovered, although we have been fortunate enough to learn the general

¹ Collection of Historical Ballads in 3 vol. 1727.

subject to which the satire referred, and shall detail the information, with which we have been favoured, in a separate memoir at the end of the poem.

In handling his subject, the author has brought in most of the common incidents which occur in Romance. The description of the dragon¹—his outrages—the people flying to the knight for succour—his care in chusing his armour—his being drest for fight by a young damsel—and most of the circumstances of the battle and victory (allowing for the burlesque turn given to them) are what occur in every book of chivalry, whether in prose or verse.

If any one piece, more than other, is more particularly levelled at, it seems to be the old rhyming legend of sir Bevis. There a *Dragon* is attacked from a *Well* in a manner not very remote from this of the ballad:

There was a well, so have I wynde,
And Bevis stumbled ryght therein.

Than was he glad without fayle,
And rested a while for his avayle;
And dranke of that water his fyll;
And than he lepte out, with good wyll,
And with Morglay his brande
He assayed the dragon, I understande:
On the dragon he smote so faste,
Where that he hit the scales braste:
The dragon then faynted sore,
And cast a galon and more
Out of his mouthe of venim strong,
And on syr Bevis he it flong:
It was venomous y-wis.

This seems to be meant by the Dragon of Wantley's stink, ver. 110. As the politic knight's creeping out, and attacking the dragon, &c. seems evidently to allude to the following:

Bevis blessed himselfe, and forth yode,
And lepte out with haste full good;
And Bevis unto the dragon gone is;
And the dragon also to Bevis.
Longe, and harde was that fyght
Betwene the dragon, and that knyght:
But ever whan syr Bevis was hurt sore,
He went to the well, and washed him there;
He was as hole as any man,
Ever freahe as whan he began.
The dragon sawe it might not avayle
Besyde the well to hold batayle;
He thought he would, wyth some wyle
Out of that place Bevis begyle;
He woulde have flouen then awaye,
But Bevis lepte after with good Morglaye,
And hyt him under the wynges,
As he was in his flyenge, &c.

Sign, M. jr. L. j. &c.

After all, perhaps the writer of this ballad was acquainted with the above incidents only through the medium of Spenser, who has assumed most of them in his *Faery Queen*. At least some particulars in the description of the Dragon, &c. seem evidently borrowed from the latter. See Book I. Canto 11, where the Dragon's 'two wynges like sayls—huge long tayl—with stings—his cruel

¹ See above pag. 83 & p. 178.

rending claws—and yron teeth—his breath of smothering smoke and sulphur'—and the duration of the fight for upwards of two days, bear a great resemblance to passages in the following ballad; though it must be confessed that these particulars are common to all old writers of Romance.

Although this ballad must have been written early in the seventeenth century, we have met with none but such as were comparatively modern copies. It is here printed from one in Roman letter, in the Pepys Collection, collated with such others as could be procured.

Old stories tell, how Hercules
 A Dragon slew at Lerna,
 With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
 To see and well discern-a:
 But he had a club, this dragon to drub, 5
 Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:
 But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
 He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
 Each one upon each shoulder; 10
 With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
 Which made him bolder and bolder.
 He had long claws, and in his jaws
 Four and forty teeth of iron;
 With a hide as tough, as any buff, 15
 Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
 Held seventy men in his belly?
 This dragon was not quite so big,
 But very near, I'll tell ye. 20
 Devoured he poor children three,
 That could not with him grapple;
 And at one sup he eat them up,
 As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat. 25
 Some say he ate up trees,

And that the forests sure he would
 Devour up by degrees:
 For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies;
 He ate all, and left none behind, 30
 But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
 Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
 The place I know it well;
 Some two or three miles, or thereabouts, 35
 I vow I cannot tell;
 But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
 And Matthew's house hard by it;
 O there and then was this dragon's den,
 You could not chuse but spy it. 40

Some say, this dragon was a witch;
 Some say, he was a devil,
 For from his nose a smoke arose,
 And with it burning snivel;
 Which he cast off, when he did cough, 45
 In a well that he did stand by;
 Which made it look, just like a brook
 Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
 Of whom all towns did ring; 50
 For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff
 and huff,
 Call son of a whore, do any kind of thing:
 By the tail and the main, with his hands twain
 He swung a horse till he was dead;
 And that which is stranger, he for very anger 55
 Eat him all up but his head.

Ver. 29, were to him gorse and birches. Other Copies.

These children, as I told, being eat;
 Men, women, girls and boys,
 Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
 And made a hideous noise: 60
 'O save us all, More of More-Hall,
 Thou peerless knight of these woods;
 Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
 We'll give thee all our goods.'

'Tut, tut,' quoth he, 'no goods I want;
 But I want, I want, in sooth,
 A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk, and keen,
 With smiles about the mouth;
 Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
 With blushes her cheeks adorning; 70
 To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
 And to dress me in the morning.'

This being done he did engage
 To hew the dragon down;
 But first he went, new armour to 75
 Bespeak at Sheffield town;
 With spikes all about, not within but without,
 Of steel so sharp and strong;
 Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er
 Some five or six inches long. 80

Had you but seen him in this dress,
 How fierce he look'd, and how big,
 You would have thought him for to be
 Some Egyptian porcupig:
 He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all, 85
 Each cow, each horse, and each hog:
 For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
 Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
 Got up on trees and houses, 90
 On churches some, and chimneys too;
 But these put on their trowses,
 Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
 To make him strong and mighty,
 He drank by the tale, six pots of ale, 95
 And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
 For wit doth strength excell;
 Which made our cunning champion
 Creep down into a well; 100
 Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
 And so he did in truth;
 And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd, 'boh!'
 And hit him in the mouth.

'Oh,' quoth the dragon, 'pox take thee, come out,
 Thou disturb'st me in my drink:' 106
 And then he turn'd, and s . . . at him;
 Good lack how he did stink!
 'Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
 Thy dung smells not like balsam; 110
 Thou son of a whore, thou stink'st so sore,
 Sure thy diet is unwholsome.'

Our politick knight, on the other side,
 Crept out upon the brink,
 And gave the dragon such a douse, 115
 He knew not what to think:
 'By cock,' quoth he, 'say you so: do you see?'
 And then at him he let fly
 With hand and with foot, and so they went to't;
 And the word it was, 'Hey boys, hey!' 120

'Your words,' quoth the dragon, 'I don't understand.'
 Then to it they fell at all,
 Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may,
 Compare great things with small.
 Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight 125
 Our champion on the ground;
 Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was
 neat,
 They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
 The dragon gave him a knock, 130
 Which made him to reel, and straitway he
 thought,
 To lift him as high as a rock,
 And thence let him fall. But More of More-Hall,
 Like a valiant son of Mars,
 As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about, 135
 And hit him a kick on the a . . .

'Oh,' quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
 And turn'd six times together,
 Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing
 Out of his throat of leather; 140
 'More of More-Hall! O thou rascàl!
 Would I had seen thee never;
 With the thing at thy foot, thou hast pricked my a . .
 gut,
 And I'm quite undone for ever.

Murder, Murder,' the dragon cry'd, 145
 'Alack, alack, for grief;
 Had you but mist that place, you could .
 Have done me no mischief.'

Then his head he shook, trembled and quaked,

And down he laid and cry'd;

150

First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,

So groan'd, kickt, s . . . , and dy'd.

. A description of the supposed scene of the foregoing ballad, which was communicated to the Editor in 1767, is here given in the words of the relater :

'In Yorkshire, 6 miles from Rotherham, is a village, called Wortley, the seat of the late Wortley Montague, Esq; About a mile from this village is a lodge, named Warncliff Lodge, but vulgarly called Wantley: here lies the scene of the song. I was there above forty years ago: and it being a woody rocky place, my friend made me clamber over rocks and stones, not telling me to what end, till I came to a sort of a cave; then asked my opinion of the place, and pointing to one end, says, 'Here lay the Dragon killed by Moor of Moor-hall: here lay his head; here lay his tail; and the stones we came over on the hill, are those he could not crack; and yon white house you see half a mile off, is Moor-hall.' I had dined at the lodge, and knew the man's name was Matthew, who was a keeper to Mr. Wortley, and, as he endeavoured to persuade me, was the same Matthew mentioned in the song.—In the house is the picture of the Dragon and Moor of Moor-Hall, and near it a Well, 'which,' says he, 'is the well described in the ballad.'

†† Since the former editions of this humorous old song were printed, the following Key to the Satire hath been communicated by Godfrey Bosville, Esq. of Thorp, near Malton, in Yorkshire; who, in the most obliging manner, gave full permission to subjoin it to the poem.

Warncliffe Lodge, and Warncliffe Wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), are in the parish of Penniston, in Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster; and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family: who therewith endowed an hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women. The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it, and wanted to get still more: for Mr. Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tithes in kind, but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the Modus in 37th Eliz. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq. from Qu. Elizabeth, in the 2d year of her reign: and that part he sold in 12th Eliz. to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis; who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life, and then to Ralph, 3d son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lionel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

This premised, the ballad apparently relates to the law-suit carried on concerning this claim of Tithes made by the Wortley family. 'Houses and Churches, were to him Geese and Turkeys:' which are titheable things, the Dragon chose to live on. Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the tithes in kind; but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their Modus. And at the head of the agreement was Lionel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of 'the Stones, dear Jack, which the Dragon could not crack.' The agreement is still preserved in a

large sheet of parchment, dated 1st of James I, and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour, 'with spikes all about, both within and without.' More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall is still extant at the very bottom of Wantley [Warnclyff] Wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a Well: as the Dragon's den [Warnclyff Lodge] was at the top of the wood, 'with Matthew's house hard by it.' The Keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall: the last of them left this lodge, within memory, to be Keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The present owner of More-hall still attends Mr. Bosville's Manor-Court at Oxspring, and pays a Rose a year. 'More of More-hall, with nothing at all, slew the Dragon of Wantley.' He gave him, instead of tithes, so small a Modus, that it was in effect nothing at all, and was slaying him with a vengeance. 'The poor children three,' &c. cannot surely mean the three sisters of Francis Bosville, who would have been co-heiresses had he made no will? The late Mr. Bosville had a contest with the descendants of two of them, the late Sir Geo. Saville's father, and Mr. Copley, about the presentation to Penniston, they supposing Francis had not the power to give this part of the estate from the heirs at law; but it was decided against them. The Dragon (Sir Francis Wortley) succeeded better with his cousin Wordesworth, the freehold Lord of the manor (for it is the copyhold manor that belongs to Mr Bosville) having persuaded him not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he would let him his tithes cheap: and now the estates of Wortley and Wordesworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish.

N.B. The 'two days and a night' mentioned in ver. 125 as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law.

A legend current in the Wortley family states the 'dragon to have been a formidable drinker, drunk dead by the chieftain of the opposite moors.' Ellis thinks it was a wolf or some other fierce animal hunted down by More of More-hall.—ED.

XIV.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

THE FIRST PART.

As the former song is in ridicule of the extravagant incidents in old ballads and metrical romances; so this is a burlesque of their style; particularly of the rambling transitions and wild accumulation of unconnected parts, so frequent in many of them.

This ballad is given from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, 'imprinted at London, 1612.' It is more ancient than many of the preceding; but we place it here for the sake of connecting it with the SECOND PART.

WHY doe you boast of Arthur and his knightes,
Knowing [well] how many men have endured
fightes?

For besides king Arthur, and Lancelot du lake,
Or sir Tristram de Lionel, that fought for ladies
sake;

Read in old histories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George the dragon made to
flee.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Mark our father Abraham, when first he resekued
Lot

Onely with his household, what conquest there he
got:

David was elected a prophet and a king,
He slew the great Goliah, with a stone within a
sling:

Yet these were not knightes of the table round;
Nor St. George, St. George, who the dragon did
confound.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Jephthah and Gideon did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the Amorites, and put them all to
flight:

Hercules his labours [were] on the plaines of
Basse;

And Sampson slew a thousand with the jawbone of
an asse,

And eke he threw a temple downe, and did a
mighty spoyle:

But St. George, St. George he did the dragon
foyle.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The warres of ancient monarchs it were too long
to tell,

And likewise of the Romans, how farre they did
excell;

Hannyball and Scipio in many a felde did
fighte:

Orlando Furioso he was a worthy knight:

Remus and Romulus, were they that Rome did
builde:

But St. George, St. George the dragon made to
yielde.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble Alphonso, that was the Spanish
king,

The order of the red scarffes and bandrolles in did
bring:¹

He had a troope of mighty knightes, when first he
did begin,

Which sought adventures farre and neare, that
conquest they might win:

¹ This probably alludes to 'An Ancient Order of Knighthood, called the Order of the Band, instituted by Don Alphonsus, king of Spain, . . . to wear a red riband of three fingers breadth,' &c. See Ames Typog. p. 327.

The ranks of the Pagans he often put to flight:
 But St. George, St. George did with the dragon fight.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Many [knights] have fought with proud Tamberlaine.
 Cutlax the Dane, great warres he did maintaine:
 Rowland of Beame, and good [sir] Oliver
 In the forest of Acon slew both wolfe and beare:
 Besides that noble Hollander, [sir] Goward with
 the bill:

But St. George, St. George the dragon's blood did
 spill.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Valentine and Orson were of king Pepin's blood:
 Alfride and Henry they were brave knightes and good:
 The four sons of Aymon, that follow'd Charlemaine:
 Sir Hughon of Burdeaux, and Godfrey of Bullaine:
 These were all French knightes that lived in that age:
 But St. George, St. George the dragon did assuage.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Bevis conquered Ascapart, and after slew the boare,
 And then he crost beyond the seas to combat with
 the moore:

Sir Isenbras, and Eglamore they were knightes most
 bold;

And good Sir John Mandeville of travel much hath
 told:

There were many English knights that Pagans
did convert:

But St. George, St. George pluckt out the dragon's
heart.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The noble earl of Warwick, that was call'd sir Guy,
The infidels and pagans stoutlie did defie;

He slew the giant Brandimore, and after was the
death

Of that most ghastly dun cove, the divell of Duns-
more heath;

Besides his noble deeds all done beyond the seas :

But St. George, St. George the dragon did appease.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Richard Cœur-de-lion erst king of this land,

He the lion gored with his naked hand:¹

The false duke of Austria nothing did he feare;

But his son he killed with a boxe on the eare;

Besides his famous actes done in the holy lande:

But St. George, St. George the dragon did with-
stande.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Henry the fifth he conquered all France,

And quartered their arms, his honour to advance :

¹ Alluding to the fabulous Exploits attributed to this King in the old Ro-
mances. See the Dissertation prefixed to this Volume.

He their cities razed, and threw their castles downe,
 And his head he honoured with a double crowne:
 He thumped the French-men, and after home he
 came:

But St. George, St. George he did the dragon tame.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

St. David of Wales the Welsh-men much advance:
 St. Jaques of Spaine, that never yet broke lance:
 St. Patricke of Ireland, which was St. Georges boy,
 Seven yeares he kept his horse, and then stole him
 away:

For which knavish act, as slaves they doe remaine:
 But St. George, St. George the dragon he hath
 slaine.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

XV.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND,

THE SECOND PART.

—was written by John Grubb, M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford. The occasion of its being composed is said to have been as follows. A set of gentlemen of the university had formed themselves into a Club, all the members of which were to be of the name of 'George.' Their anniversary feast was to be held on St. George's day. Our Author solicited strongly to be admitted; but his name being unfortunately John, this disqualification was dispensed with only upon this condition, that he would compose a song in honour of their Patron Saint, and would every year produce one or more new stanzas, to be sung on their annual festival. This gave birth to the following

humorous performance, the several stanzas of which were the produce of many successive anniversaries.¹

This diverting poem was long handed about in manuscript, at length a friend of Grubb's undertook to get it printed, who, not keeping pace with the impatience of his friends, was addressed in the following whimsical macaronic lines, which, in such a collection as this, may not improperly accompany the poem itself.

Expostulationcula, sive Querimonluncula ad Antonium [Atherton] ob Poema Johannis Grubb, Viri ror raru ingeniosissimi in lucem nondum editi.

Ton! Tune sines divina poemata Grubbi
Intomb'd in secret thus still to remain any longer,
Toûroua ror shall last, *Ω Γρυββε διαμπερες αει*,
Grubbe tuum nomen vivet dum nobilis ale-a
Efficit heroas, dignamque heroes puellam.
Est genus heroum, quos nobilis efficit alea-a
Qui pro niperkin clamant, quaternque liquoris
Quem vocitant Homines Brandy, Superi Cherry-brandy.
Sæpe illi long-cut, vel small-cut flare Tobacco
Sunt soliti pipos. Ast si generosior herba
(Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum)
Mundungus desit, tum non fucare reosant
Brown-paper tostâ, vel quod sit arundine bed-mat.
Hic labor, hoc opus est heroum ascendere sedes!
Ast ege quo raplar? quo me feret entheus ardor
Grubbe, tul memorem? Divinum expande poema.
Quæ mora? quæ ratio est, quin Grubbi protinus anser
Virgili, Placcique simul canat inter olores?

At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and Mr. Grubb's song was published at Oxford, under the following title:

THE BRITISH HEROES
A New Poem in honour of St. George
By Mr JOHN GRUBB,
School-master of Christ-Church
Oxon. 1688.

Favete linguis: carmina non prius
Audita, musarum sacerdos
Canto.—

HOR.

Sold by Henry Clements, Oxon.

THE story of king Arthur old
Is very memorable,
The number of his valiant knights,
And roundness of his table:
The knights around his table in
A circle sate d'ye see:

5

¹ To this circumstance it is owing that the Editor has never met with two copies, in which the stanzas are arranged alike, he has therefore thrown them into what appeared the most natural order. The verses are properly long Alexandrines, but the narrowness of the page made it necessary to subdivide them: they are here printed with many improvements.

And altogethër made up one
 Large hoop of chivalry.
 He had a sword, both broad and sharp,
 Y-cleped Caliburn, 10
 Would cut a flint more easily,
 Than pen-knife cuts a corn;
 As case-knife does a capon carve,
 So would it carve a rock,
 And split a man at single slash, 15
 From noddle down to nock.
 As Roman Augur's steel of yore
 Dissected Tarquin's riddle,
 So this would cut both conjurer
 And whetstone thro' the middle. 20
 He was the cream of Brecknock,
 And flower of all the Welsh:
 But George he did the dragon fell,
 And gave him a plaguy squelsh.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France; 25
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Pendragon, like his father Jove,
 Was fed with milk of goat;
 And like him made a noble shield
 Of she-goat's shaggy coat: 30
 On top of burnisht helmet he
 Did wear a crest of leeks;
 And onions' heads, whose dreadful nod
 Drew tears down hostile cheeks.
 Itch, and Welsh blood did make him hot, 35
 And very prone to ire;
 H' was ting'd with brimstone, like a match,
 And would as soon take fire.

As brimstone he took inwardly
 When scurf gave him occasion, 40
 His postern puff of wind was a
 Sulphureous exhalation.
 The Briton never tergivers'd,
 But was for adverse drubbing,
 And never turn'd his back to aught, 45
 But to a post for scrubbing.
 His sword would serve for battle, or
 For dinner, if you please;
 When it had slain a Cheshire man,
 'Twould toast a Cheshire cheese. 50
 He wounded, and, in their own blood,
 Did anabaptize Pagans:
 But George he made the dragon an
 Example to all dragons.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France; 55
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Brave Warwick Guy, at dinner time,
 Challeng'd a gyant savage;
 And streight came out the unweildy lout
 Brim-full of wrath and cabbage: 60
 He had a phiz of latitude,
 And was full thick i' th' middle;
 The cheeks of puffed trumpeter,
 And paunch of squire Beadle.¹
 But the knight fell'd him, like an oak, 65
 And did upon his back tread;
 The valiant knight his weazon cut,
 And Atropos his packthread.

¹ Men of bulk answerable to their places, as is well known at Oxford.

Besides he fought with a dun cow,
 As say the poets witty, 70
 A dreadful dun, and horned too,
 Like dun of Oxford city:
 The fervent dog-days made her mad,
 By causing heat of weather,
 Syrius and Procyon baited her, 75
 As bull-dogs did her father:
 Grasiers, nor butchers this fell beast,
 E'er of her frolick hindred;
 John Dosset¹ she'd knock down as flat,
 As John knocks down her kindred: 80
 Her heels would lay ye all along,
 And kick into a swoon;
 Frewin's² cow-heels keep up your corpse,
 But hers would beat you down.

She vanquisht many a sturdy wight, 85
 And proud was of the honour;
 Was pufft by mauling butchers so,
 As if themselves had blown her.
 At once she kickt, and pusht at Guy,
 But all that would not fright him: 90
 Who wav'd his winyard o'er sir-loyn,
 As if he'd gone to knight him.
 He let her blood, frenzy to cure,
 And eke he did her gall rip;
 His trenchant blade, like cook's long
 spit, 95
 Ran thro' the monster's bald-rib:
 He rear'd up the vast crooked rib,
 Instead of arch triumphal:

¹ A butcher that then served the college.—² A cook, who on fast nights was famous for selling cow-beel and tripe.

But George hit th' dragon such a pelt,
 As made him on his bum fall. 100
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Tamerlain, with Tartarian bow,
 The Turkish squadrons slew;
 And fetch'd the pagan crescent down, 105
 With half-moon made of yew:
 His trusty bow proud Turks did gall,
 With showers of arrows thick,
 And bow-strings, without strangling, sent
 Grand-Visiers to old Nick: 110
 Much turbants, and much Pagan pates
 He made to humble in dust;
 And heads of Saracens he fixt
 On spear, as on a sign-post:
 He coop'd in cage Bajazet the prop 115
 Of Mahomet's religion,
 As if 't had been the whispering bird,
 That prompted him; the pigeon.
 In Turkey-leather scabbard, he
 Did sheath his blade so trenchant: 120
 But George he swing'd the dragon's tail,
 And cut off every inch on't.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The amazon Thalestris was 125
 Both beautiful, and bold;
 She sear'd her breasts with iron hot,
 And hang'd her foes with cold.

Her hand was like the tool, wherewith
 Jove keeps proud mortals under: 130
 It shone just like his lightning,
 And batter'd like his thunder.
 Her eye darts lightning, that would
 blast

The proudest he that swagger'd,
 And melt the rapier of his soul, 135
 In its corporeal scabbard.

Her beauty, and her drum to foes
 Did cause amazement double;
 As timorous larks amazed are
 With light, and with a low-bell: 140

With beauty and that lapland charm,¹
 Poor men she did bewitch all;
 Still a blind whining lover had,
 As Pallas had her scrich-owl.
 She kept the chastness of a nun 145

In armour, as in cloyster:
 But George undid the dragon just
 As you'd undo an oister.

St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* 150

Stout Hercules, was offspring of
 Great Jove, and fair Alcmene:
 One part of him celestial was,
 One part of him terrene.
 To scale the hero's cradle walls 155
 Two fiery snakes combin'd,
 And, curling into swaddling cloaths,
 About the infant twin'd:

¹ The drum.

But he put out these dragons' fires,
 And did their hissing stop; 160
 As red-hot iron with hissing noise
 Is quencht in blacksmith's shop.
 He cleans'd a stable, and rubb'd down
 The horses of new-comers;
 And out of horse-dung he rais'd fame, 165
 As Tom Wrench¹ does cucumbers.
 He made a river help him through;
 Alpheus was under-groom;
 The stream, disgust at office mean,
 Ran murmuring thro' the room: 170
 This liquid ostler to prevent
 Being tired with that long work,
 His father Neptune's trident took,
 Instead of three-tooth'd dung-fork.
 This Hercules, as soldier, and 175
 As spinster, could take pains;
 His club would sometimes spin ye flax,
 And sometimes knock out brains:
 H' was forc'd to spin his miss a shift
 By Juno's wrath and hér-spite; 180
 Fair Omphale whipt him to his wheel,
 As cook whips barking turn-spit.
 From man, or churn he well knew how
 To get him lasting fame:
 He'd pound a giant, till the blood, 185
 And milk till butter came.
 Often he fought with huge battoon,
 And oftentimes he boxed;
 Tapt a fresh monster once a month,
 As Hervey² doth fresh hogshead. 190

¹ Who kept Paradise gardens at Oxford.—² A noted drawer at the Mermaid tavern in Oxford.

He gave Anteus such a hug,
 As wrestlers give in Cornwall:
 But George he did the dragon kill,
 As dead as any door-nail.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France; 195
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

The Gemini, sprung from an egg,
 Were put into a cradle:
 Their brains with knocks and bottled ale,
 Were often-times full addle: 200
 And, scarcely hatch'd, these sons of him,
 That hurls the bolt trisulcate,
 With helmet-shell on tender head,
 Did tustle with red-ey'd pole-cat.
 Castor a horseman, Pollux tho' 205
 A boxer was, I wist:
 The one was famed for iron heel,
 Th' other for leaden fist.
 Pollux to shew he was god,
 When he was in a passion 210
 With fist made noses fall down flat
 By way of adoration:
 This fist, as sure as French disease,
 Demolish'd noses' ridges;
 He like a certain lord¹ was fam'd 215
 For breaking down of bridges.
 Castor the flame of fiery steed,
 With well-spur'd boots took down;
 As men, with leathern buckets, quench
 A fire in country town. 220

¹ Lord Lovelace broke down the bridges about Oxford, at the beginning of the Revolution. See on this subject a ballad in Smith's Poems, p. 102. Lond. 1718.

His famous horse, that liv'd on oats,
 Is sung on oaten quill;
 By bards' immortal provender
 The nag surviveth still.
 This shelly brood on none but knaves 225
 Employ'd their brisk artillery:
 And flew as naturally at rogues
 As eggs at thief in pillory.¹
 Much sweat they spent in furious fight,
 Much blood they did effund: 230
 Their whites they vented thro' the pores;
 Their yolks thro' gaping wound:
 Then both were cleans'd from blood and dust
 To make a heavenly sign;
 The lads were, like their armour, scowr'd, 235
 And then hung up to shine;
 Such were the heavenly double-Dicks,
 The sons of Jove and Tyndar:
 But George he cut the dragon up,
 As he had bin duck or windar. 240
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Gorgon a twisted adder wore
 For knot upon her shoulder:
 She kemb'd her hissing periwig, 245
 And curling snakes did powder.
 These snakes they made stiff changelings
 Of all the folks they hist on;

¹ It has been suggested by an ingenious correspondent that this was a popular subject at that time:

Not carted bawd, or Dan de Foe,
 In wooden ruff ere bluster'd so.

Smith's Poems, p. 117.

They turned barbaras into hones,
 And masons into free-stone; 250
 Sworded magnetic Amazon
 Her shield to load-stone changes;
 Then amorous sword by magic belt
 Clung fast unto her haunches.
 This shield long village did protect, 255
 And kept the army from-town,
 And chang'd the bullies into rocks,
 That came t' invade Long-Compton.¹
 She post-diluvian stores unmans,
 And Pyrrha's work unravels; 260
 And stares Deucalion's hardy boys
 Into their primitive pebbles.
 Red noses she to rubies turns,
 And noddles into bricks:
 But George made dragon laxative; 265
 And gave him a bloody flix.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

By boar-spear Meleager got
 An everlasting name, 270
 And out of haunch of basted swine,
 He hew'd eternal fame.
 This beast each hero's trouzers ript,
 And rudely shew'd his bare-breech,
 Prickt but the wem, and out there came 275
 Heroic guts and garbadge.
 Legs were secur'd by iron boots
 No more, than peas by peascods:

¹ See the account of Rolricht Stones, in Dr. Plott's Hist. of Oxfordshire.

Brass helmets, with inclosed skulls,
 Wou'd crackle in's mouth like chesnuts. 280
 His tawny hairs erected were
 By rage, that was resistless;
 And wrath, instead of cobbler's wax,
 Did stiffen his rising bristles.
 His tusk lay'd dogs so dead asleep, 285
 Nor horn, nor whip cou'd wake 'um:
 It made them vent both their last blood,
 And their last album-grecum.
 But the knight gor'd him with his spear,
 To make of him a tame one, 290
 And arrows thick, instead of cloves,
 He stuck in monster's gammon.
 For monumental pillar, that
 His victory might be known,
 He rais'd up, in cylindric form, 295
 A collar of the brawn.
 He sent his shade to shades below,
 In Stygian mud to wallow:
 And eke the stout St. George eftsoon,
 He made the dragon follow. 300
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Achilles of old Chiron learnt
 The great horse for to ride;
 H' was taught by th' Centaur's rational part, 305
 The hinnible to bestride.
 Bright silver feet, and shining face
 Had that stout hero's mother;
 As rapier's silver'd at one end,
 And wounds you at the other. 310

Her feet were bright, his feet were swift,
 As hawk pursuing sparrow:
 Her's had the metal, his the speed
 Of Braburn's¹ silver arrow.
 Thetis to double pedagogue . 315
 Commits her dearest boy;
 Who bred him from a slender twig
 To be the scourge of Troy:
 But ere he lasht the Trojans, h' was
 In Stygian waters steeped; 320
 As birch is soaked first in piss,
 When boys are to be whipt.
 With skin exceeding hard, he rose
 From lake, so black and muddy,
 As lobsters from the ocean rise, 325
 With shell about their body:
 And, as from lobster's broken claw,
 Pick out the fish you might:
 So might you from one unshell'd heel
 Dig pieces of the knight. 330
 His myrmidons robb'd Priam's barns
 And hen-roosts, says the song;
 Carried away both corn and eggs,
 Like ants from whence they sprung.
 Himself tore Hector's pantaloons, 335
 And sent him down bare-breech'd
 To pedant Radamanthus, in
 A posture to be switch'd.
 But George he made the dragon look,
 As if he had been bewitch'd. 340
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for France;
 Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

¹ Braburn, a gentleman commoner of Lincoln college, gave a silver arrow to be shot for by the archers of the university of Oxford.

Full fatal to the Romans was
 The Carthaginian Hanni-
 bal; him I mean, who gave them such 345
 A devilish thump at Cannæ:
 Moors thick, as goats on Penmenmure,
 Stood on the Alpes's front:
 Their one-eyed guide,¹ like blinking mole,
 Bor'd thro' the hindring mount: 350
 Who, baffled by the massy rock,
 Took vinegar for relief;
 Like plowmen, when they hew their way
 Thro' stubborn rump of beef.
 As dancing louts from humid toes 355
 Cast atoms of ill savour
 To blinking Hyatt,² when on vile crowd
 He merriment does endeavour,
 And saws from suffering timber out
 Some wretched tune to quiver: 360
 So Romans stunk and squeak'd at sight
 Of Affrican carnivore.
 The tawny surface of his phiz
 Did serve instead of vizzard:
 But George he made the dragon have 365
 A grumbling in his gizzard.
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

 The valour of Domitian,
 It must not be forgotten: 370
 Who from the jaws of worm-blowing flies,
 Protected veal and mutton.

¹ Hannibal had but one eye.—² A one-eyed fellow, who pretended to make fiddles, as well as play on them; well-known at that time in Oxford.

A squadron of flies errant,
 Against the foe appears;
 With regiments of buzzing knights, 375
 And swarms of volunteers:
 The warlike wasp encourag'd 'em,
 With animating hum;
 And the loud brazen hornet next,
 He was their kettle-drum: 380
 The Spanish don Cantharido
 Did him most sorely pester,
 And rais'd on skin of vent'rous knight
 Full many a plaguy blister.
 A bee whipt thro' his button hole, 385
 As thro' key hole a witch,
 And stabb'd him with her little tuck
 Drawn out of scabbard breech:
 But the undaunted knight lifts up
 An arm both big and brawny, 390
 And slasht her so, that here lay head,
 And there lay bag and honey:
 Then 'mongst the rout he flew as
 swift,
 As weapon made by Cyclops,
 And bravely quell'd seditious buz, 395
 By dint of massy fly-flops.
 Surviving flies do curses breathe,
 And maggots too at Cæsar:
 But George he shav'd the dragon's beard,
 And Askelon¹ was his razor. 400
 St. George he was for England; St. Dennis was for
 France;
 Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

¹ The name of St. George's sword.

John Grubb, the facetious writer of the foregoing song, makes a distinguished figure among the Oxford wits so humourously enumerated in the following distich :

'Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas
Bub, Stubb, Grubb, Crabb, Trap, Young, Carey, Tickel, Evans.'

These were Bub Dodington (the late lord Melcombe), Dr. Stubbes, our poet Grubb, Mr. Crabb, Dr. Trapp the poetry-professor, Dr. Edw. Young the author of Night-Thoughts, Walter Carey, Thomas Tickel, Esq; and Dr. Evans, the epigrammatist.

As for our poet Grubb, all that we can learn further of him, is contained in a few extracts from the University Register, and from his epitaph. It appears from the former that he was matriculated in 1667, being the son of John Grubb, 'De Acton Burnel in comitatu Salop. pauperis.' He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, June 28, 1671 : and became Master of Arts, June 28, 1675. He was appointed Head Master of the Grammar School at Christ Church : and afterwards chosen into the same employment at Gloucester, where he died in 1697, as appears from his monument in the church of St. Mary de Crypt in Gloucester, which is inscribed with the following Epitaph :

H. S. E.
JOHANNES GRUBB, A. M.
Natus apud Acton Burnel in agro Salopiensi
Anno Dom. 1645.
Cujus variam in lingua notitiam,
et felicem erudiendis pueris industriam,
gratâ adhuc memoriâ testatur Oxon'um :
Ibi enim Ædî Christi initiatus,
artes excoluit;
Pueros ad eandem mox excolendas
accuratè formavit :
Huc demum
unanîmî omnium consensu accitus,
eandem suscepit provinciam,
quam feliciter adeo absolvit,
ut nihil optandum sit
nisi ut diutius nobis interfuisset :
Fuit enim
propter festivam ingenij suavitatem,
simplicem morum candorem, et
præcipuam erga cognatos benevolentiam,
omnibus desideratissimus.
Obiit 2do die Aprilis, Anno Dni. 1697.
Ætatis suæ 51.

XVI.

MARGARET'S GHOST.

This ballad, which appeared in some of the public newspapers in or before the year 1724, came from the pen of David Mallet, Esq; who in the edition of his poems, 8 vols. 1750, informs us that the plan was suggested by the four verses quoted above in pag. 99, which he supposed to be the beginning of some ballad now lost.

'These lines,' says he, 'naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy; and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem, which was written many years ago.'

The two introductory lines (and one or two others elsewhere) had originally more of the ballad simplicity, viz.

When all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep, &c.¹

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud:
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud. 5

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown: 10
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view. 15

But love had, like the canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime:

¹ This ballad was first published in Aaron Hill's 'Plain Dealer,' July 21, 1724.—ED.

The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time. 20

'Awake!' she cry'd, 'thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour, 25
When injur'd ghosts complain;
Now yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath: 30
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear mine eyes were bright, 35
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break? 40

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair; 45
These lips no longer red:

Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear : 50
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warn'd me hence
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies, 55
Who dy'd for love of you.'

The lark sang loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
And raving left his bed. 60

He hyed him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name, 65
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

. In a late publication, intitled, 'The Friends,' &c. Lond. 1773, 2 vols. 12mo (in the first volume), is inserted a copy of the foregoing ballad, with very great variations, which the editor of that work contends was the original; and that Mallet adopted it for his own and altered it as here given. But the superior beauty and simplicity of the present copy, gives it so much more the air of an original, that it will rather be believed that some transcriber altered it from Mallet's, and adapted the lines to his own taste; than which nothing is more common in popular songs and ballads.

XVII.

LUCY AND COLIN.

— was written by Thomas Tickel, Esq; the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and editor of his works. He was son of a clergyman in the north of England, had his education at Queen's College, Oxon, was under secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Craggs, when successively secretaries of state; and was lastly (in June, 1724) appointed secretary to the Lords Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond, written while he was at the University.

It is a tradition in Ireland, that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly—probably on some event recent in that neighbourhood.¹

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor ere did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

Till luckless love, and pining care 5
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend? 10
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains,
Take heed, ye easy fair:
Of vengeance due to broken vows, 15
Ye perjured swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;

¹ Gray calls this the 'prettiest ballad' in the world.—ED.

And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing. 20

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
That solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

'I hear a voice, you cannot hear, 25
Which says, I must not stay:
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die. 30
Am I to blame because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss, 35
Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there. 40

Then bear my corse; ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke, she dy'd;—her corse was borne, 45
The bridegroom blithe to meet;

He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept? 50
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow, 55
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead. 60

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind 65
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear; 70
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

XVIII.

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE,

AS REVISED AND ALTERED BY A MODERN HAND.

Mr. Wharton in his ingenious *Observations on Spenser*, has given his opinion, that the fiction of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from an old French piece intitled '*Le court Mantel*' quoted by M. de St. Palaye in his curious '*Memoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*,' Paris, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo, who tells us the story resembles that of Ariosto's enchanted cup. 'Tis possible our English poet may have taken the hint of this subject from that old French Romance, but he does not appear to have copied it in the manner of execution: to which (if one may judge from the specimen given in the *Memoires*) that of the ballad does not bear the least resemblance. After all, 'tis most likely that all the old stories concerning K. Arthur are originally of British growth, and that what the French and other southern nations have of this kind, were at first exported from this island. See *Memoires de l'Acad. des Inscrip.* tom. xx. p. 352. [Since this volume was printed off, the '*Fabliaux ou Contes*' 1781, 5 tom. 12mo, of M. Le Grand, have come to hand: and in tom. I. p. 54 he hath printed a modern version of the old tale '*Le Court Mantel*,' under a new title, '*Le Manteau maltaillé*;' which contains the story of this ballad much enlarged, so far as regards the mantle; but without any mention of the knife, or the horn. Addit. Note Ed. 1794.]

In Carleile dwelt king Arthur,
A prince of passing might;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas 5
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo! a straunge and cunning boy
Before him did appeare.

A kirtle, and a mantle 10
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk
About his middle meet;
And thus, with seemely curtesy, 15
He did king Arthur greet.

‘God speed thee, brave king Arthur,
Thus feasting in thy bowre.
And Guenever thy goodly queen,
That fair and peerlesse flowre. 20

Ye gallant lords, and lordings,
I wish you all take heed,
Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose
Should prove a cankred weed.’

Then straitway from his bosome 25
A little wand he drew;
And with it eke a mantle
Of wondrous shape, and hew.

‘Now have thou here, king Arthur,
Have this here of mee, 30
And give unto thy comely queen,
All-shapen as you see.

No wife it shall become,
That once hath been to blame.’
Then every knight in Arthur’s court 35
Slye glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,
The mantle she must trye.
This dame, she was new-fangled,
And of a roving eye. 40

When she had tane the mantle,
And all was with it cladde,
From top to toe it shiver'd down,
As tho' with sheers beshradde.

One while it was too long, 45
Another while too short,
And wrinkled on her shoulders
In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue. 50
'Beshrew me,' quoth king Arthur,
'I think thou beest not true.'

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay;
But storming like a fury, 55
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought:
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought. 60

'I had rather live in desarts
Beneath the green-wood tree:
Than here, base king, among thy groomes,
The sport of them and thee.'

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady, 65
And bade her to come near:
'Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
I pray thee now forbear.'

This lady, pertly gigling,
 With forward step came on, 70
 And boldly to the little boy
 With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
 With purpose for to wear:
 It shrunk up to her shoulder, 75
 And left her b**side bare.

Then every merry knight,
 That was in Arthur's court,
 Gib'd, and laught, and flouted,
 To see that pleasant sport. 80

Downe she threw the mantle,
 No longer bold or gay,
 But with a face all pale and wan,
 To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight, 85
 A pattering o'er his creed;
 And proffer'd to the little boy
 Five nobles to his meed;

'And all the time of Christmass
 Plumb-porridge shall be thine, 90
 If thou wilt let my lady fair
 Within the mantle shine.'

A saint his lady seemed,
 With step demure, and slow,
 And gravely to the mantle 95
 With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,
That was so fine and thin,
It shrivell'd all about her,
And show'd her dainty skin. 100

Ah! little did *her* mincing,
Or *his* long prayers bestead;
She had no more hung on her,
Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threw the mantle, 105
With terror and dismay,
And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare: 110
'Come win this mantle, lady,
And do me credit here.

Come win this mantle, lady,
For now it shall be thine,
If thou hast never done amiss, 115
Sith first I made thee mine.'

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to trye the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone. 120

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke.

'Lye still,' shee cryed, 'O mantle!
And shame me not for nought,
I'll freely own whate'er amiss,
Or blameful I have wrought. 125

Once I kist Sir Cradocke
Beneathe the green wood tree: 130
Once I kist Sir Cradocke's mouth
Before he married mee.'

When thus she had her shriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her 135
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering shone:
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one. 140

Then towards king Arthur's table
The boy he turn'd his eye:
Where stood a boar's-head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head 145
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, 'There's never a cuckold's knife,
Can carve this head of brawne.'

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone, and on hone: 150
Some threwe them under the table,
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
Of steel and iron made;
And in an instant thro' the skull
He thrust the shining blade. 155

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast:
And every knight in Arthurs court
A morsel had to taste. 160

The boy brought forth a horne,
All golden was the rim:
Said he, 'No cuckolde ever can
Set mouth unto the brin.

No cuckold can this little horne
Lift fairly to his head;
But or on this, or that side,
He shall the liquor shed.' 165

Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh;
And hee that could not hit his mouth,
Was sure to hit his eye. 170

Thus he, that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man:
But Cradock lifted easily,
And wan the golden can. 175

Thus bear's head, horn and mantle
Were this fair couple's meed:
And all such constant lovers,
God send them well to speed. 180

Then down in rage came Guenever,
 And thus could spiteful say,
 'Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully
 Hath borne the prize away.

See yonder shameless woman, 185
 That makes herself so clean:
 Yet from her pillow taken
 Thrice five gallants have been.

Priests, clarkes, and wedded men
 Have her lewd pillow prest: 190
 Yet she the wonderous prize forsooth
 Must beare from all the rest.'

Then bespake the little boy,
 Who had the same in hold:
 'Chastize thy wife, king Arthur, 195
 Of speech she is too bold:

Of speech she is too bold,
 Of carriage all too free;
 Sir king, she hath within thy hall
 A cuckold made of thee. 200

All frolick light and wanton
 She hath her carriage borne:
 And given thee for a kingly crown
 To wear a cuckold's horne.'

* *
 *

* * The Rev. Evan Evans, editor of the 'Specimens of Welsh Poetry,' 4to affirmed that the story of the Boy and the Mantle is taken from what is related in some of the old Welsh MSS. of Tegan Earfron, one of King Arthur's mistresses. She is said to have possessed a mantle that would not fit any immodest or incontinent woman; this (which, the old writers say, was reckoned among the curiosities of Britain) is frequently alluded to by the old Welsh Bards.

Carleile, so often mentioned in the ballads of K. Arthur, the editor once thought might probably be a corruption of *Caer-leon*, an ancient British city on the river Uake, in Monmouthshire, which was one of the places of K. Arthur's chief residence; but he is now convinced, that it is no other than *Carlisle*, in Cumberland; the Old English Minstrels, being most of them Northern Men, naturally represented the Hero of Romance as residing in the North: And many of the places mentioned in the Old Ballads are still to be found there: As *Tearne-Wadling*, &c.

Near *Penrith* is still seen a large circle, surrounded by a mound of earth, which retains the name of *Arthur's Round Table*.

XIX.

THE ANCIENT FRAGMENT OF THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

The Second Poem in this Volume, intituled *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, having been offered to the reader with large conjectural supplements and corrections, the old Fragment itself is here literally and exactly printed from the Editor's folio MS. with all its defects, inaccuracies, and errata; that such austere Antiquaries, as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to, may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been, if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and emend them.

This ballad had most unfortunately suffered by having half of every leaf in this part of the MS. torn away; and, as about nine stanzas generally occur in the half page now remaining, it is concluded, that the other half contained nearly the same number of stanzas.

KINGE Arthur liues in merry Carleile
and seemely is to see
and there he hath wth him Queene Genev^r
y^t bride so bright of blee

And there he hath wth him Queene Genever
y^t bride soe bright in bower
& all his barons about him stooode
y^t were both stiffe & stowre

The K. kept a royall Christmasse
 of mirth & great honor
 . . . when . . .

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

And bring me word what thing it is
 y^t a woman most desire
 this shalbe thy ransome Arthur he sayes
 for Ile haue noe other hier

K. Arthur then held vp his hand
 according thene as was the law
 he tooke his leaue of the baron there
 and homword can he draw

And when he came to Merry Carlile
 to his chamber he is gone
 and ther came to him his Cozen S^r Gawaine
 as he did make his mone

And there came to him his Cozen S^r Cawaine ¹
 y^t was a curteous knight
 why sigh yoⁿ soe sore vnckle Arthur he said
 or who hath done thee vnright

O peace o peace thou gentle Gawaine
 y^t faire may thee be ffall
 for if thou knew my sighing soe deepe
 thou wold not meruaile att all

Ffor when I came to tearne wadling
 a bold barron there I fand
 wth a great club vpon his backe
 standing stiffe & strong

¹ Sic.

And he asked me wether I wold fight
or from him I shold be gone
o¹ else I must him a ransome pay
& soe dep't him from

To fight wth him I saw noe cause
me thought it was not meet
for he was stiffe & strong wth all
his strokes were nothing sweete

Therfor this is my ransome Gawaine
I ought to him to pay
I must come againe as I am sworne
vpon the Newyeers day

And I must bring him word what thing it is
[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde.
in one soe rich array
toward the foresaid Tearne wadling
y^t he might keep his day

And as he rode over a more
hee see a lady where shee sate
betwixt an oke and a greene hollen
she was cladd in red scarlett

Then there as shold have stood her mouth
then there was sett her eye
the other was in her forehead fast
the way that she might see

Her nose was crooked & turnd outward
her mouth stood foule a wry

¹ Sic.

a worse formed lady then was shee
 neuerman saw wth his eye

To halch vpon him k. Arthur
 this lady was full faine
 but k. Arthur had forgott his lesson
 what he shold say againe

What knight art thou the lady sayd
 that wilt not speake tome
 of me thou nothing dismayd
 tho I be vgly to see

for I haue halched yo^r curteouslye
 & yo^r will not me againe
 yett I may happen S^r knight shee said
 to ease thee of thy paine

Giue thou ease me lady he said
 or helpe me any thing
 thou shalt haue gentle Gawaine my cozen
 & marry him wth a ring

Why if I helpe thee not thou noble k. Arthur
 of thy owne hearts desiringe
 of gentle Gawaine

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

And when he came to the tearne wadling
 the baron there cold he srinde¹
 wth a great weapon on his backe
 standing stiffe & stronge

And then he tooke k. Arthurs letters in his hands
 & away he cold them fling

¹ Sic MS.

& then he puld out a good browne sword
& cryd himself a k.

And he sayd I haue thee & thy land Arthur
to doe as it pleaseth me
for this is not thy ransome sure
therfore yeeld thee to me

And then bespoke him noble Arthur
& bad him hold his hands
& give me leave to speake my mind
in defence of all my land

the¹ said as I came over a More
I see a lady where shee sate
between an oke & a green hollen
shee was clad in red scarlette

And she says a woman will haue her will
& this is all her cheef desire
doe me right as thou art a baron of skill
this is thy ransome & all thy hyer

He sayes an early vengeance light on her
she walkes on yonder more
it was my sister that told thee this
she is a misshappen hore

But heer Ile make mine avow to god
to do her an euill turne
for an euer I may thate fowle theefe get
in a fyer I will her burne

[*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

¹ Sic MS.

THE SECOND PART.

SIR Lancelott & s^r Steven bold
 they rode wth them that day
 and the formost of the company
 there rode the steward Kay

Soe did S^r Banier & S^r Bore
 S^r Garrett wth them soe gay
 soe did S^r Tristeram y^t gentle k^t
 to the forrest fresh & gay

And when he came to the greene forrest
 vnderneath a greene holly tree
 their sate that lady in red scarlet
 y^t vnseemly was to see

S^r Kay beheld this Ladys face
 & looked vpon her suire
 whosoeuer kisses this lady he sayes
 of his kisse he stands in feare

S^r Kay beheld the lady againe
 & looked vpon her snout
 whosoeuer kisses this lady he saies
 of his kisse he stands in doubt

Peace coz. Kay then said S^r Gawaine
 amend thee of thy life
 for there is a knight amongst us all
 y^t must marry her to his wife

What wedd her to wiffe then said S^r Kay
 in the diuells name anon
 gett me a wiffe where ere I may
 for I had rather be slaine

Then soome tooke vp their hawkes in hast
 & some tooke vp their hounds
 & some sware they wold not marry her
 for Citty nor for towne

And then be spake him noble k. Arthur
 & sware there by this day
 for' a litle foule sight & misliking
 [*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

Then shee said choose thee gentle Gawaine
 truth as I doe say
 wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse
 in the night or else in the day

And then bespake him Gentle Gawaine
 wth one soe mild of moode
 sayes well I know what I wold say
 god grant it may be good

To haue thee fowle in the night
 when I wth thee shold play
 yet I had rather if I might
 haue thee fowle in the day

What when Lords goe wth ther seires¹ shee said
 both to the Ale & wine
 alas then I must hyde my selfe
 I must not goe withinne

And then bespake him gentle gawaine
 said Lady thats but a skill
 And because thou art my owne lady
 thou shalt haue all thy will

¹ Sic in MS. pro *seires*, i. e. *Mates*.

Then she said blesed be thou gentle Gawaine
 this day y^t I thee see
 for as thou see me att this time
 from hencforth I wilbe

My father was an old knight
 & yett it chanced soe
 that he marryed a younge lady
 y^t brought me to this w^{re}

Shee witched me being a faire young Lady
 to the greene forrest to dwell
 & there I must walke in womans liknesse
 most like a feeind of hell

She witched my brother to a Carlist B....
 [*About Nine Stanzas wanting.*]

that looked soe foule & that was wont
 on the wild more to goe

Come kisse her Brother Kay then said S^r Gawaine
 & amend the of thy liffe
 I sweare this is the same lady
 y^t I marryed to my wiffe.

S^r Kay kissed that lady bright
 standing vpon his ffeete
 he swore as he was trew knight
 the spice was neuer soe sweete

Well Coz. Gawaine saies S^r Kay
 thy chance is fallen arright
 for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
 I euer saw wth my sight

It is my fortune said S^r Gawaine
for my Vnckle Arthurs sake
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine
great Joy that I may take

S^r Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme
S^r Kay tooke her by the tother
they led her straight to k. Arthur
as they were brother & brother

K. Arthur welcomed them there all
& soe did lady Geneuer his queene
wth all the knights of the round table
most seemly to be seene

K. Arthur beheld that lady faire
that was soe faire & bright
he thanked christ in trinity
for S^r Gawaine that gentle knight

Soe did the knights both more and lesse
reioyced all that day
for the good chance y^t hapened was
to S^r Gawaine & his lady gay. Ffinis.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A Northumberland Ballad.

BY
BISHOP PERCY,

TO HER GRACE
ELIZABETH,
DUCHESS AND COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
IN HER OWN RIGHT BARONESS PERCY,
&c. &c. &c.

Down in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale;
The Muse there found them all remote from view
Obscur'd with weeds, and scattered o'er the dale.

O Lady, may so slight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find!
Say, may an ancient legendary tale
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind!

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear:
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble Ancestors appear;

She seeks no other praise, if you commend
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our old Latin Historians, Coqueda) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swoln with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a Hermitage; of which the Chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for an Antechapel and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses: for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, is thought to have had an Altar in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is, a small Tomb or Monument, on the south-side, the altar: on the top of which lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar: whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the Crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other Figures, which as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its Ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the reader in the following rhymes.

It is universally agreed, that the Founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same Bertram, that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel: which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I.¹ whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden² informs us, that armorial Crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

¹ Tanner's Mon. Ang.—² See his Remains.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the Hermit of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family, who lived at a later period.

. Fit was the word used by the old minstrels to signify a Part or Division of their Historical Songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this kind of compositions. See Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397. 2d Ed.

FIT THE FIRST.

- 1 DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.
- 2 Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.
- 3 With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.
- 4 All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.
- 5 O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.
- 6 It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear:

But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

7 And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.

8 O! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,
And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

9 Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliffs so high;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

10 Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow:
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below:

11 O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree:

12 But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray:
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

13 Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said;
The lady's safe and well:

And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

14 Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear:
The youth he press'd her to his heart;
The maid let fall a tear.

15 Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair:
The youth was tall with manly bloom,
She slender, soft, and fair.

16 The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright:
She in a silken robe and scarf
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

17 Sit down, my children, says the Sage;
Sweet rest your limbs require:
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

18 Partake, he said, my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

19 Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;
The youthful couple say:
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

20 Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail)

What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?

21 First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is near? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?

22 Alas! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away?

23 Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

24 Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

25 One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

26 In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

27 And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,

Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honours reft and lost.

28 No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

29 Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

30 Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

31 Those towers, alas! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspred;
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

32 Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills
The Percy lives unknown:
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

33 O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss!—
He said, and dropt a tear.

34 And is the Percy still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?

Then, father, bless me, said the youth,
For I thy guest am he.

35 Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head:

36 Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wonderous fair?

37 Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

38 In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,¹
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

39 With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see:
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

40 Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wandered as in chace,
Till in the noble Neville's house²
I gain'd a hunter's place.

¹ Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuator of Fordun's *Scottish Chronicle*, cap. 18, cap. 28, &c.—² Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at Raby castle, in the bishoprick of Durham.

- 41 Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.
- 42 Now, Percy, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.
- 43 It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.
- 44 Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.
- 45 My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call.
Who flew to my relief.
- 46 With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.
- 47 He fought, till more assistance came;
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
To make me more his own.

48 O happy day! the youth replied:
Blest were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

49 And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd (alas, the while!)
Her princely mother's pride:

50 Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,¹
Our house's ancient foe,
To me, I thought, a banish'd wight,
Could ne'er such favour show.

51 Despairing then to gain consent;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

52 This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood:

53 Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

54 Now rest ye both, the Hermit said;
Awhile your cares forgoe:

¹ Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry IV.

Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed
—We'll pass the night below.¹

FIT THE SECOND.

- 1 LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled:
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.
- 2 She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.
- 3 What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast?
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride?
- 4 Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet:
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bless compleat.
- 5 O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?
- 6 For thee I left a father's smiles,
And mother's tender care;

¹ Adjoining to the cliff which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bedchamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the little Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very intire and perfect.

And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.

7 And wilt thou then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me a banish'd wight
My peril, pain, or woe?

8 Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

9 Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee:¹

10 'Tis Father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed;
To Raby castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

11 To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

12 Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

¹ In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

- 13 With pious joy and wonder mix'd
 He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
 With many a fervent prayer.
- 14 Then strait to Raby's distant walls
 He kindly wends his way;
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
 They spend the livelong day.
- 15 And now, attended by their host,
 The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
 And overhung with wood.
- 16 And near, a flight of shapely Steps,
 All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony Arch,
 Ran winding up the hill.
- 17 There deck'd with many a flower and herb
 His little Garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
 All planted by his hands.
- 18 Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
 Three sacred Vaults he shows:
The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
 On branching columns rose.
- 19 Each proper ornament was there,
 That should a chapel grace;
The Lattice for confession fram'd,
 And Holy-water Vase.

- 20 O'er either door a sacred Text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little Scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.
- 21 Up to the Altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought Windows lend.
- 22 Beside the altar rose a Tomb
All in the living stone ;
In which a young and beauteous Maid
In goodly sculpture shone.
- 23 A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping Warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her Crest.¹
- 24 The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair ?
- 25 The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak :
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedewed his cheek.
- 26 Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;

¹ This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the Figures, &c. here described are still visible; only somewhat effaced with length of time.

And very mournful is the tale,
Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

27 Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

28 Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

29 Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

30 Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place;¹
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

31 Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

32 Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

¹ Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

- 33 But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.
- 34 That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid
Who yields her love too soon.
- 35 Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.
- 36 With wassel, mirth, and revelry
The castle rung around :
Lord Percy call'd for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.
- 37 The Minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.
- 38 The great achievements of thy race
They sung : their high command :
'How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.¹
- 39 Brave Galfrid next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came ;

¹ See Dugdale's baronage, &c.

And from his Norman castles won
Assum'd the Percy name.¹

40 They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipp'd his powers,
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.²

41 Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and dy'd:
But first the silver Crescent wan,
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

42 They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen's own brother wed
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.³

43 How he the Percy name reviv'd,
And how his noble line
Still foremost in their country's cause
With godlike ardour shine.'

44 With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the masters' song,

¹ In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy, whence the family took the surname De Percy.—² William de Percy (fifth in Descent from Galfrid or Geoffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred), assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshaire, of Emma de Porte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William from a principle of honour and generosity, married: for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, 'he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle), wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience.' See Harl, MSS., 692 (26). He died in Asia, in the first crusade.—³ Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son lord Richard de Percy was one of the twenty-five barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

45 Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall :
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
Stepp'd forward thro' the hall.

46 She Bertram courteously address'd ;
And kneeling on her knee;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

47 Then forth she drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

48 Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

49 Young Bertram took the shining helme
And thrice he kiss'd the same :
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

50 Lord Percy, and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

51 The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more :

Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The Percy-standard bore.

52 Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

53 As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes ;
So did the Douglas rise.

54 Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

55 A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd.

56 Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

57 Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spur'd his eager steed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

58 As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends ;

So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

59 This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro';
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

60 Now closing fast on every side
They hem sir Bertram round :
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

61 The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scottish ax,
And clove his lifted shield.

62 Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain ;
That beauteous helm, his Lady's gift !
—— His blood bedew'd the plain.

63 Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight ;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

64 Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
He o'er the warrior hung ;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

65 Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :

What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

66 Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

67 Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd ;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

68 At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

69 All pale extended on their shields
And weltering in his gore
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.

70 Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love ;
Her father kindly sed ;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

71 A message went ; no daughter came,
Fair Isabel ne'er appears :
Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

72 Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride ;

And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.

73 Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
He bless'd the soothing sound;
Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

* * Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now intirely destroyed.

FIT THE THIRD.

- 1 ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.
- 2 A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen;
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.
- 3 All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.
- 4 Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.
- 5 At length her aged Nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear:
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?

- 6 'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss,
To see thy Lady fair.
- 7 Now out, alas! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.
- 8 Sad terror seiz'd sir Bertram's heart,
And oft he deeply sigh'd;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.
- 9 Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee;
And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
Long since thou wouldst her see.
- 10 For when she heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All thro' my folly and pride!
- 11 And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.
- 12 Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way.

- 13 Sad terror smote sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
Till I thy Lady find.
- 14 That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.
- 15 Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
And all our dress we'll change.
- 16 Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she is restored agen.
- 17 The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.
- 18 Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.
- 19 Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipe so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

- 20 One day as he sate under a thorn
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.
- 21 All Minstrels yet that ever I saw
Are full of game and glee:
But thou art sad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!
- 22 Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is stol'n away,
And fain I would her find.
- 23 Cheer up, my son; perchance, (he said)
Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.
- 24 Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.
- 25 As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.
- 26 And when I ask'd what harm had hap'd,
What Lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

- 27 These tidings caught sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.
- 28 Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.
- 29 Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?
- 30 My Lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a Minstrel's song:
And should I lend thee lodging here
My life would not be long.
- 31 He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.
- 32 Minstrel, he say'd, thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win;
But, alas, I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.
- 33 Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou 'lt find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

- 34 All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.
- 35 The first night, as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.
- 36 The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew;
He saw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.
- 37 The third night wearied out he slept
Till near the morning tide;
When, starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hy'd.
- 38 When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.
- 39 And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In highland garb y-clad.
- 40 Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

- 41 Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can scape the lover's ken?
Or shun his piercing eye?
- 42 With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.
- 43 Thanks, gentle youth, she often said;
My thanks thou well hast won:
For me what wyles hast thou contriv'd?
For me what dangers run?
- 44 And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay:—
Sir Bertram could no further hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, stay!
- 45 Vile traitor! yield that Lady up!
And quick his sword he drew.
The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.
- 46 With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow:
But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
And laid the stranger low.
- 47 Die, traitor, die!—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

- 48 O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!—
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept:
His tongue no more could say.
- 49 At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabb'd her breast.
- 50 Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.
- 51 O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow?
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd:
He wept, and they were woe.
- 52 Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.
- 53 In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound;
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.
- 54 My brother, alas! spake never more,
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
Regardless of her own.

- 55 Bertram, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be!
- 56 Bertram, she said, I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.
- 57 For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief,
- 58 Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refus'd with scorn;
He slew my guards, and seiz'd on me
Upon that fatal morn;
- 59 And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin'd;
And fondly sued, and warmly press'd
To win me to his mind.
- 60 Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
Each night increas'd my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.
- 61 He quickly form'd this brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

- 62 Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometime fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride.
- 63 Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.
- 64 In wild amaze, in speechless woe
Devoid of sense I lay:
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay:
- 65 And rising up in furious haste
I seiz'd the bloody brand:¹
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.
- 66 A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward;
And seizing me to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.
- 67 It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en:
Lord Percy had us soon exchange'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.
- 68 And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were convey'd;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

¹ i.e., Sword.

- 69 For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And oft to end it sought;
Till time, and thought, and holy men
Had better counsels taught.
- 70 They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.
- 71 No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care;
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.
- 72 The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild:
- 73 My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here a lonely Anchorete
I came to end my days.
- 74 This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove;
For oft beside this murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.
- 75 My noble Friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

- 76 Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've linger'd here;
And daily o'er this sculptur'd saint
I drop the pensive tear.
- 77 And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!
- 78 Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forsaken or forgot,
The Percy and his noble Son
Would grace my lowly cot.
- 79 Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.
- 80 But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike Son,¹
Their friends and followers all.
- 81 But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.
- 82 He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

¹ Hotspur.

83 And now what present course to take
 They ask the good old sire;
 And guided by his sage advice
 To Scotland they retire.

84 Mean-time their suit such favour found
 At Raby's stately hall,
 Earl Neville and his princely Spouse
 Now gladly pardon all.

85 She suppliant at her Nephew's¹ throne
 The royal grace implor'd:
 To all the honours of his race
 The Percy was restor'd.

86 The youthful Earl still more and more
 Admir'd his beauteous dame:
 Nine noble Sons to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

*** The account given in the foregoing ballad of young Percy, the son of Hotspur, receives the following confirmation from the old Chronicle of Whitby.

'Henry Percy, the son of Sir Henry Percy, that was slayne at Shrewesbery, and of Elizabeth, the daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of his Father and Grauntseyre, was exiled into Scotland² in the time of king Henry the Fourth: but in the time of king Henry the Fifth, by the labour of Johanne the countes of Westmerland, (whose Daughter Alianor he had wedded in coming into England,) he recovered the King's grace, and the countye of Northumberland, so was the second Erle of Northumberland.

'And of this Alianor his wife, he begate IX Sonnes, and III Daughters, whose names be Johanne, that is buried at Whytbye: Thomas, lord Egremont: Katheryne Gray of Rythyn: Sir Raffe Percy: William Percy, a Byshopp: Richard Percy: John, that dyed without Issue: [another John, called by Vincent,³ "Johannes Percy senior de Warkworth:"] George Percy,

¹ King Henry V. A.D. 1414.—² *i.e.* remained an exile in Scotland during the Reign of king Henry IV. In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quart. Lat. MS. penes Duc. North.

—³ See his Great Baronag. No. 20. in the Heralds office.

Clerk: Henry that dyed without issue: Anne ——' [besides the eldest son and successor here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.]

'Henry Percy, the third Erle of Northumberland.'

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the British Museum.

POSTSCRIPT.

It will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist,¹ which is in our Translation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the Percy Family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will show the liberal Exhibition afforded to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIths time.²

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

'Henry Erle of Northumbreland, &c. Knowe yone that I the saide Erle, in consideration of the diligent and thankful service, that my welbelovyd Chaplen sir George Lancastre hath don unto me the said Erle, and also for the goode and vertus disposition that I do perceyve in him: And for that he shall have in his daily recommendation and praiers the good estate of all suche noble Blode and other Personages, as be now levyng; And the Soules of such noble Blode as be departed to the mercy of God owte of this present lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and wrettyen in a Table upon perchment signed with thande of me the said Erle, and delivered to the custodie and keapyng of the said sir George Lancaster: And further, that he shall kepe and saye his devyn service in celebratyng and doynge Mass of Regine every weke accordyng as it ys written and set furth in the saide Table: Have geven and graunted, and by these presentes do gyve and graunte unto the said sir George, myn Armytage belded in a Rock of stone within my Parke of Warkworth in the Countie of Northumbreland in the honour of the blessed Trynete, With a yerly Stipende of twenty Merks by yer,³ from the feest of seint Michell tharchaungell last past affore the date herof yerly duryng the naturall lyve of the said sir George: And also I the said Erle have geven and graunted, and by these Presents do gyve and graunte unto the said sir George Lancaster, the occupation of one litle Gresground of myn called Cony-garth nygh ad

¹ Psal. xlii. 3.—Classed, F. I. No. 1. penes Duc. Northumb.—This would be equal to £104, per annum now. See the Chronicon Pretiosum.

joynynge the said Harmytage, only to his owne use and proufft wynter and somer duryng the said terme; The Garden and Orteyard belongynge the said Armytage; The Gate¹ and Pasture of Twelf Kye and a Bull, with their Calves suking; And two Horses goying and beyng within my said Parke of Warkworth wynter and somer; One Draught of Fisse every Sondaie in the yere to be drawn fornenst² the said Armytage, called The Trynete Draught; And Twenty Lods of Fyrewode to be taken of my Wodds called Shilbotell Wode, duryng the said term. The said Stipend of xx Merks by yer to be taken and perceyved³ yerly of the rent and ferme of my Fyshyng of Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour or Fermours of the same for the tyme beyng yerly at the times ther used and accustomed by evyn Portions.

Allowe in recompense In wytnes wherof to thes my Lettres Patentes I the herof yerly x⁴.⁴
said Erle have set the Seale of myn Armes: Yeven Richard Rych.

undre my Signet at my Castell of Warkworth, the third daie of December, in the xxiiith Yer of the Reigne of our Sovereyn Lorde kyng Henry the eight.⁵

On the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. viii. when the same was allowed by the Chancellor and Counsel of the said Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaster; Excepting that in compensation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called The Rood Chapel, and the Hospital of St Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the perusal of the above Patent it will perhaps be needless to caution the Reader against a Mistake, some have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage near Warkworth, with a Chantry founded within the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankeston for the maintenance there of two Benedictine Monks from Durham.⁶ That small monastic foundation is indeed called a Cell by bishop Tanner:⁷ but he must be very ignorant indeed, who supposes that the word Cell is necessarily to be understood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventual establishment which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old Surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its scite, not far from Warkworth Church, is still remembered. But that there was never more than one Priest maintained, at one and the same time, within the Hermitage, is plainly proved (if any further proof is wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567,⁸ viz.

'Ther is in the Parke (sc. of Warkworth) also one Howse hewyn within one Cragge, which is called the Harmitage Chapel: In the same ther haith bene one Preast keppe, which did such godlye Services as that tyme was used and celebrated. The Manton Howse [sc. the small building adjoining to the Cragg] ys nowe in decaye: the Closes that appertene to the said Chantry is occupied to his Lordship's use.'

¹ i.e. Going: from the Verb, to Gae.—² Or fore-aneust: i.e. opposite.—³ Sic MS.—⁴ So the MS. The above Sir Richard Rych was Chancellor of the Augmentations at the Suppression of the Monasteries.—⁵ Ang. Sac. p. 733.—⁶ Mon. Ang. p. 396.—⁷ By Geo. Clarkson. p. 208. Dne. North.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE

OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN

VOLUME THE THIRD.

Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

A.

A'au, *s.* all.
Abye, suffer, to pay for.
Aff, *s.* off.
Afore, before.
Aik, *s.* oak.
Aith, *s.* oath.
Ane, *s.* one; an, a.
Ann, if.
Aquoy, coy, shy.
Astonied, astonished, stunned.
Auld, *s.* old.
Avowe, vow.
Awa', *s.* away.
Aye, ever; also, ah! alas!
Ayont, *s.* beyond.

B.

Ban, curse.
Banderolles, streamers, little flags.
Baud, *s.* bold.
Bedeene, immediately.
Bedone, wrought, made up.
Beere, *s.* bier.
Ben, *s.* within doors.
Bent, *s.* long grass; also, wild fields, where bents, &c. grow.
Bereth, beareth.
Bernes, barns.
Beseeme, become.
Beshradda, cut into shreds.
Beshrew me! a lesser form of imprecation.
Besmirche, to soil, discolour.
Blee, complexion.
Blent, blended.
Blinkan, *blinkanet*, *s.* twinkling.
Blinking, squinting.
Blinks, *s.* twinkles, sparkles.

Blinna, cease, give over.
Blyth, *blyths*, sprightly, joyous.
Blyth, joy, sprightliness.
Bookesman, clerk, secretary.
Boon, favour, request, petition.
Bore, born.
Bower, *bouwe*, any bowed or arched room; a parlour, chamber; also a dwelling in general.
Bowre woman, *s.* chamber-maid.
Brae, *s.* the brow, or side of a hill, a declivity.
Brakes, tufts of fern.
Brand, sword.
Brast, burst.
Brav, gay, *brawny*, *s.* brave.
Brayde, drew out, unsheathed.
Brenn, a burn.
Bridal, (properly *bride-ale*) the nuptial feast.
Brigue, *brigg*, bridge.
Brilled, carved. Vid. *Byrtlynge*. Gloss. Vol. I.
Brooche, *brouche*, 1st, a spit; 2dly, a bodkin; 3dly, any ornamental trinket. Stone-buckles of silver or gold, with which gentlemen and ladies clasp their shirt-bosoms, and handkerchiefs, are called in the North *Brooches*, from the *f. broche*, a spit.
Brocht, *s.* brought.
Bugle, *bugle-horn*, a hunting-horn: being the horn of a *Bugle*, or *Wild Bull*.
Burn, *bourne*, brook.
Busk, dress, deck.
But if, unless.
Butt, *s.* without, out of doors.
Byre, *s.* cow-house.

¹ Of the Scottish words *Ban*, and *But*; *Ban* is from the Dutch *Bannen*, Lat. *intro, intra*, which is compounded of the preposition *By*, or *Be*, the same as *By* in English, and of *in*. — ² *But*, or *Butt*, is from the Dutch *Buyten*, Lat. *extra, prater, praterquam*, which is compounded of the same preposition *By* or *Be*, and of *yt*, the same as *out* in English.

C.

Can, 'gan, began.
Caitiff, a slave.
Canna, *s.* cannot.
Carle, a churl, clown.
Carlish, churlish, discourteous.
Cau, *s.* call.
Cauld, *s.* cold.
Certes, certainly.
Chap, knock.
Chevaliers, *f.* knights.
Child, a knight. See Vol. I. Gloss. &c.
Child, *s.* is a slight or familiar way of speaking of a person, like our English word *fellow*. *The child*, i.e. the fellow.
Christentie, Christendome.
Churl, clown: a person of low birth; a villain.
Church-ale, a wake, a feast in commemoration of the dedication of a Church.
Claithe, *s.* clothes.
Clead, *s.* clothed.
Cleaving, *s.* clothing.
Cled, *s.* clad, clothed.
Clerks, clergymen, literati, scholars.
Cliding, *s.* clothing.
Cog, cheat.
Cold, *Could*, knew.
Coleyne, Cologn steel.
Con thanks, give thanks.
Cote, coat.
Courtnals, cuckolds.
Cramasie, *s.* crimson.
Cranion, skull.
Crinkle, run in and out, run into flexures, wrinkle.
Crook, twist, wrinkle, distort.
Crowt, to pucker up.
Cum, *s.* come.

D.

Dank, moist, damp.
Daves, days.
Deas, *deis*, the high table in a hall: from *f. dais*, a canopy.
Dealan, *deland*, *s.* dealing.
Dee, *s.* die.
Deed, dead.
Deemed, *doomed*, judged, &c. thus, in the Isle of Man, Judges are called *Deemsters*.
Deerly, preciousl; richly.
Deid, *s.* dead.

Deid bell, *s.* passing-bell.
Dell, narrow valley.
Delt, dealt.
Desorpe, *describe*, describe.
Demains, demesnes; estate in lands.
Dight, decked.
Ding, *dinge*, knock, beat.
Din, *dinne*, noise, bustle.
Diana, *s.* does not.
Distrere, the horse rode by a knight in the tournament.
Dosend, *s.* dosing, drowsy, torpid, benumbed, &c.
Doublet, a man's inner garment; waistcoat.
Doubt, fear.
Doubteous, doubtful.
Dousty, doughty.
Dropping, *s.* dropping.
Dreiry, *s.* dreary.
Dule, *s.* dole, sorrow.
Dwellan, *dweland*, *s.* dwelling.
Dyan, *dyand*, *s.* dying.

E.

Eather, *s.* either.
Eee; *een*, *eyne*, *s.* eye; eyes.
Een, even, evening.
Efund, pour forth.
Eftsoon, in a short time.
Eir, *s.* e'er, ever.
Enouch, *s.* enough.
Eke, also.
Evanished, *s.* vanished.
Everiche, every, each.
Everychone, every one.
Ew-bughts, or *Ewe-boughts*, *s.* are small inclosures, or pens, into which the farmers drive (Scotticé *weir*) their milch ewes, morning and evening, in order to milk them. They are commonly made with *fale-dykes*, i.e. earthen dykes.
Excalibar, Arthur's sword, otherwise *caliburn* or *escalberd*.
Ezar, azure.

F.

Fadge, *s.* a thick loaf of bread: figuratively, any coarse heap of stuff.
Fain, glad, fond, well-pleased.
Faire, thrive.
Falds, *s.* thou foldest.

Fallan', *falland*, *s.* falling.
Falsar, a deceiver, hypocrite.
Fa's, *s.* thou falsest.
Faw'n, *s.* fallen.
Faye, faith.
Feare, *fere*, *feire*, mate.
Feates, feats.
Fee, reward, recompence; it also signifies land, when it is connected with the tenure by which it is held; as knight's fee, &c.
Fet, fetched.
Fillan', *filland*, *s.* filling.
Filinge, defiling.
Find frost, find mischance, or disaster. A phrase still in use.
Fit, *s.* foot.
Five teen, fifteen.
Flayne, flayed.
Flindars, *s.* pieces, splinters.
Fonde, found.
Foregoe, quit, give up, resign.
Forewearied, much wearied.
Forthy, therefore.
Fou', *Fow*, *s.* full: Item, drunk.
Fras, *s. fro*: from.
Furth, forth.
Fyers, fierce.
Fyled, *fyling*, defiled, defiling.

G.

Gae, *s.* gave.
Gae, *gaes*, *s.* go, goes.
Gaed, *gade*, *s.* went.
Gan, began.
Gane, *s.* gone.
Gang, *s.* go.
Gar, *s.* make.
Gart, *garred*, *gard*, *s.* made.
Gear, *geir*, *s.* geer, goods, furniture.
Geid, *s.* gave.
Gerte, pierced.
Gibed, jeered.
Gie, *s.* give.
Giff, if.
Gin, *s.* if.
Gin, *gyn*, *ginn*, engine, contrivance.
Gins, begins.
Gip, an interjection of contempt.
Glee, merriment, joy.
Glen, *s.* a narrow valley.

Glente, glanced, slipt.
GLOUR, *s.* stare, or frown.
Gloze, canting, dissimulation, fair outside.
Gode, good.
Gone, go.
Gowd, *s.* gold; a' *gowd bot the hem*, all gold about the hem.
Greet, *s.* weep.
Groomes, attendants, servants.
Gude, *guid*, *s.* good.
Guerdon, reward.
Gule, red.
Gyle, guile.

H.

Ha', *s.* hall.
Hame, home.
Hap, luck.
Hauss bane, *s. Hapluch*, the neck-bone; (*halse-bone*) a phrase for the neck.
Hee's, *s.* he shall: also, he has.
Hey-day guise, frolic; sportive frolicsome manner.¹
Heatheness, the heathen part of the world.
Hem, 'em, them.
Hente, held, pulled.
Heo, they.
Her, *hare*, their.
Hett, *hight*, bid, call, command.
Hewkes, heralds coats.
Hind, *s.* behind.
Hinge, *s.* hangs.
Hip, *hep*, the berry, which contains the stones or seeds of the dog-rose.
Hir; *hir lain*, *s.* her; herself alone.
Hole, whole.
Hollen, probably a corruption for *holly*.
Honde, hand.
Hooly, *s.* slowly.
Hose, stockings.
Huggle, hug, clasp.
Hyt, it.

I.

Ifardly, *s.* ill-favouredly, uglyly.
Ilka, *s.* each, every one.
Impe, a little demon.
Jelled, strutted; used by Shakspeare

¹ This word is perhaps, in p. 170, corruptly given; being apparently the same with Heydegules, or Heydegulives, which occurs in Spenser, and means a 'wild frolick dance.'—JOURNAL DICTIONARY.

in 'Twelfth Night' 'how he jets
under his advanced plumes.'
Juncates, delicacies, Junkets in
L'Allegro.
Ingle, s. fire.
Jow, s. joll, or jowl.
Ireful, angry, furious.
Ise, s. I shall.
Incontinent, immediately.

K.

Kame, s. comb.
Kameing, s. combing.
Kantle, piece, corner.
Kauk, s. chalk.
Keel, s. raddle.
Kempt, combed.
Ken, s. know.
Kever-chefes, handkerchiefs.
Key-cold, very cold.
Kilted, s. tucked up.
Kirk, s. church.
Kirk-wa', s. church-wall: or per-
haps church-yard-wall.
Kirn, s. churn.
Kirtle, a petticoat, woman's gown.
Kith, acquaintance.
Knellan, knelland, s. knelling, ring-
ing the knell.
Kyrtell, vid. *kirtle*. In the Introd.
it signifies a man's under gar-
ment.¹

L.

Lacke, want.
Ladyes, sometimes used for
nymphs.
Luth, s. loth.
Lamb's wool, a cant phrase for ale
and roasted apples.
Lang, s. long.
Lap, s. leaped.
Largesse, f. gift, liberality.
Lee, *lea*, field, pasture.
Lee, s. lie.
Leech, physician.
Leese, s. lose.
Leffe, *leefe*, dear.
Leid, s. lyed.
Lemman, lover.

Leugh, s. laughed.
Lewd, ignorant, scandalous, inde-
cent.
Libbard, leopard.
Libbard's-bane, an herb so called.
Lichly, s. lightly, easily, nimbly.
Lig, s. lie.
Limitours, friars licensed to beg
within certain limits.
Limitacioun, a certain precinct
allowed to a limitour.
Lither, naughty, wicked.
Lo'e, *loed*, s. love, loved.
Lothly, (vid. *lodlye*, Gloss. Vol. II.)
loathsome.²
Lounge, lung.
Lourd, *lour*, s. lever, had rather.
Lues, *luve*, s. loves, love.
Lyan, *lyand*, s. lying.
Lystenyth listen.

M.

Mair, more.
Mait, s. might.
Manchet, the best of fine bread.
Mark, a coin in value 13s. 4d.
Mazer, maple.
Maugre, in spite of.
Mavis, s. a thrush.
Mawn, s. must.
Mawt, s. malt.
Meed, reward.
Micht, might.
Mickle, much, great.
Midge, a small insect, a kind of
gnat.
Minstral, s. *minstrel*, musician, &c.
Minstrelsie, music.
Mirkie, dark, black.
Mishap, misfortune.
Mither, s. mother.
Moe, more.
Mold, mould, ground.
Monand, moaning, bemoaning.
More; originally and properly
signified a hill (from A. S. *mon*,
mous,) but the hills of the North
being generally full of bogs, a

¹ Bale, in his *Actes of Eng. Votaries* (2d Part, fol. 53.) uses the word *KYRTLE* to signify a Monk's Frock. He says, Roger Earl of Shrewsbury, when he was dying, sent 'to Clunyake, in France, for the *KYRTLE* of holy Hugh the Abbot there'; &c.—² The adverbial terminations *-some* and *-ly* were applied indifferently by our old writers: thus, as we have *Lothly* for *Loathsome*, above: so we have *Uyly* in a sense not very remote from *Ugly* in Lord Surrey's Version of *Æn.* 2d. viz.

'In every place the ugosome sightes I saw.'

Moor came to signify boggy marshy ground in general.
Morrownynges, mornings.
Mosses, swampy grounds covered with peat-moss.
Mote, mought, might.
Mou, *s.* mouth.

N.

Na, nae, *s.* no.
Naething, *s.* nothing.
Nane, *s.* none.
Newfangle, newfangled, fond of novelty: of new fashions, &c.
Nicht, *s.* night.
Noble, a coin in value 6s. 8d.
Norland, *s.* northern.
North-gales, North Wales.

O.

Obraid, *s.* upbraid.
Ony, *s.* any.
Or, ere before.—In 'Old Robin,' v. 41, *or* seems to have the force of the Latin *vel*, and to signify *even*.
Ou, you.
Out-brayde, drew out, unsheathed.
Owe, *s.* over.
Owe-word, *s.* the last word. The burden of a song.
Owches, bosses, or buttons of gold.

P.

Pall, a cloak, or mantle of state.
Palmer, a pilgrim, who, having been at the holy land, carried a palm branch in his hand.
Paramour, gallant, lover, mistress.
Partake, participate, assign to.
Pattering, murmuring, mumbling, from the manner in which the *Pater-noster* was anciently hurried over, in a low inarticulate voice.
Paynim, pagan.
Pearlins, *s.* a coarse sort of bone-lace.
Peer: *peerless*, equal, without equal.
Peering, peeping, looking narrowly.
Perill, danger.
Philomene, philomel, the nightingale.
Plaine, complain.
Plein, complain.

Porcupig, porcupine, *f.* *porcepig*.
Poterner, perhaps pocket, or pouch. *Pautoniers* in *Fr.* is a shepherd's scrip (*vid.* Cotgrave.)
Piece, *s.* a little.
Preas, presse, press.
Pricked, spurred forward, travelled a good round pace.
Prowess, bravery, valour, military gallantry.
Puissant, strong, powerful.
Purfel, an ornament of embroidery.
Purfelled, embroidered.

Q.

Quail, shrink, flinch, yield.
Quay, quhey, *s.* a young heifer, called a *whie* in Yorkshire.
Quean, sorry, base woman.
Quell, subdue; also, kill.
Quelch, a blow, or bang.
Quha, *s.* who.
Quhair, *s.* where.
Quhan, whan, *s.* when.
Quhaneer, *s.* when'er.
Quhen, *s.* when.
Quick, alive, living.
Quitt, requita.
Quo, quoth.

R.

Rade, *s.* rode.
Raise, *s.* rose.
Reade, rede, *s.* advise.
Reeve, bailiff.
Renneth, renning, runneth, running.
Reft, bereft.
Register, the officer who keeps the public register.
Riall, royal.
Riddle, seems to be a vulg. idiom for *unriddle*; or is perhaps a corruption of *reade*, i.e. advise.
Rin, *s.* run. *Rin my errand*, a contracted way of speaking for 'run on my errand.' The pronoun is omitted. So the *Fr.* say *faire message*.
Rood, Roode, cross, crucifix.
Route, go about, travel.
Rudd, red, ruddy.
Ruth, pity.
Ruthfull, rueful, woeful.

S.

Sa, sae, s. so.
Saft, s. soft.
Saim, s. same.
Sair, s. sore.
Sall, s. shall.
Sarks, s. shirt.
Saut, s. salt.
Say, essay, attempt.
Scant, scarce: item, scantiness.
See, permit, in Child Waters, l. 60.
Seely, silly.
Seething, boiling.
Sed, said.
Sel, sell, s. self.
Sen, s. since.
Seneschall, steward.
Sey, s. say, a kind of woollen stuff.
Shee's, s. she shall.
Sheene, shining.
Shield-bone, the blade-bone; a common phrase in the North.
Shent, shamed, disgraced, abused,
Shepenes, shipens, cow - houses,
sheep-pons. A. S. Scypen.
Shimmered, s. glittered.
Sho, scho, s. she.
Shoone, shoes.
Shope, shaped.
Shread, cut into small pieces.
Shreeven, shriven, confessed her
sins.
Shullen, shall.
Sic, sich, such.
Sick-like, s. such-like.
Sighan, sighand, s. sighing.
Siller, s. silver.
Sith, since.
Skinkled, s. glittered; means some-
 times spilt.
Slaited, s. whetted; or, perhaps,
 wiped.
Slenth, slayeth.
Slee, slay.
Sna, snaw, s. snow.
Sooth, truth, true.
Soth, sothe, ditto.
Sould, s. should.
Souldan, soldan, souldan, sultan.
Spack, s. spake.
Sped, speeded, succeeded.
Speik, s. speak.

Speir, s. spere, speare, speere, spire,
 ask, inquire.¹
Speir, s. spear.
Spill, spoil, destroy, kill.
Spillan, spilland, s. spilling.
Spurging, froth that purges out.
Squelsh, a blow, or bang.
Stay, apprehension. See George
Barnwell.
Steane, s. stone.
Sterte, started.
Steven, voice, sound.
Stint, stop, short allowance.
Stound, stonde, space, moment,
 hour, time.
Stowre, strong, robust, fierce.
Stower, stowre, stir, disturbance,
Strint, strut or swell.
Stude, stuid, s. stood.
Summere, a sumpter horse.
Surcease, cease.
Sune, s. soon.
Sweere, swire, neck.
Syne, s. then, afterwards.

T.

Teene, sorrow, grief.
Tester, sixpence.
Theves, manners, limbs.
Than, s. then.
Thair, s. there.
Thir, s. this, these.
Tho, then.
Thrall, captive.
Thrall, captivity.
Thralldome, ditto.
Thrang, close.
Thrilled, twirled, turned round.
Thropes, villages.
Thocht, thought.
Tift, s. puff of wind.
Tirled, twirled, turned round.
Tone, t'one, the one.
Tor, a tower; also a high-pointed
 rock, or hill.
Tres-hardie, f. thrice-hardy.
Trenchant, f. cutting.
Triest furth, s. draw forth to an
 assignation.
Trisulcate, three - forked, three -
 pointed.
Trow, believe, trust: also, verily.

¹ So Chaucer, in his Rhyme of Sir Thopas.

— 'He sought north and south,
 And oft he spired with his mouth.'

i.e. 'inquired.'

Troth, truth, faith, fidelity.
Trush, an interjection of contempt or impatience.

Twa, *s.* two.

Twayne, two.

Tyntagill, Tintagel Castle in Cornwall.

U.

Venu, approach, coming.

Unbethought, for *bethought*. So

Unloose for *Loose*.

Unctuous, fat, clammy, oily.

Undermeles, afternoons.

Unkempt, uncombed.

Ure, use.

W.

Wadded, perhaps from *woad*: i.e. of a light blue colour.¹

Wae, *waefo*, *s.* woe, woeful,

Wad, *s.* *walde*, would.

Walker, a fuller of cloth.

Waltered, *weltered*, rolled along; also, wallowed.

Waly, an interjection of grief.

Wame, *wem*, *s.* belly.

Warde, *s.* advise, forewarn.

Wassel, drinking, good cheer.

Wat, *s.* wet. Also, knew.

Wate, *s.* blamed. Præst. of *wyte*, to blame.

Wax, to grow, become.

Wayward, perverse.

Weale, welfare,

Weare-in, *s.* drive in gently.

Weede, clothing, dress.

Weel, well. Also, we'll.

Weird, wizard, witch. Properly fate, destiny.

Welkin, the sky.

Well away, exclam. of pity.

Wem, hurt.

Wende, *weened*, thought.

Wend, to go.

Werryed, worried.

Wha, *s.* who.

Whair, *s.* where.

Whan, *s.* when.

Whilk, *s.* which.

Whit, jot.

Whittles, knives.

Wi, *s.* with.

Wight, human creature, man or woman.

Wild-worm, serpent.

Windar, perhaps the contraction of *Windhover*, a kind of hawk.

Wis, know.

Wit, *weet*, know, understand.

Woe, woeful, sorrowful.

Wode, *wod*, wood. Also, mad.

Woe-man, a sorrowful man.

Woe-worth, woe be to [you] A.S. *worþan*, (*fieri*) to be, to become.

Wolde, would.

Wonde, wound, winded.

Wood, *wode*, mad, furious.

Wood-wroth, *s.* furiously enraged.

Wot, know, think.

Wow, *s.* exclam. of wonder.

Wracke, ruin, destruction.

Wynne, win, joy.

Wyt, *wit*, *weet*, know.

Wyte, blame.

Y.

Yaned, yawned.

Yate, gate.

Y-built, built.

Ychulle, I shall.

Yee're, *s.* ye are.

Yees, *s.* ye shall.

Yese, *s.* ye shall.

Yf, if.

Ylke, *ilk*, same. *That ylk*, that same.

Plythe, listen.

Yn, in.

Yode, *youd*, went.

Yong, *s.* young.

Your-lane, *s.* alone, by yourself.

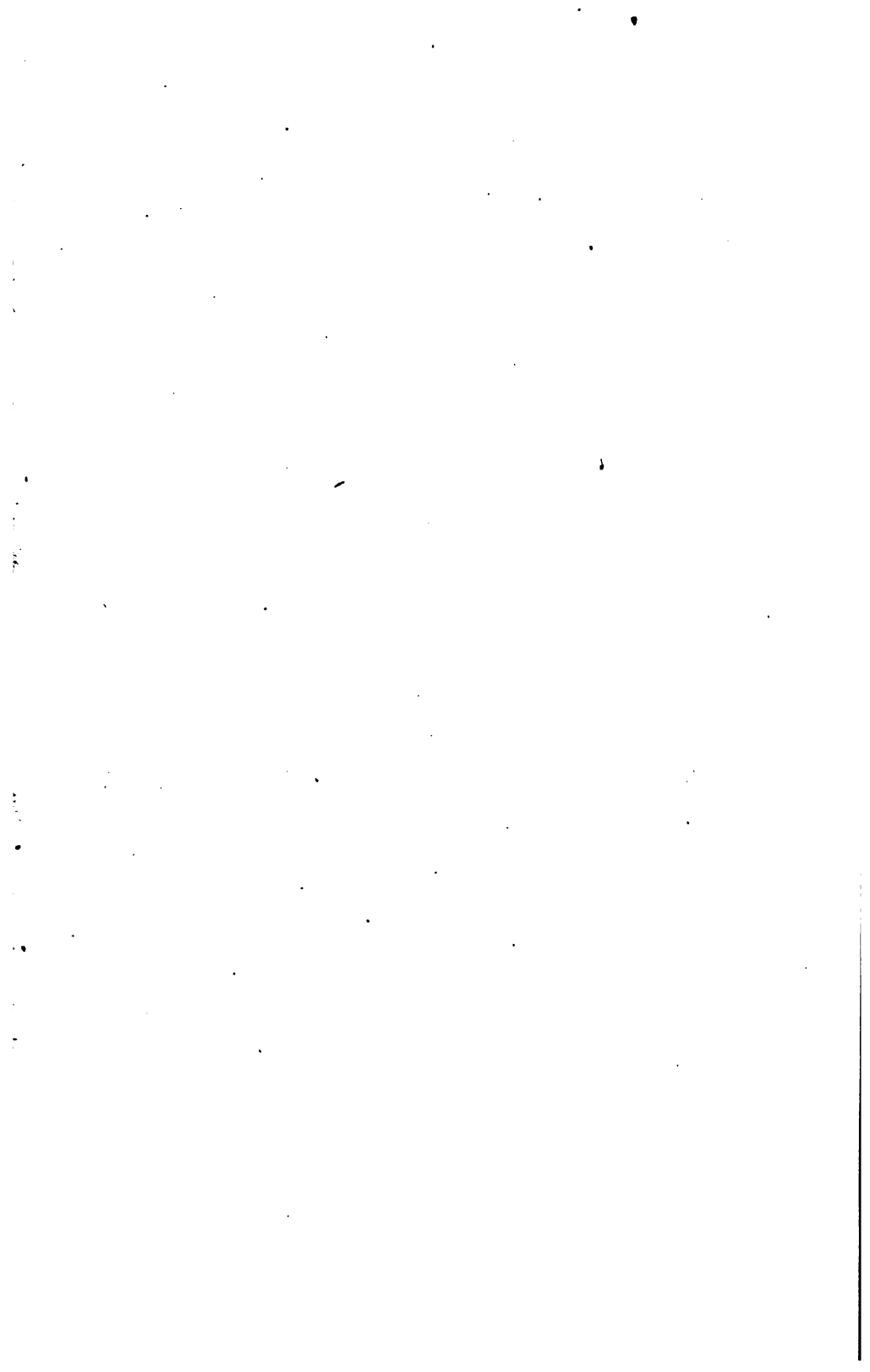
Y's, is.

Ystonge, stung.

Y-wrought, wrought.

Y-wys, truly verily.

¹ Taylor, in *Hist. of Gavel-kind*, p. 49, says, 'Bright, from the British word *Brith*, which signifies their *waide colour*; this was a light blue.'—*MILNEBURY'S DICTION.*









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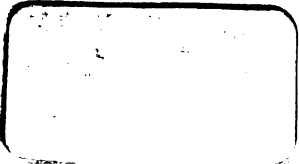
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